Jan. 9, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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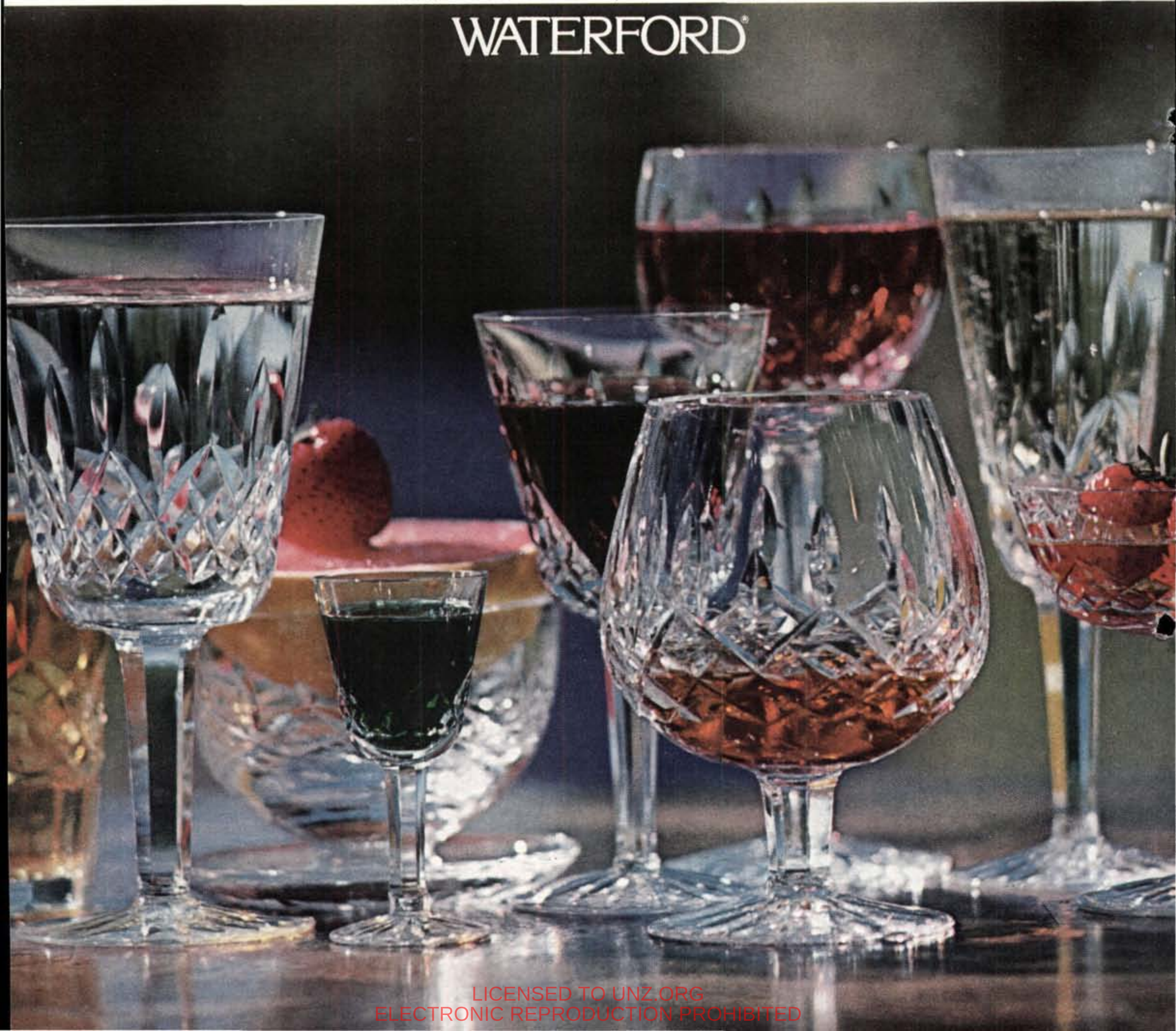

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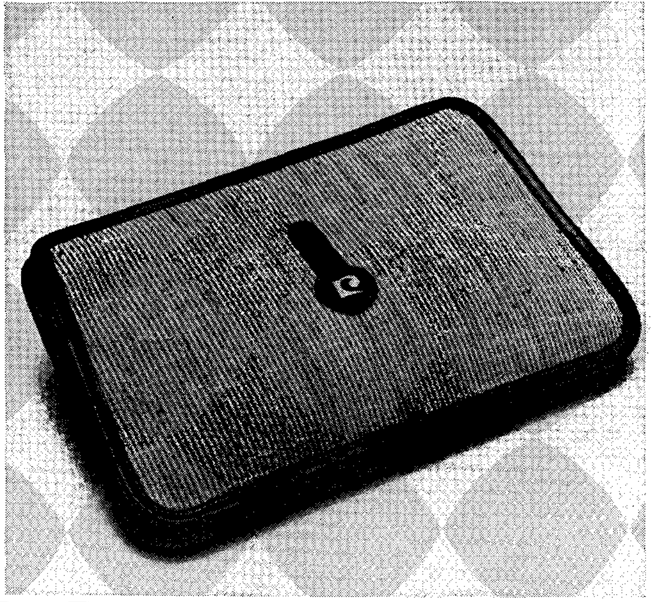

BONWIT TELLER

NEW YORK MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN CHICAGO
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins in a likable little comedy by Judith Ross, vigorously directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—A new production of Ronald Ribman's play, with Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. Directed by Frank Corsaro. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Do You Turn Somersaults?—Mary Martin and Anthony Quayle in a two-character play by Aleksei Arbuzov, translated from the Russian by Ariadne Nicolaeff. Edwin Sherin directed. Previews Wednesday evening through Saturday, Jan. 4-7. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 9, and will run through Saturday, March 11. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dybbuk—A revival, under the powerful, resourceful direction of Joseph Chaikin, of S. Ansky's play about demonic possession and Chasidic rites of exorcism. The production, as a whole, is fascinating. The remarkable actors in the leading roles are Richard Bauer, Bruce Myers, Paul Zimmet, Jamil Zakkai, and Marcia Jean Kurtz. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Elusive Angel—Jack Gilhooley's play about the troubles that beset a poor, ignorant young couple who want to adopt a child doesn't quite jell for a number of reasons. It is almost redeemed, though, by the exceptionally good performances of Brad Davis, Graham Beckel, Alexa Kenin, and Martha Gaylord, under Steven Robman's direction. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

Fefu and Her Friends—A play by Maria Irene Fornés. Opens Friday, Jan. 6, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 5. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Frankie and Annie—A play by Diane Simkin. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Golda—A dull play, but Anne Bancroft is dazzling in the title role. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The November People—Cameron Mitchell and Jan Sterling head the cast of a play by Gus Weill. Directed by Arthur Sherman. Previews through Monday, Jan. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 10. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Carmine J. Peppe, editorial production director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 47, January 9, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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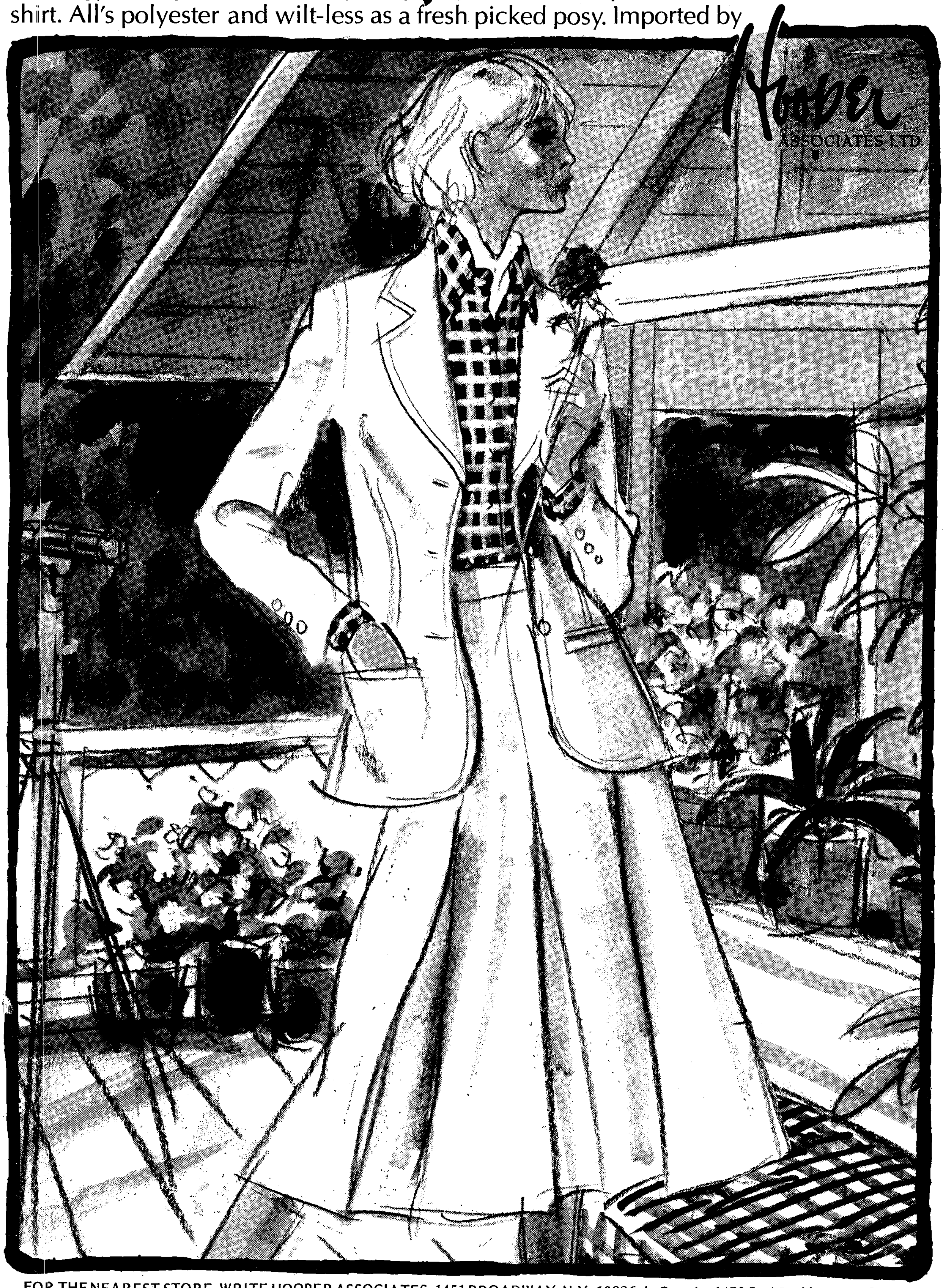

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. 391-3999. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Photograph—In music, dancing, projections, and brief scenes, Ntozake Shange tells the story of an ambitious black photographer and the loving women who are the victims of his stormy temperament and bitterness. She has subtitled her play "A Study of Cruelty," but there is much more to it than that—humor, liveliness, and dramatic invention, among other things. Miss Shange is the author of "For Colored Girls . . ." Avery Brooks, Michele Shay, Petronia Paley, Count Stovall, and Hattie Winston are the good actors, under Oz Scott's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Play and Other Plays—Three one-acters by Samuel Beckett. All of them are brief, witty, and lyrical, and all of them are about memories. "Play" is a revival; "That Time" and "Footfalls" are new to American audiences. Under Alan Schneider's direction, the performance is indeed haunting, but most of the humor goes by the board. Donald Davis, in a couple of leading roles, hits the right note time after time. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 9. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Saint Joan—Lynn Redgrave is a sturdy and valiant, if not very thrilling, Joan in this workmanlike production of the Shaw play, in which Shaw proves to his satisfaction that the Church was right to let Joan burn, and that Joan was right not to give up faith in her voices. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

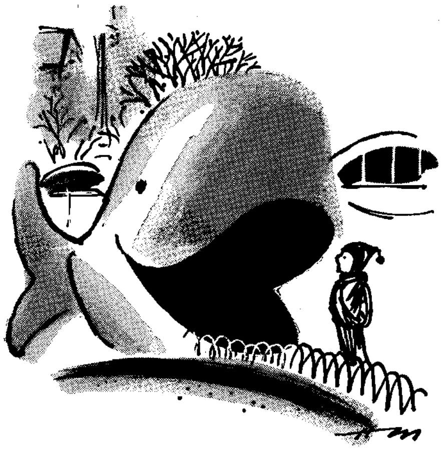
Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Touch of the Poet—Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker in an implausible O'Neill melodrama about a drunken Irish major and his family. The time purports to be the eighteen-twenties, and the place purports to be near Boston, but it is all yallery-greenery O'Neillery. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ulysses in Traction—Albert Innaurato's satire about a play rehearsal at a college with a race riot going on outside, and about many other matters besides, is certainly scattered, but it is also sporadically strong and affecting, and often very funny. The acting, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, is exceptionally good. With William Hurt, Trish Hawkins, and Jake Dengel, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

The Water Engine—A play by David Mamet. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 5, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Where the Mississippi Meets the Amazon—In this recital of poetry by the poets Ntozake Shange, Thulani, and Jessica Hagedorn (to the accompaniment of a jazz band under David Murray's direction), words, music, and movement combine to make a charming show, which could go on twice as long as it does. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sundays at 4 and 8.)



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Long Runs—**A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,352 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SLY FOX:** Vincent Gardenia, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Source," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Sonatine," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8: "La Source," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Divertimento No. 15.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 8, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 8, at 7: "La Valse," "Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Other Dances," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Agon," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Ballo della Regina" (première), and "Chaconne.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Other Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2: "Firebird," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8: "In G Major," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

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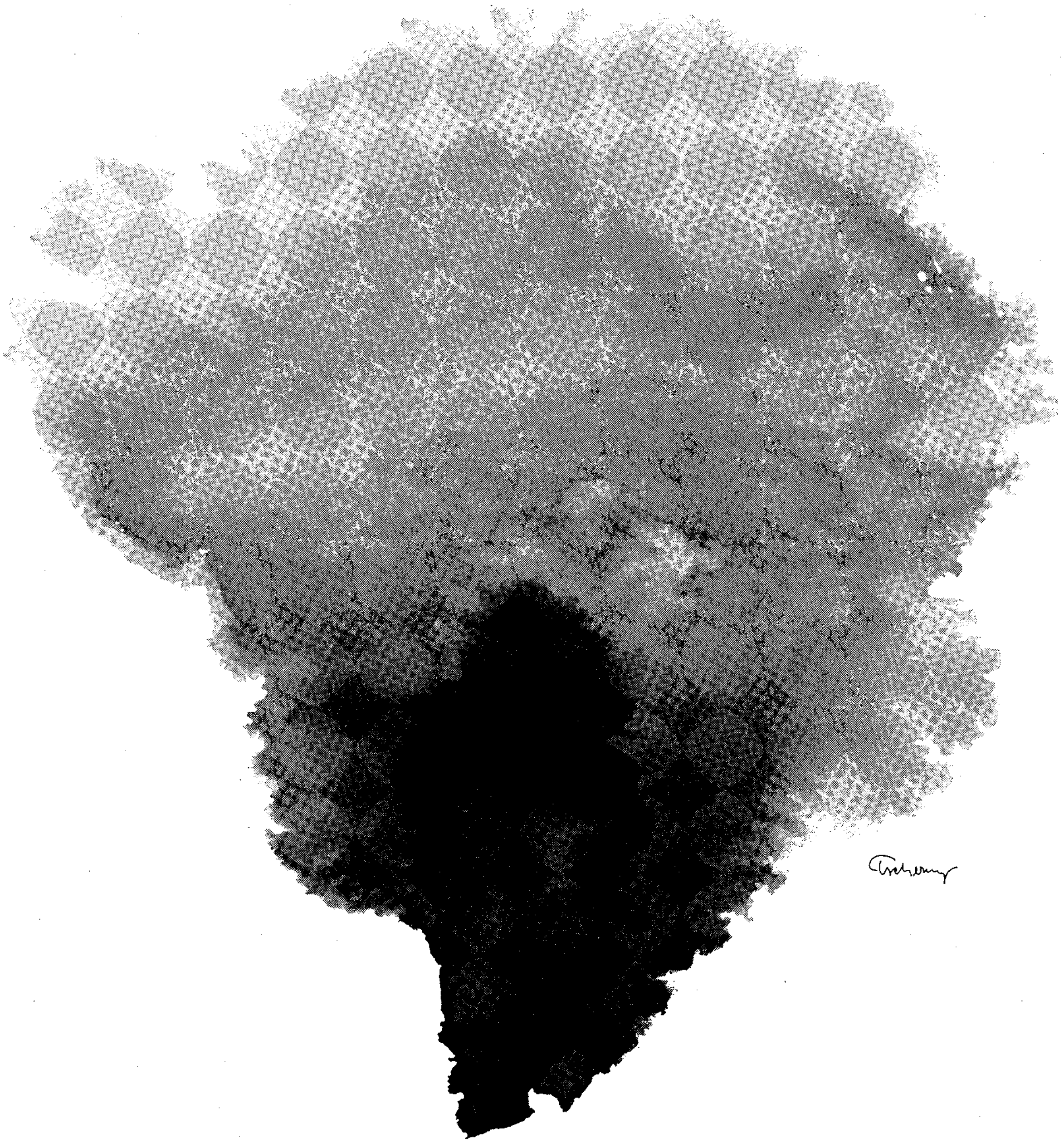

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ly modern dance. **ISADORA DUNCAN CENTENARY DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2. . . . **FRED BENJAMIN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

ANNABELLE GAMSON—A program of modern dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. **DAVID EYGES**, a lively young jazz cellist, heads up a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 7. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels leads Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A new-music coffeehouse-gallery-loft. Tenor saxophonist Roland Alexander is here with his group on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, alto and soprano saxophonist Arnie Lawrence will bring in his seven-piece ensemble, Treasure Island. Music at nine-thirty and midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Pianist and songwriter Fred Silver and his singing aides, Betty Glenn, Joe Porter, and Gordon Ramsey, finish up on Sunday, Jan. 8. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, singer Pam Myers will take charge. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players. **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, a leader of the Chicago avant-garde (much of which has moved to New York) and a fine, animated pianist, heads a trio through Saturday, Jan. 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 11-14, pianist **MAL WALDRON**'s trio will be present. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Saxophonist **SAM RIVERS** leads his ensemble on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 4-5; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, saxophonist **JOE FARRELL**'s quartet will alternate with jazz-rock internationalists **MICHAL URBANIAK**, on electric violin, **URSULA DUDZIAK**, on vocals, and **ZBIGINIEW NAMYSLOWSKI**, on reeds; Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 8-10, second-generation Chicago blues will predominate, with the **SON SEALS** band trading sets with **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS**; on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 11-12, composer and pianist **CARLA BLEY** will make a rare club appearance; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will be here. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Solo pianist **DAVE MCKENNA** is ensconced here Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, house favorite **JIMMY ROWLES** drops in with his bassist. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **TONY MONTE** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, Michael Carney, a pop singer, a pianist, and a comedian, goes on at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is back at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar, admirably playing Coltrane's "Giant Steps," a Bach two-part invention, or a Kern-Lennon and McCartney "Yesterdays"-"Yesterday" synthesis. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays: **ROSE MURPHY**. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** heads a trio that performs Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—Not to be confused with Daly's Dandelion (also owned by Skitch Henderson). Nice, earthy touches to this East Side hangout: the view of the 59th Street Bridge embankment and concrete floors. But the nicest attribute is **ELLIS LARKINS**, who is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine, along with his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, and his drummer, **JACK MCALLISTER**. Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her crew—bassist Tibor Tomka and guitarist **EDDIE BERG**—supply the music. Dinner.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist, and his combo revive the swing era, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and the sparkling bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **EDDIE DIEHL**, and bassist **JAMIL NASSER**; Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, bassist Nasser, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ**, whose solos are usually streamlined and businesslike, winds up two weeks with his quartet on Saturday, Jan. 7; on Monday, Jan. 9, Double Image, a quartet co-piloted by David Samuels and David Friedman—they both play marimba and vibraharp—will begin a lyrical two-week stint. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, is back in action, along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up with drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The first tribute of the year honors George Gershwin. **DICK HYMAN**, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, **PEE WEE ERWIN**, **BOB WILBER**, and **MILT HINTON** are the celebrants. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Catskill Mountain folk musicians **JOHN HERALD**, **ARTIE TRAUM**, and **PAT ALGER** are onstage through Saturday, Jan. 7; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14, rock singer and guitarist Elliott Murphy will lead his group. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays, at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

PETER BROWN, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—This spiffy room with its recessed ceiling lights, smoked-glass partitions, brown tweed carpeting, and a few potted dracaenae, has spent the past fall luring in many of the jazz performers—George Coleman, Danny Moore, Irene Reid, and others—who used to be featured at Boomer's, the late (and missed) Village club. One hopes this practice will continue. Music Thursdays through Saturdays. Shows at ten, midnight, and two. Dinner.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Stan Rubin and his orchestra play dance music in this spectacular room of the thirties Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from

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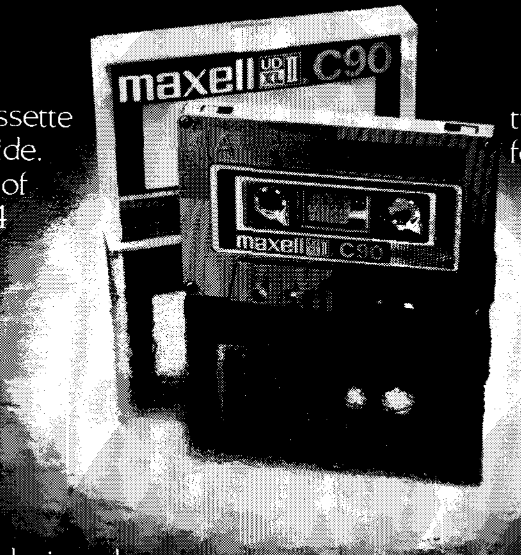

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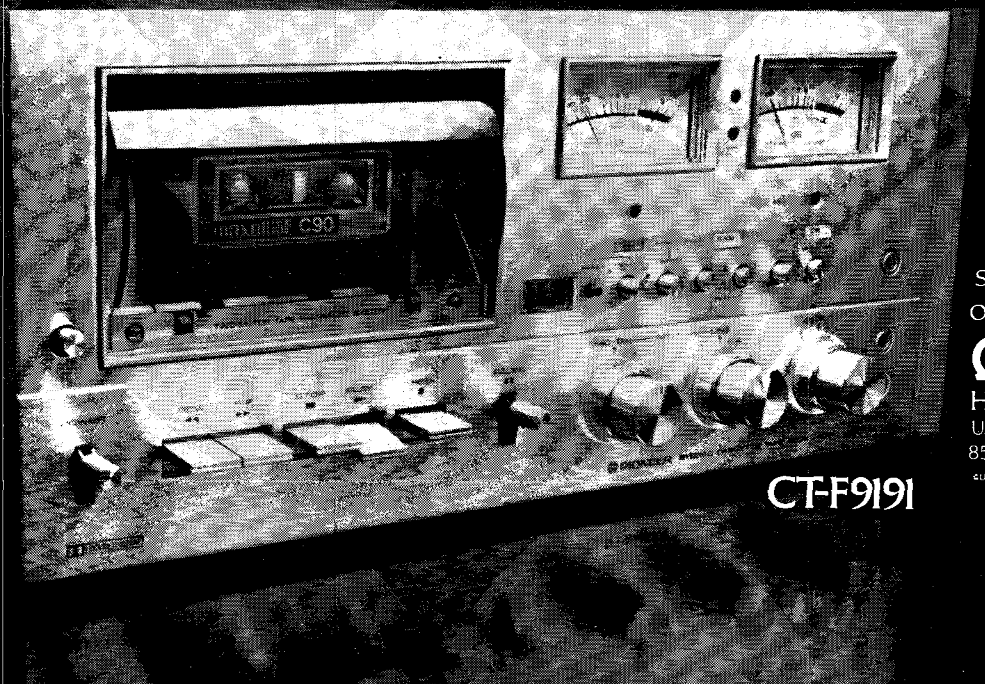

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The current attraction (through Sunday, Jan. 8) is a three-character play, "The Ventriloquist's Wife," written and presented by Charles Ludlam, a ventriloquist. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and accompanies herself on the piano Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to seven-thirty. Dinner.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This club will be closed through Sunday, Jan. 8, and after that its regular schedule will be resumed: On Mondays, electric pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles and leads his twelve-piece band through his arrangements; on Tuesdays, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** works with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**; on Wednesday, Jan. 11, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, will direct his nonet; on Thursday, Jan. 12, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, Lee Konitz will return with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Guitarist Ryo Kawasaki leads a sextet through Sunday, Jan. 8; on Monday, Jan. 9, **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** will work with a quartet; and on Tuesday, Jan. 10, large crowds will begin to assemble to hear guitarist **JIM HALL** and bassist **RED MITCHELL.** Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** collaborate on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from nine to midnight. Downstairs, rhythmic, intense, and vertiginous pianist **MCCOY TYNER** will perform with his quartet Fridays and Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays, and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty on Saturdays. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece swing band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Dinner and dancing in this room.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band, which lives here on Monday nights, will also be present Friday through Sunday, Jan. 6-8. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, the **BILL EVANS** trio will move in. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 4-5. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boite* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim, who also knows what he's doing, has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hangout for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. Trumpeter Franc Williams leads a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 7; on Sunday, Jan. 8, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 10-11, saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet will perform; and on Thursday, Jan. 12, the **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE,** and **JO JONES, JR.**—will arrive. On Monday, Jan. 9, Earle Warren will play old records and give a commentary on the selections. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway, (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO** and his bassist, **CHUCK ISRAELS**, are here Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 10-14; **JILL MCMANUS** is at the keyboard on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 4-5; and **JUDD WOLDIN** remains the Monday-night pianist. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Star Wars Concert—The American Symphony Orchestra in a program of music from various S. F. films, plus a laser-light show. (Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ramones and **the Runaways**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of four programs in which composers (in this case Sammy Fain) discuss their collaboration with various lyricists, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Sonny Rollins and Nucleus 78 and **Donald Byrd**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.

Richie Havens—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Peter Berg—A square-shaped Sheetrock tunnel through which one is welcome to crawl. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Watercolors of butterflies. Also collages and drawings. Through Jan. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

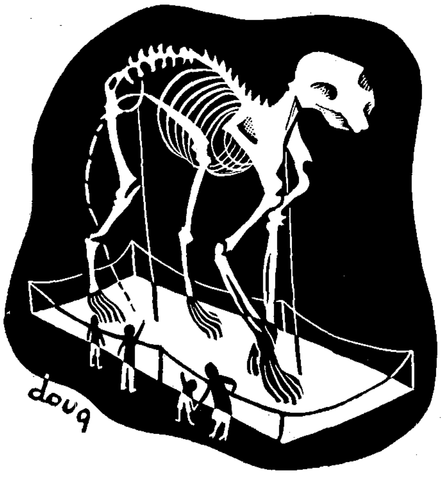
Niki de Saint-Phalle—Several of her blimplike, gaudily decorated Nanas; a papier-mâché penguin with bright insignia on his wings; and assorted graphics. Through Jan. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Buckminster Fuller—Fifty drawings covering as many years, some of them sketches for Fuller's cars, houses, and the geodesic dome. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Boris Margo—Abstract surreal paintings and works on paper, crowded with "organic," not to say visceral, forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joan Mitchell—Huge abstract paintings in deluges of color. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Dario Morales—Meticulously rendered female figures, most of them nude and all but one of them asleep. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)



Richard Piccolo—Women in repose by an artist now resident in Rome, where the hills and cypresses and architecture afford other subjects for his paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Burton Silverman—Portraits and figure studies. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

Andy Warhol—Photography and silk screening are combined with the usual Warhol flourish in these portraits of ten star athletes, who posed either in their natural habitat (Muhammad Ali at a Pennsylvania training camp) or at Warhol's studio (Chris Evert before she won at Forest Hills last fall). Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Richard Estes, Philip Guston, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Abstract paintings by six contemporary Ecuadorian artists. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: British Pottery '77, a collection of elegant porcelain works by fifteen contemporary potters working in England. Through Jan. 21. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Karel Appel—A flying fish about two and a half feet long—made of several layers of wood, painted in wild colors, and suspended from the ceiling—is a highlight in this show of new paintings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Jan. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Ferro—The Constructivist quality of these steel, bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures is muted by their textured surfaces. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Small, drowsy-looking landscapes done in oil on paper; the settings are Bucks County and the Delaware Water Gap area. Through Thursday, Jan. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin—Realist paintings of studio interiors. Through Jan. 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maxwell Hendler / Alan Siegel—Watercolors by a California realist. / Painted-wood chairs loosely based on the human figure. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Polly Hope / Randy Stevens—Large, mural-like quilted wall hangings. Through Jan. 19. / Small-scale pastel and crayon drawings. Through Thursday, Jan. 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

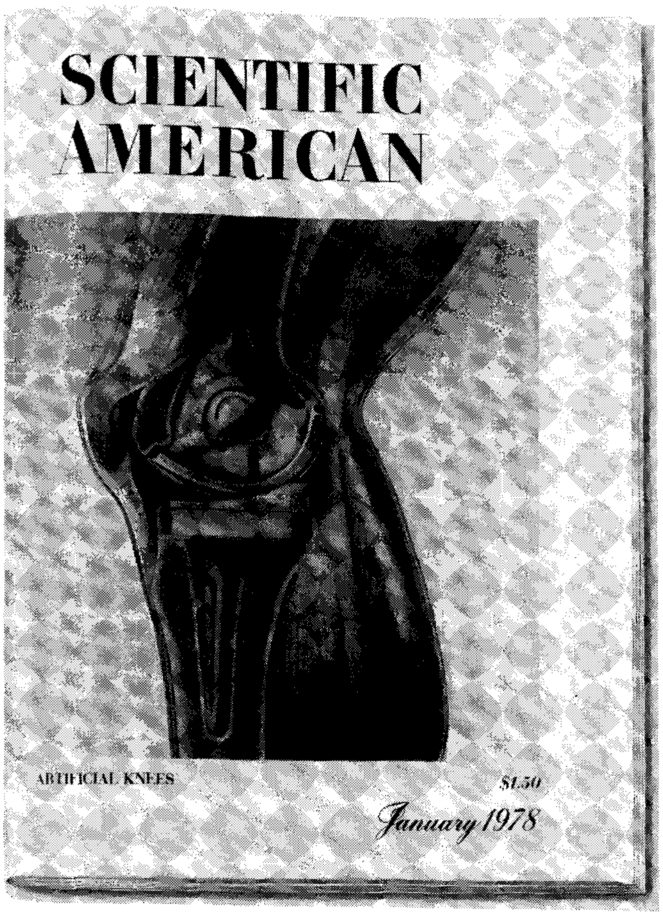
Louise Nevelson—A walk-in environment—nine feet tall and sixteen feet long, made up of wooden bannisters and finials and scrap baskets full of carpentry debris—which this artist has assembled with a touch of her magic wand, painted matte black, and entitled "Mrs. N's Palace." Also related works in the same medium. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Severe, emblematic-looking works—shaped canvases painted a solid tone and trimmed with colorful stripes at a couple of the edges. / Small black-and-white drawings, dated 1933-44, that include figures, landscapes, and seashore scenes. Through Wednesday, Jan. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Small landscapes in and around Utica, many of them the views the artist sees from his own bedroom. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Wilson—Furniture designed for one or

Carbon dioxide and the world climate... a growing dilemma.



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You will also read that success in replacement of bone and cartilage in the hip joint with a ball and socket of metal and polyethylene has now encouraged extension of this technique, with equal success, to replacement of the more complicated knee joint.

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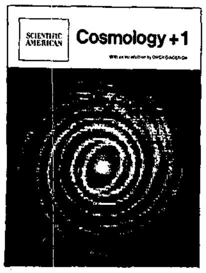

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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another of his theatrical productions—mostly chairs of a certain bizarrerie. Through Tuesday, Jan. 10. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

American Primitive Art—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the HAMILTON, 20 W. 57th St.: Janet Stayton and John Willenbecher are among the artists whose works are being shown. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . ZARRE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by contemporary American colorists Perle Fine, Budd Hopkins, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth—Abstract paintings by a colorist. Through Jan. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Maude Boltz—Compositions consisting of a big cross of masking tape that divides a sheet of drafting cloth into four quarters, with a single, lesser cross in each of them. Through Wednesday, Jan. 11. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Tom Halsall—Large canvases covered with acrylic squiggles that form an overall pattern not far removed from a paisley print. Through Thursday, Jan. 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Andrew Jansons—Abstract paintings in which light and dark areas are contrasted. Through Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jim Nutt—Carefully rendered but deliberately crude grotesqueries by one of the Chicago "Hairy Who" painters. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Peter Plagens—Large works in which the central figure is an interrupted circle done in a bright color on a clear, light field. Through Thursday, Jan. 12. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Tenth Street Days: The Co-ops of the 50's—A showing of more than a hundred and fifty works from the fifties, in a tribute by five artist-run galleries in SoHo (the downtown seedbed of the art world today) to their precursors on Tenth Street (the downtown seedbed of the art world in the fifties). The galleries and a sampling of the artists exhibited at each follows. At the ENO, 101 Wooster St., Elaine de Kooning, Alice Neel, Leon Polk Smith. At the 14 SCULPTORS, 75 Thompson St.: Ronald Bladen, George Sugarman, Edward Clark. At the NOHO, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Charles S. DuBack, Joseph Fiore, Bernard Langlais. At the PLEIADES, 152 Wooster St.: Pat Passlof, Tom Wesselmann, William King. At the WARD-NASSE, 178 Prince St.: Red Grooms, Eleanore Lockspeiser, Robert La Hotan. . . . ¶ At the LANDMARK, 469 Broome St.: Contemporary work by many of the same artists. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6.) All shows through Saturday, Jan. 7.

Group Shows—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Thirty-nine people in the arts (Donald Barthelme, Mary Frank, James Stevenson among them) were asked by Joan Davidson, former chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts, to design postcards, and here are the designs. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER, 142 Greene St.: James Lee Byars' comfortable black satin chair in which the viewer may sit and contemplate the letters "TH" thirty feet away on the opposite wall (they represent the ultimate abbreviation of "death," according to the artist) is one highlight of the current show. An unusual installation of stacked metal plates by Carl Andre is also on view. Through Saturday, Jan. 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

Cynthia Carlson—A sculpture very much like the gingerbread house that Hansel and Gretel chanced upon, but emphatically not edible. Through Friday, Jan. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—An exhibit of works that are outside the usual range of the artists involved—i.e., watercolors by Lucio Pozzi, drawings of caterpillars by Nancy Graves, an abstract collage on wood by George Segal. Through Jan. 31. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

Note: The exhibition space at 88 Pine Street, where Red Grooms' "Ruckus Manhattan" and Otto Piene's "Anemones" were shown in Christmases past, is now the scene of a walk-around-in environmental work embracing most of the arts. The concept is by the artist Ann Wilson, who has re-created, on a modified scale, the imposing stage setting that Gordon Craig designed for a 1912 production of "Hamlet" in Moscow. Evocative scrims have been added to this, and performances of music, dance, and drama are offered on the stage from time to time. Through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alice Austen and Chansonetta Stanley Emmons—Photographs taken in the eighteen-eighties by two women, one in Maine and one in Staten Island, who coincidentally (but not surprisingly) concentrated on family get-togethers, vacation trips, and friends. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Bayer—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by this Austrian-born graphic artist, once of the Bauhaus. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Peter Beard—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. Through Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

Julia Margaret Cameron (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women swathed in gauzy fabrics. Through Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Charles Gatewood—A photographic essay on the Wall Street area. Some of the images are near-abstractions. Through Jan. 31. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Philippe Halsman—More than seventy-five prints by a photographer who is credited with a hundred and one *Life* covers (about twenty-five of which are included in the exhibit). Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

David Hamilton—That sassy Bloomingdale's lingerie catalogue of a few months back was this photographer's doing. Much of his work here consists of almost painterly color photographs of women—some mistily draped, some not—in idealized poses and settings. Through Jan. 21. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

Christopher Makos / Michael Grayson Levine—These photographs of celebrities (Dolly Parton, Mick Jagger, and Mike Wallace among them) are bizarrely exhibited—on the gallery floor underneath large sheets of Plexiglas. The viewer is invited to walk all over them. / Color prints—these mounted on the wall. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904) / **Yousuf Karsh**—Yosemite Valley prints plus animal-locomotion photographs. Through Jan. 28. / Portraits (what else?) of Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, Hemingway, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

John Phillips—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948 (Phillips was on assignment for *Life*), and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Francis Bruguière (1879-1945)—Surrealistic multiple-image prints. / Forty vintage photographs, many of them abstract. Through Jan. 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Van DerZee—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Through Friday, Jan. 6. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Fashion Photography—At the BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway: A survey of fashion photography covering the last century. A hundred and fifty or so pictures make up the exhibit, with examples by Baron De Meyer, Irving Penn, and Deborah Turbeville, among others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . HARLOW, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: More than just photography here—there are prints and watercolors, too, by Sonia Delaunay, Erté, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the LIGHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Pictures by Harry Callahan, Alfred Stieglitz, Barbara Morgan, and about fifty other photographers, in an exhibit entitled, for no very commanding reason, "New York, New York." Through Jan. 28. . . . ZABRISKIE, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs of sculptures (some of the sculptures themselves are also on exhibit): Mary Frank's disembodied terra-cotta figures as seen by Jerry Thompson, Rodin's Balzac as seen by Edward Steichen, and Elie Nadelman's draped bronzes as seen by W. Eugene Smith, plus other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection that represent, for their time and place, the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian glass beads. . . . ¶ A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5. . . . ¶ A show of Isamu Noguchi's sculpted tables and paper lamps. Through Sunday, Jan. 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by European artists (Braque, Dali, Klee, Moore) comprise a show, called "Forty Modern Masters," with which the museum salutes itself at the end of its fortieth year. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ A showing of nineteen additions to the museum's collections, all of them by Americans. Included are paintings by Joan Mitchell, Josef Albers, and Richard Diebenkorn, and works on paper by Arshile Gorky. Through Sunday, Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Etchings, lithographs, and silk screens by Jasper Johns, who based them all on images in his 1972 painting "Untitled," currently on view in the artist's retrospective at the uptown Whitney. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County of the People's Republic of China," a show of eighty genre gouaches done by Chinese farmers in their spare time. Through Jan. 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A survey of fashion photography. Through Sunday, Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts contains scores by Chopin, Mozart, and others, a letter from Napoleon to Josephine, and—the cornerstone of the collection—the January 13, 1898, copy of *L'Aurore* in which Zola wrote in defense of Dreyfus. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. In one of the latter, of Brigham Young and his family, the two Young spaniels do every bit as well as the six Young children. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Color photographs by Jim Payne of Ethiopian stone churches. . . . ¶ Sixty-two works by thirty black artists (Jacob Lawrence, Gordon Parks, Norman Lewis), who did them for government-sponsored projects in New York and Chicago in the thirties. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Sunday, Jan. 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 4: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; conducted by Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 5: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 6: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 9: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 10: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 14: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. (Evenings at 8. Matinées on Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1:30, and Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2.)

THE PLAY OF DANIEL—Performances of the

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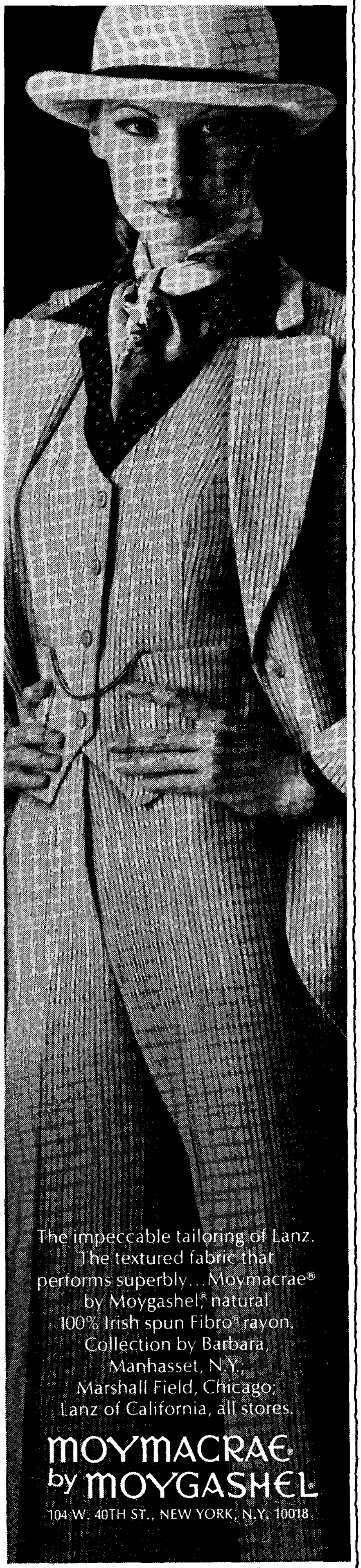
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twelfth-century musical drama produced by LaNoue Davenport and Toni Greenberg. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 5:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 666-2833.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" (in English), staged by Charles Kondek, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Repertory Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 8. Tickets at the box office at performance times.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelík conducting—Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 13, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 14, and Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8:30 (no soloists).... **VLADIMIR HOROWITZ AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Carnegie Hall, Eugene Ormandy conducting a benefit concert with Vladimir Horowitz, celebrating the golden anniversary of Mr. Horowitz's American début with the orchestra, *on Sunday, Jan. 8, at 4.*

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski directing, with Isaac Stern, violin, and the St. Olaf Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing an all-Haydn program, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello, and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Friday, Jan. 13, at midnight. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Ithaca College String Orchestra—Pamela Gearhart conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Moscow Chorale—Vladimir Minin directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

RECITALS

Gary Steigerwalt—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, viola, cello, and piano, in three performances of Mendelssohn's three piano quartets. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)... ¶ New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 11 A.M.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Alsop-Bernstein Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Boro/Glin String Quartet—With Scott Nickrenz, viola, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

Janet Steele—Soprano, in a program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Mr. Nygaard and Zenon Fishbein, piano; and members of the Westchester Chamber Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Eugene Gratovich—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Cristina Ortiz—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Ko Iwasaki, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 5.... ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Jan. 14, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—With Philip Levin, recorder. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With John Graham, viola, in the third in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten 'great' quartets and the cycle of quintets. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Tedd Joselson—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Igor Stravinsky Retrospective—A program of his music, performed by Continuum; Christine Radman, soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; Raymond Murcell, baritone; the New York String Quartet; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Rutgers University Athletic Center—Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8:05: Nets vs. Phoenix.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:05: Nets vs. San Antonio.... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 8, at 1:35: Nets vs. Washington.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8:05: Nets vs. Golden State.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:05: Nets vs. Philadelphia. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Monday, Jan. 9, at 7:35. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, May 22. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 7, and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 14.... **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17.

Tennis—Colgate Grand Prix Masters: Björn Borg, Jimmy Connors, Eddie Dibbs, Brian Gottfried, Manuel Orantes, Raul Ramirez, Roscoe Tanner, and Guillermo Vilas. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 4-6, at 2 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11; final doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8; and final singles matches, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Jan. 9. ... **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Tuesday, Jan. 10, through Saturday, Feb. 25.

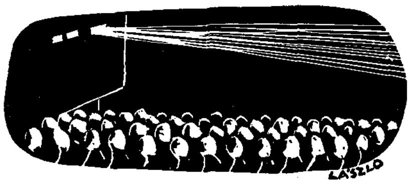
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Prose Readings—Bernard Malamud reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 10: "Outrageous!"
From Jan. 11: "Stroszek" and "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 5: "Heroes" and "The Sting."
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 10: "A Special Day."
From Jan. 11: "The Late Show" and "Providence."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Choirboys."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Iphigenia."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Semi-Tough."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Gauntlet."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Goodbye Girl."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Equus."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Gauntlet."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Telefon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Choirboys."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Short Eyes."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 5: "Telefon."
From Jan. 6: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Special Day."
Theatre 2: "Equus."
Theatre 3: "Short Eyes."
Theatre 4: "Heart of Glass."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 7: "Summerdog."
From Jan. 8: The theatre will be turned over to a week of previews of the film "Operation Thunderbolt." Because of benefits and such, only a few seats will be available at the box office.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 11: "Pete's Dragon."
From Jan. 12: No movies; theatre otherwise engaged.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): "The Children of Theatre Street."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Oh, God!"

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 8: The final showings of an Elvis Presley film festival—"Blue Hawaii," "Fun in Acapulco," "Girls! Girls! Girls!," "Paradise, Hawaiian Style," "King Creole," "G. I. Blues," and "Roustabout"—shown on a one-a-day schedule. For exact dates and times, our best advice is to phone the theatre.

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Which Way Is Up?"
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 5: "The Gauntlet." From Jan. 6: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."
Theatre 3: "Telefon."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 5: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Jan. 6: "A Special Day."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 5: "You Light Up My Life" and "Murder by Death."
From Jan. 6: "Heroes" and "Airport '77."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 4: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
Jan. 5: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Jan. 6-7: "Horsefeathers" (1932) and "Animal Crackers" (1930), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 8-9: "Queen Christina" (†) and "Two-Faced Woman." (†)
Jan. 10: "High and Low" (†); and "Kagero" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo, with Nobuko Otowa.
Jan. 11: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (†); and "The Baker's Wife" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu.
Jan. 12: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 4: "Smile" (1975), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "The Firemen's Ball" (1967), in Czech, directed by Miloš Forman.
Jan. 5: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut.
Jan. 6: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Jan. 7: "Conversation Piece" (†); and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
Jan. 8: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
Jan. 9: "The Maltese Falcon" (1931; "Dangerous Female"), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez; and "Satan Met a Lady" (1936), directed by William Dieterle, with Bette Davis, Warren William, and Alison Skipworth.
Jan. 10: "Bay of the Angels" (†); and "The Pied Piper" (1972), directed by Jacques Demy, with Jack Wild, Donald Pleasence, John Hurt, and Donovan as the Pied Piper.
Jan. 11: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." (†)
Jan. 12: "Der Rosenkavalier" (1963), a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 5. "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Jan. 6-7: "Freaks" (†); and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.
Jan. 8-9: "Jailhouse Rock" (†); and "Elvis: That's the Way It Is" (1970), Elvis in Las Vegas.
Jan. 10: "Alice in the Cities" (1974) and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
Jan. 11-12: "Tom Jones" (†) and "Irma la Douce." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 4: "Odd Man Out" (1947), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.
Jan. 5-7: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
Jan. 8-9: "La Ronde" (†) and "Orpheus." (†)
Jan. 10-11: "The Virgin Spring" (†) and "The Naked Night." (†)
From Jan. 12: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 5: "Le Million" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Anna-

bella; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930), in French, directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean.

Jan. 6-7: "Sabotage" (†) and "Marnie." (†)

Jan. 8-10: "L'Histoire du Soldat," directed by Michael Birkett; and a version of "Madame Butterfly."

Jan. 11-12: "Pursued" (1947), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Teresa Wright and Robert Mitchum; and "The Enforcer" (1951), directed by Bretaigne Windust, with Humphrey Bogart.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 4: "Huckleberry Finn" (1931), directed by Norman Taurog, with Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green; and "Tom Sawyer" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green.

Jan. 5: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Jan. 6: "Rules of the Game" (†); and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Jan. 7-8: "Flying Down to Rio" (†); and "The Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores Del Rio, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, and Skeets Gallagher.

Jan. 9: "This Thing Called Love" (1940), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas; and "Too Many Husbands." (†)

Jan. 10: "Shopworn" (1932), directed by Nick Grinde, with Barbara Stanwyck; and "Forbidden" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck.

Jan. 11: "A Farewell to Arms" (†) and "The North Star." (†)

Jan. 12: "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard; and "Remember the Night" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 5 at 2:30: "The Sting" (1974), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw.... ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1934), directed by Edward Sloman, with Frank Morgan, Binnie Barnes, and Lois Wilson.... ¶ Jan. 5 at 8:30: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Joan Bennett.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Airport" (1970), directed by George Seaton, with Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin, Jean Seberg, Jacqueline Bisset, and George Kennedy.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "Le Corbeau" (1943), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay; no English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 7 at noon: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings" (1976), directed by John Badham, with Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor.... ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid" (1972), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Cliff Robertson and Robert Duvall.... ¶ Jan. 7 at 5: "The Day of the Jackal" (1973), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Edward Fox.... ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: "Silent Running" (1972), directed by Douglas Trumbull, with Bruce Dern.... ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "The Ipcress File" (1965), directed by Sidney Furie, with Michael Caine.... ¶ Jan. 8 at 5: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre and Jules Berry; no English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 9 at noon: "Florence: A Restoration Odyssey" (1967), a documentary, directed by Folco Quilici.... ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry.... ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: A program of films by Roger Jacoby.... ¶ Jan. 10 at noon: "Florence: A Restoration Odyssey."... ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "There Was a Father" (1942), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, with Chishu Ryo; no English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Jaws" (1975), directed by Steven Spielberg, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss.... ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "Car Wash" (1976), directed by Michael Schultz, with Franklyn Ajaye.... ¶ Jan. 12 at 8:30: To be announced. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 8: "City Archives" (1977) and "Travel" (1976), both videotapes by Richard Foreman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30.... ¶ Starting Jan. 10: "The Red Tapes" (1976), a videotape by Vito Acconci. Showings at noon and 3 (plus 6:30 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Clair, Picabia, Dreyer, Bresson, Buñuel, Dali, Vanderbeek, Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Eisenstein, Flaherty, and others. Showings Jan. 4-6 at 7 and 9; Jan. 7 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Jan. 8 at 8; and Jan. 10-12 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 5-8: A program of eight short films under the title "The Re-Structured Image."... ¶ Starting Jan. 12: "The Battle of Chile" (1973-76), in Spanish, directed by Patricio Guzman; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Art; starting Jan. 11.)

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Olympia; starting Jan. 6.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Eastside Cinema.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 12, tentative.)

The Choirboys—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

Conversation Piece—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As the Tadzio figure, Konrad, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano). In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it is spirited and very likable. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue, while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably *appealing*—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 7-8.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Cinema Village; Jan. 6-7.)

The Gauntlet—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, and Pat Hingle; directed by Mr. Eastwood. (Columbia I, and U.A. East.... ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 5.)

The Goodbye Girl—With Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 6.)

Heart of Glass—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Quad Cinema.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 6.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 10.)

High Anxiety—With Mel Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, and Harvey Korman; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

Iphigenia—With Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. In Greek. (Plaza.)

Irma la Douce (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. Sample: MacLaine, showing Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Lemmon. "Was his name van Gogh?" "No," says MacLaine, "Schwartz." With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (Cinema Village; Jan. 11-12.)

Jailhouse Rock (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions. (Cinema Village; Jan. 8-9.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 11.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Jan. 5.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Thalia; Jan. 6-7.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 6.)

Murder by Death (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Olympia; through Jan. 5.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Regency; Jan. 10-11.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

The North Star (1943)—Samuel Goldwyn produced this Second World War atrocity in his typical, shiny prestige format. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lillian Hellman wrote the script, Aaron Copland wrote the music, James Wong Howe did the careful, studio-ish cinematography, and Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation with "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanizes the Germans and, in the process, romanticizes the Russians so foully that they're turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. Among the stock characters are Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Martin Kosleck, Tonio Selwart, Esther Dale, Paul Guilfoyle, and Carl Benton Reid. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued under the title "Armored Attack;" the version showing here is the original. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

Oh, God!—George Burns as God, and John Denver as a supermarket assistant manager chosen to be a modern-day Moses. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Regency; Jan. 8-9.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art; through Jan. 10.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the

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Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall; through Jan. 11.)

Providence (1977)—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 11.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8-9.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Regency; Jan. 8-9.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one, and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Thalia; Jan. 6-7.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976 *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

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The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Baronet.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Jan. 6.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 5.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Art; starting Jan. 11.)

Summerdog—A city family on vacation finds a dog (thus the title) and brings it home. A G-rated film, with James Congdon and Elizabeth Eisenman, directed by John Clayton. (Guild; through Jan. 7.)

Telefon—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 5.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs's short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Cinema Village; Jan. 11-12.)

Too Many Husbands (1940)—Jean Arthur, caught between Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas, and loving the dilemma. A well-written, light-spirited comedy, adapted by Claude Binyon from Somerset Maugham's play "Home and Beauty." The cast includes Harry Davenport and Melville Cooper, and Wesley Ruggles directed. (A musical version in 1955, also from Columbia, starred Betty Grable and was called "Three for the Show;" it was one of Grable's last and best pictures.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 9.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8-9.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Regency; Jan. 10-11.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The World's Greatest Lover—With Gene Wilder, Carol Kane, and Dom DeLuise; directed by Mr. Wilder. (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.)

You Light Up My Life—If the producer-director-writer, Joseph Brooks, had written a script with a few more strands woven into it, he wouldn't have had to overwork the gamine vulnerability of his star, Didi Conn. The single plot thread has her trying to break away from a career as a comic, which her borscht-belt comedian father (Joe Silver) shoved her into in childhood, and find her own way as a composer-singer-actress. The movie is both amateurish and slick—it oozes heart. The scenes go on too long, and there isn't enough in them—they're stretched out with closeups of the heroine grinning or singing (though she's dubbed by Kasey Cisyk)—yet it's all so unabashedly on her side that many in the audience (young girls, especially) seem to respond happily. Stephan Nathan is amusingly relaxed as the fiancé born to be jilted, with Melanie Mayron and Michael Zaslow. (Olympia; through Jan. 5.)

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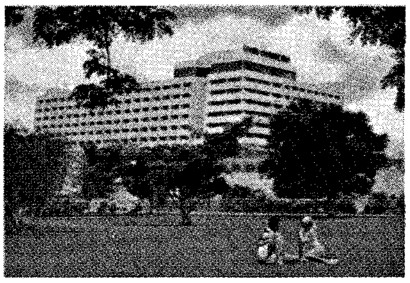

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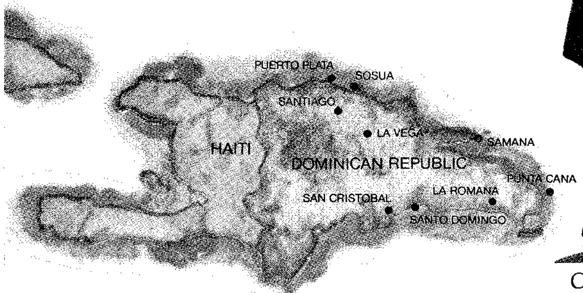

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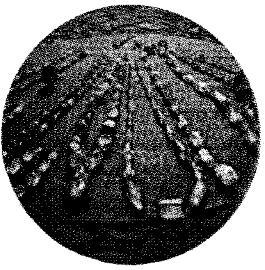

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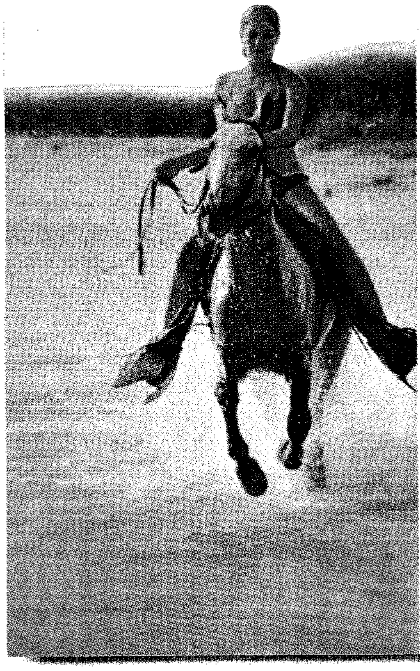

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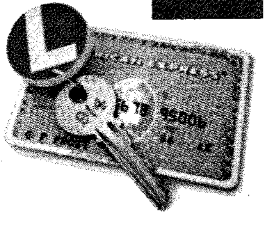

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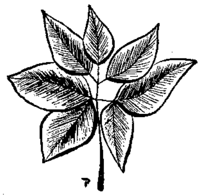
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVER since President Sadat made his trip to Jerusalem, a drama of peacemaking has been unfolding within sight of the world. We can see the episodes in the story even as they occur, because a network of communications satellites, in orbit above the earth, has brought the planet's various regions into a visually synchronous whole. At times, as the people around the world have sat in front of their screens watching the events in Jerusalem, Cairo, Washington, and Ismailia, it has seemed that the earth has been turned into a vast stadium, in which the people of the earth are seated as a single audience, looking down from dim bleachers onto the floodlit spot where statesmen move and act. Sadat did not create this audience by going to Jerusalem; he merely became the first man to step out before it. When he did so, everyone could recognize that it had been there all along. Some observers have tended to belittle the proceedings as "theatre"—as mere "television politics," in the phrase of one American columnist. Their skepticism is understandable. Considering the history of organized publicity in our century—its origin in the democratic nations as a means of selling products, its full flowering in totalitarian nations as a means of providing the public with a substitute version not only of present events but also of history, and, finally, its reimportation in recent times into the democracies, in the form of political image-making—it is not surprising that any exercise in mass communication should arouse profound suspicion. All in all, we in the twentieth century are probably the most lied-to people in history, and it has become hard for us to take anything at its face value. But in the case of the publicity surrounding the new negotiations over the Middle East there are reasons for believing that something more than the usual "television politics" is going on. For one thing, the coverage has not been imposed from above. It has not been force-fed coverage, of the kind that governments are so fond of inflicting on the more or less captive audiences within their own territories. President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin may have welcomed the coverage, but they have not commanded it, or controlled it in any way. Every country has been free to accept or reject what was being sent through the air. The people of the world are themselves hungry for this news. And they have good reason to be. Everyone has the most urgent and personal interest possible in the success of the negotiations: the protection of his own life from the threat of a global war that could one day be touched off in the Middle East. For just off camera—and sometimes on camera—are the military patrons of the Middle Eastern powers: the superpowers, with their weapons of world destruction. If in recent years television has created a world community of potential spectators, the spread of nuclear weapons in that same period has created a world community of potential victims. The world has been paying attention to the dealings among a few minor powers in the Middle East because the world has sensed that its life is at stake. (By contrast, the world has shown no such interest in events, including actual wars—the one between Somalia and Ethiopia, for example—in which the commitment of the superpowers is not very deep.) It would not be exaggerating to say that in making themselves available to global television President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin, far from aggrandizing themselves at the expense of a gullible public, were actually fulfilling a responsibility to all of us. By reporting to everyone on the progress of their talks, they in a sense recognized their accountability to everyone. Certainly the world has responded, in the main, as though this were so. "World opinion"—heretofore a largely ineffectual, perhaps even a mythical force in world affairs—has suddenly taken on body and shape. The gauges of public opinion, including the public-opinion polls, have been shooting up and down at a startling speed as tides of opinion, unconfined by local barriers, have washed back and forth across national boundaries.



Unfortunately, it also has to be recorded that in the new global audience certain wide gaps have been conspicuous. Neither the Soviet Union nor China showed its people President Sadat's speech before the Knesset, and in these countries subsequent coverage of the negotiations has been scanty. Coming at a time when a newly constituted world public was discovering its voice and its will, and making its first tentative, groping common affirmation of the goal of human survival, the decisions to censor the news from the Middle East became something more than just another instance of information control. It became self-imposed exile from the family of nations—a boycott of the human race. We have always known that those who suppress human rights pay a price in loyalty. Now it appears that there is an additional price to pay. Nations that take away the freedoms of their own people in effect drop out of history. They strand themselves in a backwater of time.

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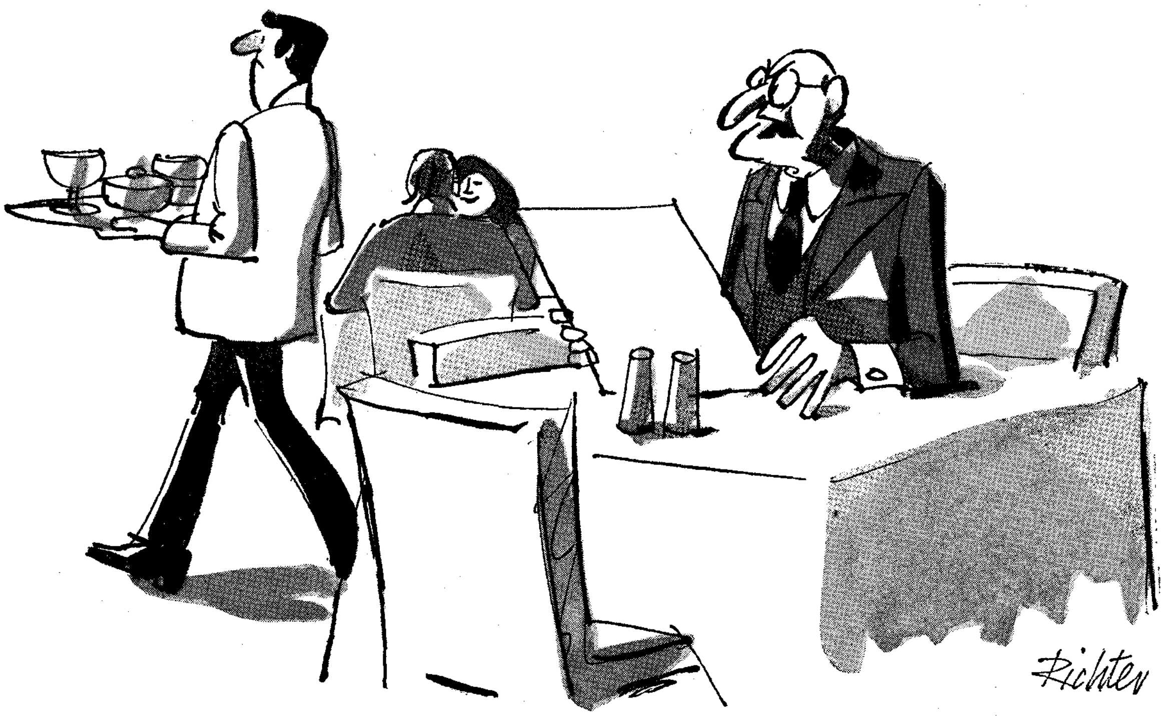
Winter Into Summer

WE got a call recently from David Daniels, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, painter who is known around that town as the Rose King, because he has over two hundred and fifty rosebushes in a fifteen-by-thirty-foot garden next to his house. The last time we had seen Daniels, he was sitting in his blaz-



"*Over here, dammit! I haven't got time for the waiting game.*"

• •

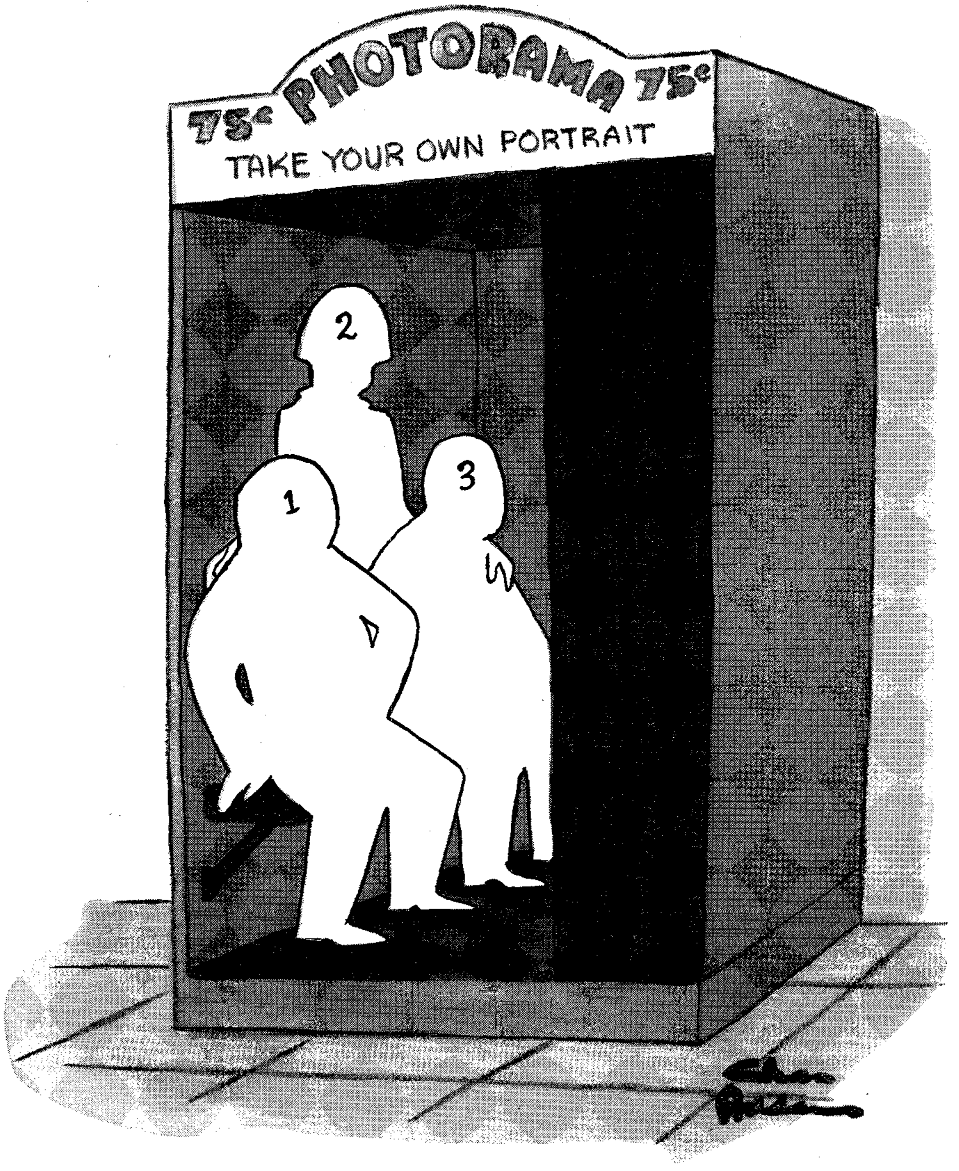
ing rose garden. This time, he said, "Come on up and I'll show you my snow yacht." Just over a year ago, he bought a piece of land in the mountains of central Massachusetts north of Worcester which Bostonians call the Snow Belt. This is land that was America's most fertile farmland—the Ohio of its time—until around 1840, when the farmers moved west and began to farm Ohio itself. Now it is hidden country, for the most part: small towns, some of them prosperous, that make furniture and machine tools; villages with quietly well-to-do summer folks and a few farmers. Most of the nineteenth-century farms are forest again. To people driving by, they look as if they had always been forest, and therefore much of the land in the Snow Belt is land that nobody wants. Daniels bought one of these overgrown farms and spent the first summer clearing a field every weekend with his wife, Virginia, and some friends. "Most people say you can't clear a field," Daniels said when we drove up to see his snow yacht. " 'Oh, isn't it a pity that it's all grown over,' they say. But these fields are very easy to get in trim, because trimming is what is required. All we had to do was chip away like Michelangelo and reveal the beautiful estate within. As we worked, I began to see why people from England called this land New England. They left the old trees spaced out, and the farms they made were landscaped like parkland. If you get all your friends together, you can clear your fields in a few weekends. This is a thing that can be done, because everyone has friends. We cleared a three-acre field with one small Sears tractor mower, a small Toro lawnmower, and a Weed Eater, and now Virginia can keep the whole field clear with a Weed Eater in a couple of hours' work a week. Chi Pai-shih, the Picasso of modern China, wrote in his memoirs, 'If you want to do something, do it—and sooner or later it will be done.' And it's true, no? If you took practically any mountain farmland in New England and trimmed it, you'd come up with a beautiful English park. People are afraid to do it, because they think it's hard. It's not hard, and once it's done, it seems that doing it was nothing. And now let's talk about stone walls. People tend to think that it took generations of farmers with ten sons to a farm to build the stone walls of New England. But Charlene Gullette and Judy Steinfeld and Cathy Todd, three of my friends from Cambridge—three girls with a combined weight of three hundred and eight pounds—looked at some of the old walls on the farm and said, 'It doesn't look so hard.' They built a four-hundred-foot-long stone wall in eight weekends. 'It's easy,' they said. 'You just roll one stone after another to where you're working, and put it in place.' "

The reason Daniels cleared the fields is that he believes that nothing gives a man more peace of mind than seeing a few acres of cleared field. If danger is coming from anywhere, you can see it; there are no snakes; bugs are reduced by fifty per cent; it's pleasant. This past summer, with his fields already turning into a lawn, Daniels built his snow yacht. It's a small house that stands on a sloping field and looks south across the new lawn to a thirty-two-acre lake. The foundations were poured July 8th; the house was completed September 1st. It was built entirely on weekends, by Daniels, with the help of some friends and two carpenters; it cost no more than ten thousand dollars altogether. (The land—five and a quarter acres—cost just over twenty-seven hundred.) The main room is the bedroom, a pre-cut log cabin, ten feet by sixteen feet, that sits over the concrete basement. To the east side of the bedroom is a four-by-eight-foot bathroom, and beyond that a prefabricated eight-by-twelve-foot greenhouse. On the west side of the bedroom is a twelve-by-twelve-foot porch, with six sliding glass doors set next to each other, like sliding Japanese screens. An old Oriental rug that Daniels bought in Cambridge some years ago covers the floor of the sun porch, and there are a couple of comfortable chairs covered by fur throws. Daniels says he decided to use the rug when his brother Michael, a Washington attorney who represents Japanese wool-textile exporters, assured him that an Oriental rug is as tough a floor covering as concrete, besides being far more beautiful. Moths won't get into such a rug except under a chair in a dark corner. It won't fade, because the wool it is woven from is dyed and dried in the sun many times before the weaving begins. That's why the more affluent Arabs park their cars on rugs. The ceiling of the yacht is pine planks formed into the clerestory shape of the ceiling of a wide-gauge railroad observation car of the nineteenth century. From the porch, you go up a couple of steps to the bedroom—which has beams cut in zigzag, lightning-bolt shapes, in the old Carpathian peasant fashion, and a double bed, and an eight-foot-wide sliding glass door looking down toward the lake. The ceiling is decorated with five little carved wooden Russian churches hung upside down like stalactites and, along the walls, with little Indian tigers sitting on Windsor chairs—these right side up and seeming to hold up the beams. You cross the bedroom and go down a short flight of steps to the greenhouse. The greenhouse currently has a bougainvillea vine, a bougainvillea tree, a gardenia, a Persian-lemon tree, a key-lime tree (for key-lime pies), a lipstick plant (it has little red flowers that look like lipsticks), a flowering cactus, and a few roses from Daniels' Cambridge garden. The greenhouse triples as kitchen and shower. To get to the basement, where there's a Shenandoah wood-burning furnace, you climb down a set of aluminum hoop rungs set into one wall of the greenhouse like the ladder inside a submarine. Daniels says that, with all its different levels, the house has exercise built into it, so he doesn't have to jog. There are electric heating panels along the bottom of the walls on the porch and also in the greenhouse. Daniels uses them and the Shenandoah furnace to heat the whole house.

Daniels got the idea for his shipshape house from Frank Lloyd Wright, who called some of his early houses prairie ships, because they looked like schooners riding the Illinois prairie. Daniels figured that in the Snow Belt a snow yacht would be more appropriate. "How much would it cost to buy a yacht?" he said. "And only a millionaire can have a private observation car. But if you think railroad car or yacht you can have a fabulous house. The trouble is, people don't think that way. Maybe many people couldn't live in a house like a boat, because you have to be on your best behavior in a constricted space. But a house is a stationary yacht. It just doesn't float."

Daniels' aim in building his house, he said, was to be able to sit in a T-shirt in a completely glass-enclosed space when it was twenty below outside. "The idea for heating the house I got one summer day in my garden in Cambridge," he explained. "First, I thought of the Roman method of building a hot room and circulating the air from it. Then I remembered Joseph Conrad's 'Youth,' a story I read as a student at the University of Chicago. A sailing ship is bound for Bangkok, and the coal in the hold begins to go up in spontaneous combustion. What if it were a contained combustion? At first, I thought just of a Shenandoah wood furnace in the cellar of my house. A furnace like that can keep a house at seventy degrees for three hours without much attention. The furnace heats the basement, and the basement is airtight, so, with relatively little heat loss, the whole basement becomes a furnace. After the fire has been going for a while, the air temperature at the basement ceiling is a hundred and ten degrees—and then all you have to do is blow this air out and circulate it. But it takes something like half an hour to heat the house up, so an architect friend of mine suggested electric heat as a starter furnace. 'There's nothing like electricity for raising heat fast,' he said. The electric heat can warm the house thirty degrees in just a few minutes—and then the wood furnace maintains the heat. The only expense is a few minutes of electric heat, plus about ten cents' worth of electricity a day, when the house is being lived in, to power a small fan to circulate the hot air from the basement through the house. The wood is free. We cut down about fifteen cords of wood clearing a view to the lake, and I've since found that every year every acre of woods produces about a cord of surplus wood; and most of it doesn't even need to be chopped down—it just falls. I'm about fifteen years ahead on free wood right now. I never studied architecture, but I used to go into Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie house once a week when I was a student in Chicago. It's all just common sense, no?"

We sat on the porch of the snow yacht and talked. Daniels had a T-shirt on. It was ten degrees outside, and we looked at sunlight gleaming on the snow covering Daniels' field and on the ice covering the boughs of the trees down by the frozen lake. Bright pale-blue sky, bright dark-green pine trees, bright gray oak trees, bright, bright snow. Chickadees perched on a sock full of thistle seed that Virginia Daniels had hung from a tree near the house. Inside, it was warm as toast. "Pleasant," said Daniels. "There's nothing like sitting in a T-shirt on a day when it's ten degrees outside, and wishing it were a little cooler. With a

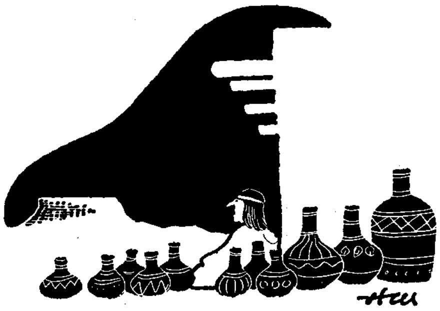


free wood fire, we can enjoy the beauties of winter with the easy clarity of bright summer. Shakespeare says that in the forest of Arden 'the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind . . . are counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am.' But why do you have to have icy fangs to show you what you are? What's wrong with a little sunshine? We can let bright sun on bright snow show us what we are."

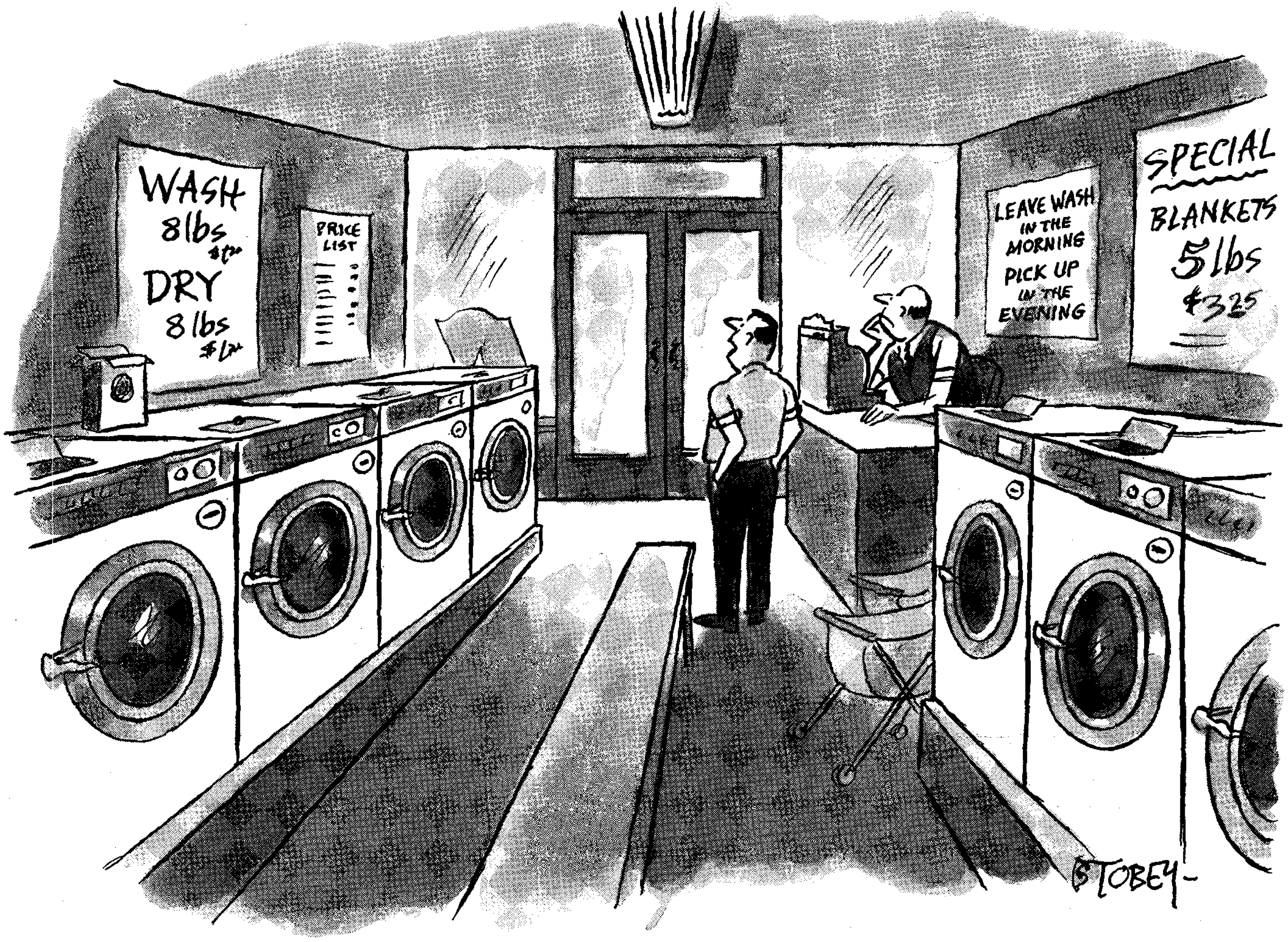
Igor's

THE best time of day for an Anne G. Special, which is one of the best sandwiches in New York—an outstanding Lithuanian meal-in-itself combo of roast beef, cheddar cheese, grilled tomato, bacon, and Russian dressing on pumpernickel—is three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when the lunchtime rush of nurses and doctors from St. Vincent's Hospital and students and professors from the New School thins out down at Art Foods, on Sixth Avenue just north of Tenth Street. This is a tiny restaurant that seats thirty-six people and serves eighty-nine different kinds of sandwiches, and also omelettes, blintzes, schav, salads, soda, beer, ginger beer, Berliner Weisse, tea, and coffee, not to mention tortes from Miss Grimble's bakeshop around the corner on Greenwich Avenue. Just before three, Igor and Sonja Sudarsky, the two proprietors, get a chance to sit down in the back of the store and take it easy for a while—Igor with a cigarette and a book (he's reading Lillian Hellman at the moment), Sonja with a cup of coffee. Igor makes the sandwiches; Sonja is the waitress and makes the soups, the salads, the blintzes, and the omelettes. The restaurant has a homegrown look; there's a long counter behind which Igor works—left over, along with the name Art Foods, from a deli that occupied the premises earlier. The store is a rectangle that runs back from Sixth toward Patchin Place; the counter starts a quarter of the way in and extends almost to the back. Up front, there's a wooden banquette and wooden tables—altogether, room for ten. A short stucco wall in front of the counter has a window in it through which Igor hands sandwiches to customers up front, and there's a little striped awning over the window. A plate-glass window looking out on Sixth has an awning outside over the avenue and another striped awning on the inside, over the front tables. Igor tacks up on the back of the banquette the jackets of new books by writers who come into the restaurant, so the jackets can be seen from Sixth. Running the length of the restaurant opposite the counter are five red Formica-topped tables for four and three red Formica-topped tables for two. The back table for four is usually piled with the books Igor is reading—books by Arthur Koestler and Gershom Scholem, the foremost scholar of Jewish mysticism; a biography of Herzl; the stories of Sholom Aleichem—and there are more books on a shelf behind the counter, over the cash register. The walls have tongue-and-groove pine panelling halfway up and, above that, white plaster crowded with pictures. Two of Igor's heroes are represented among the pictures: there's an old Sarah Bernhardt poster and a photograph of the Lubavitcher rabbi out in Crown Heights. As a kid in a village on the Volga, and later in Berlin, Igor was fascinated by Bernhardt. He liked her energy—a woman who had a leg amputated but didn't give up acting, who played for seven years with only one leg. Igor attends the Lubavitcher services on the High Holy Days. He likes to call himself a non-religious mystic. The Anne G. Special was co-invented fifteen years ago by Sonja and Anne G., a friend of hers who is a Lithuanian psychiatrist. The recipe for the sandwich first saw print in one of James Beard's food books. Beard lives a couple of blocks away from Art Foods and is a regular customer. In "Beard on Food," he says that the Anne G. and two of Igor's other sandwiches, the Brevoort and the Volga Special No. 1, are "imaginative, carefully made, and taste as if someone put them together for themselves, not for the assembly line." Beard is right: the Anne G. is a remarkable get-together of tastes and impressions—light and heavy, tangy and chewy, crunchy and runny, a lingering taste of beef, bread, and cheese.

Igor is sixty. Sandwich-making is his third career. He studied economics in Berlin, and then, when Hitler came to power in Germany, went to art school and became a commercial artist, because he had already begun to draw and he decided he needed a trade that was portable. Being a commercial artist undoubtedly saved his life in the war. Only a few thousand of the one hundred and fifty thousand Jewish Lithuanians survived the Second World War; statistically, they were the worst hit of all communities. Igor left Germany in 1934, going to Paris and Prague, where he made movie sets, and then to Kaunas (Kovno), in Lithuania, where his parents came from, and where he got jobs painting movie posters and reviewing plays and movies for a couple of newspapers. At the beginning of the war, the Russians occupied Lithuania, and Igor and nineteen other commercial artists were commissioned to redesign the wrappers and labels for all the cigarette packages and beer and seltzer bottles in the country. Igor drew a cloth cap and a silhouette of the Kremlin to replace a top hat and a mosque on the two most popular brands of cigarettes. Igor met Sonja in Kaunas; she was a farmer's daughter who was a sculptor. They had become engaged by the time the Germans marched into Kaunas, on a beautiful day in June, 1941. All of Kaunas's forty thousand Jews were herded into the poorest neighborhood in town. Igor and Sonja got married right then, because they heard that married couples had a better chance of not being sent away. They lived in a stable with a leaky roof. Igor kept the rain out by nailing to the roof some good oil paintings he had bought in France. "It was the nicest-looking roof that ever was," Sonja says.



Sonja is short, blond, bustling, and twinkly. Igor is tall, pale, reflective, slightly gaunt, with an incandescent smile. He says Sonja is Prussian and organized and he is Slavic and dreamy. When the Russians got near Lithuania in 1944, the fifteen thousand Jews still alive in Kaunas were sent to Stutthof, a concentration camp near Danzig. A couple of weeks later, Igor was sent on to Dachau, where, because he could make blueprints, he was put to work building an underground airfield. Working indoors saved his life, he says, because it was warm there and he had no shoes. He doesn't know why he and Sonja weren't killed—there was no logic to it. Once, a friend told him that one of the guards didn't like people with glasses, so he took off his glasses when that guard came around, and he wasn't taken away. He says he agrees with Dr. Viktor Frankl, a psychiatrist who was sent to Auschwitz, that survival has nothing to do with strength or cleverness. Smoking a cigarette in the back of Art Foods at 3 P.M., Igor says, "Sometimes when the guards were looking for people to take away it was right to turn to the left when you walked in front of them. Sometimes it



"I guess it's just one of those days when nobody has any dirty clothes."

• •

was wrong. How could you know? There were hundreds of such small adventures every day. We should have been dead already thirty years."

After the war, Igor and Sonja found each other again through the Red Cross, and Igor, who speaks Russian, Lithuanian, German, Yiddish, and a bit of French in addition to English, read letters for the American censors and worked for UNRRA in Munich. Then, in the summer of 1946, he and Sonja came to New York. Neither of them had wanted to stay in Germany. They spent a year in North Carolina working in a jewelry store, and then Igor got a job as a commercial artist in New York, designing boxes for cigarettes, perfume, and candy. In 1948, a friend called him up—a Polish lawyer, who was thinking of buying a small grocery store and delicatessen on Sixth Avenue with his wife, also a Polish lawyer. Did Igor want to help? He should come give it a look. Igor was a partner in Art Foods for ten years, and became sole owner when the Poles got tired of the business and the husband got a good job with a Japanese doll company. The Poles sold him their interest in the store for a dollar. Igor phased out the groceries and built up the sandwich business, modelling the sandwiches on the ones sold by Oskar Davidsen's, the famous restaurant in Copenhagen, which he had once visited. (Igor's sandwiches are not open-faced, though.) He named several sandwiches after people who came in and ate them regularly: the Michael Sinclair Special, the Ted Estabrook Special, the Diane Wolkstein Special. Diane Wolkstein is a storyteller who travels around the country and who also writes children's books. Her special, a nice, light sandwich, is egg salad, sliced pineapple, cream cheese, and lettuce and tomato on pumpernickel. Michael Sinclair—ham, fried egg, and fried onions—is an English stage manager. Ted Estabrook—liver pâté, tomato, and cucumber—runs a television workshop upstairs over Art Foods. E. E. Cummings, who lived on Patchin Place, always ate a Fifth Avenue Special—turkey, ham, Swiss cheese, cole slaw, and Russian dressing. A. J. Liebling, when he lived on Fifth Avenue at Ninth, liked to come in for three Brevoorts at a sitting—turkey, ham, hard-boiled egg, tomato, and Russian—washed down with four or five bottles of Fix, a Greek beer, which Igor stocked for him. Other regulars over the years have been Arthur Miller; Dustin Hoffman; Willem de Kooning; David Amram, who lives upstairs a few doors away; Edward Albee; and Norman Mailer, who used to have lunch with his father at Igor's. Mailer *père* liked to say to Igor, "You see my son? He thinks he's a writer."

Igor and Sonja have two daughters, Claudia and Ilona, now twenty-three and twenty-one. Claudia is in nursing school, and Ilona is studying to be a cosmetician—she wants to do makeup for TV performers. Igor once named omelettes after the two girls, the Princess Claudia and the Princess Ilona, but later took the names off the menu, because both girls said they didn't want to be princesses. Igor did some painting on the side for a while after he became a restaurateur. He painted concentration-camp scenes, but they didn't satisfy him. It was impossible to express what he had seen, so he stopped painting. He says he likes the food business. "Love you forget, but you always remember food," he says. "I have forgotten the girls I used to know before I met Sonja—I only remember what they cooked for me."

BACHELORS

Charles and I are drinking wine in the living room and watching the Olympic boxers on TV. Though Charles is not, by nature, much of a drinker, he now buys wine in half-gallon jugs, and has peanuts or potato chips with it as dinner. We drink California wine, because that is all I drank when I was living there.

"What did you drink out there?" Charles asked last Monday, six weeks after I'd come home.

"Chablis," I said. "Sebastiani."

"I'll rope us a bottle or two," he said.

Charles is a corporate lawyer, and at age thirty-five he is the second-youngest partner in a Wall Street firm of over fifty people. He will have been divorced one year in September. He says that his wife, Barbara, is still his best friend, and that he phones her two or three times a week just to talk. She lives with their daughter, Susan, in a house six miles from here, and lately she has been telling Charles that he is losing her respect, because he is losing control of his emotions. He talks to her on the phone in the kitchen about his new girlfriend, Edie, who lives in Boston, and he asks over and over what is he going to do now, what can he do, what is he going to do. The words break in his throat sometimes, and that is when Barbara says he is losing control and that she has to go now.

Charles has rented our house since February, two months after my mother died. My father, an environmentalist, was transferred to Washington in December, and he was in the process of selling our house in Connecticut and moving Mother to D.C. with him when she died, alone, in her sleep, one Thursday night or Friday morning. He has forgotten about a house in Washington now, lives instead in an apartment close to his office, and flies home to Connecticut on the weekends.

Because my father worried about Prussia, our German shepherd, who is too loud and large for an apartment, and about neighborhood vandals, he rented the house out to Charles Portham for one hundred dollars a month. I told him over the phone from California, where I was working for a newspaper, that he could get five times that much if he wanted, but he said no, that at least the dog would be fed now and the house would be watched, and because Mr. Portham would only be paying one hundred dollars he wouldn't object to my father's flying up on weekends. In April my sister Didi came out from Colorado, where she is a nurse, and she told my father that the house looked filthy—dirty as any flophouse—and that Mother wouldn't like it this way. She said later that my father cried while driving her back to the airport, and now the house is cleaned by a crew of three black men who drive up in a mufflerless green van every other Wednesday.

Charles was in the kitchen feeding dinner scraps to Prussia the night I got home. The room was hazy with cooking smoke and the smell of fried fish.

"Your dad talks and talks about you," he said to me. Charles is thinly built and about five-ten. His hair, which is light brown, recedes in a V around his temples, but the rest of it is very straight and longish and is combed straight back from his face. He was wearing a T-shirt, red Bermuda shorts, and sneakers; it was the second Sunday in June and he was well sunburned, especially where the hair had receded. "He says you'll be living here for a while, then leaving for graduate school."

"I figure I can afford the free rent," I said.

"He says you'll be down there close to Washington."

"Baltimore."

"September?"

"End of August," I said.

"Uh-huh," Charles said, lighting a cigarette.

"The last week in August," I said.

"Good deal."

"How's he doing?"

"Your dad?" Charles said. He nodded. "Adjusting. Up again last weekend. Mowed the lawn, washed a car, and flew back out of Westchester Sunday night."

"Who sleeps where?"

"Your dad stays in your sister's room. We decided my moving around every seventh day just wouldn't work."

"Is he annoyed at losing his bed?"

"I don't think so. I sleep in your— I sleep in the one farthest from the door."

"Right," I said.

"It's pretty bad in there right now," Charles said. "A friend was down from Boston."

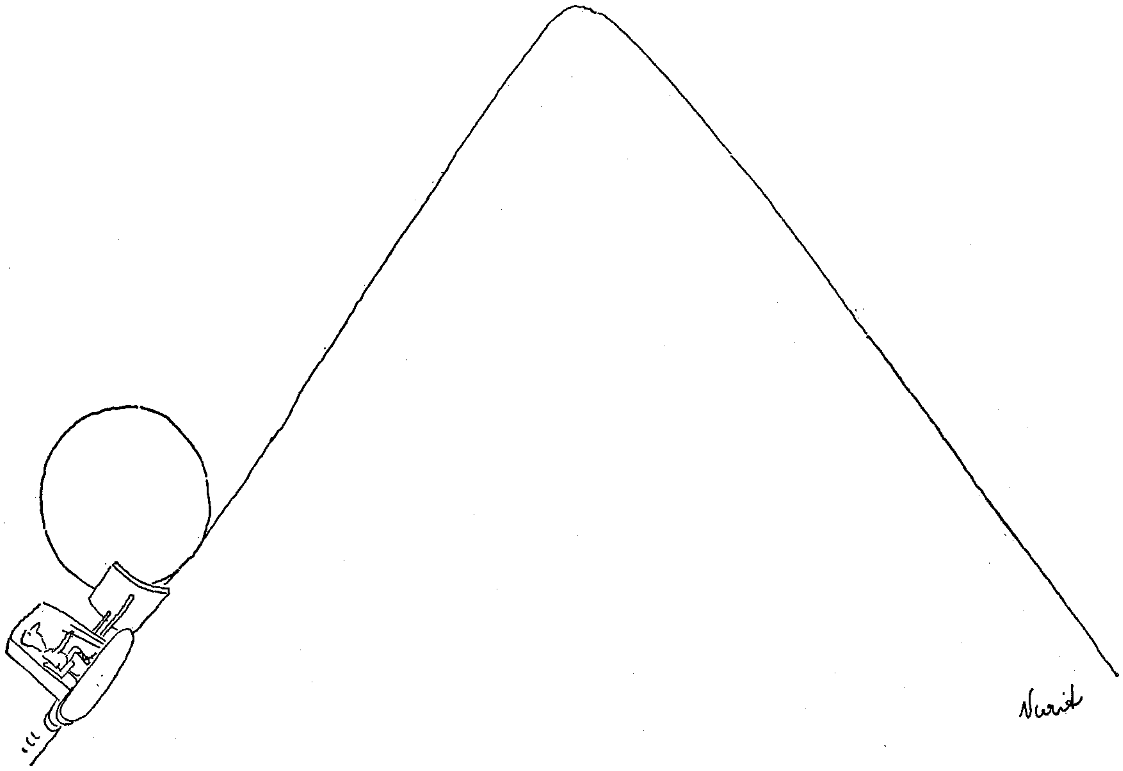
During June and July Charles commuted into the city each morning at seven and returned every night at six. He would walk into the living room and raise his hand, then stop beside

A Great Hue and Cry

the television, light a cigarette, and watch the evening news.

"How'd it go?" I'd ask, and he would shrug. At the first commercial, he'd light another cigarette and walk through the dining room to the kitchen to phone his wife six miles away, or Edie in Boston.

Weekends, Charles travelled to see Edie, then flew from Boston to New York on Monday morning. My father and I watched ballgames Saturday afternoons, and on Sundays we fished off our boat on Long Island Sound. I came home late one Saturday night and found him asleep on the couch in the living room, still wearing his glasses. His album of Harvard Fight Songs was playing on the stereo in a corner of the room, and an old photograph of my parents fishing off Cape Cod in a rowboat named Sandy was lying across its cover.



CHARLES pours another glass of wine while Sugar Ray Leonard jabs with a left at the Cuban.

"Somebody's going to get hurt," he says.

"Yeah," I say.

"Somebody always gets hurt. It's going to be me."

"It's rough."

He opens his palms. "So why would she pull this thing if there isn't someone else?"

"Maybe she wants a weekend to herself."

"Not it," he says, closing his eyes. "One, she had dinner with some guy Monday night. Two, she still wants her husband. Only he doesn't care two bits."

Round 2: Sugar Ray is moving and hitting and smiling at the Cuban.

"I don't know, Charles," I say.

He leans forward. "Is my thinking clear on this thing, or what?"

"If she's seeing some guy, she's seeing him."

"Not in Boston," he says. "I've got too many friends there. She'd go to their family place in Maine." The tip of his tie brushes his wineglass. Charles has been talking this way for the past three nights, since Edie called him from Boston. "I'm phoning the airlines," he says.

"Wouldn't the reservations be in his name?"

"No," he says, rising and walking toward the kitchen. "She always made them whenever we went up there."

Since Monday Charles has been telling me that his life has been a struggle the past ten months. He says that his wife divorced him because her two closest friends were divorced. "*Their* lives were much more *free*, *spontaneous*," Charles told me Monday, smiling and shaking his head. I said there must be more to it than that and he said yes but that for his money that was the ballgame.

"I see this shrink twice a week," he said last night.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"It used to bother hell out of me."

"Yeah."

"Ego," he said. "That's all. Last week I heard the receptionist describe me as a balding man in a pinstripe suit. It shook me up."

"I can understand that," I said.

"That image just destroyed me. Blindside. Now I want to stand behind people as I'm walking away and just listen. It really shook me."

"Charles," I said, "you worry too much."

"And you don't?"

"I worry plenty."

"Your dad says you were out there with a girl."

"She stayed."

"That shake you up?"

"There was too much fighting."

"Your dad says she was really something," Charles said.

Charles walks back from the kitchen, while Sugar Ray is smiling and talking with Howard Cosell. "No reservations," he says.

"Charles, she just wants a weekend off."

"I've got a friend in Boston, a detective," he says.

"Charles," I say. "Don't do this to yourself."

SATURDAY night, my father cooks a lamb curry for us, and Charles tells him that it's a shame—he has missed his life's calling. "You should own a restaurant," he says.

"I'd like that," my father says. "I'd like to cook for a living."

"I hate my job," Charles says. "I hate New York City."

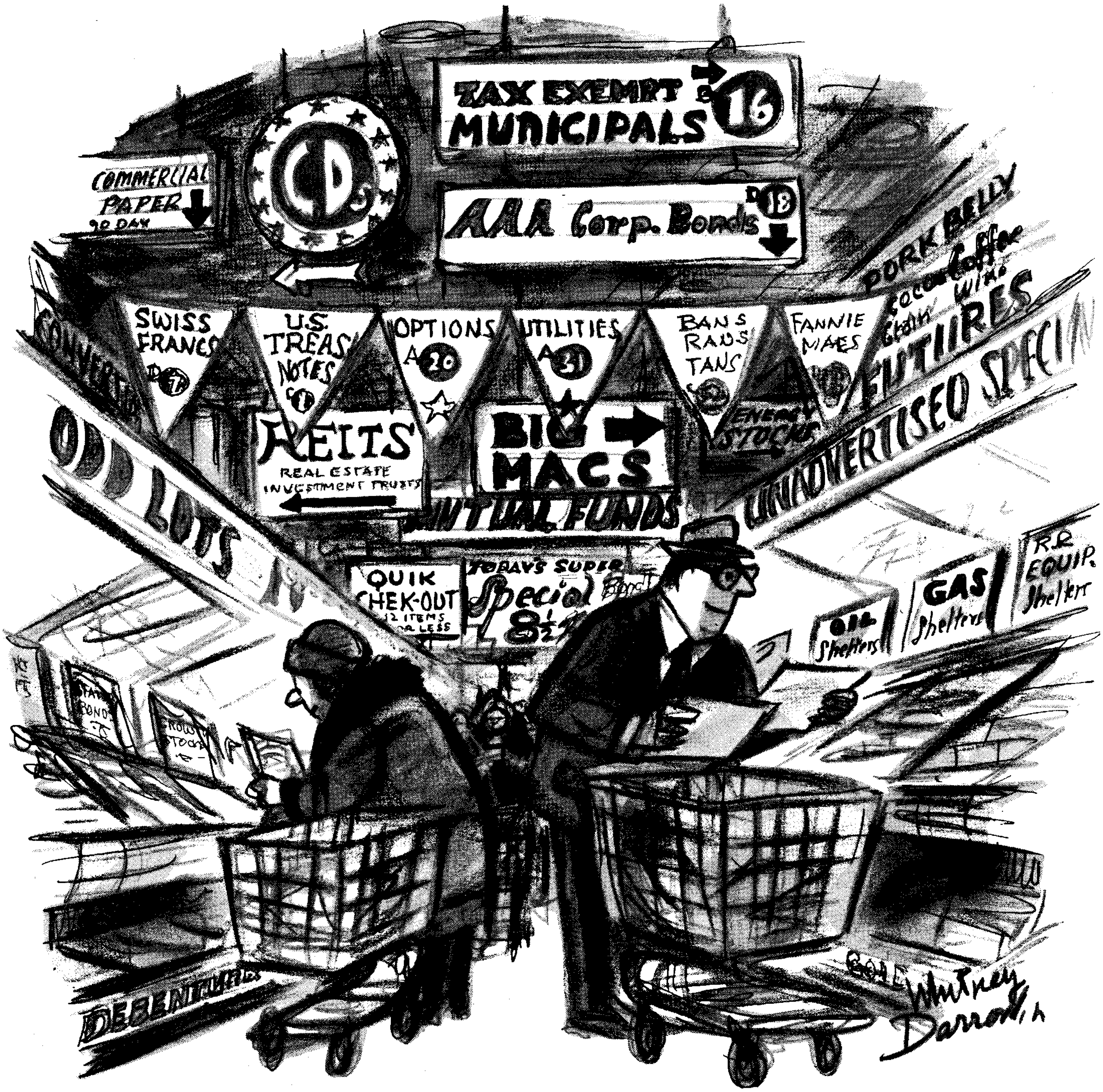
I have listened, this past week, to Charles walking through the halls at five in the morning and lighting cigarettes at six. Thursday, he was home from work by four-thirty. On Friday he called in sick, then sipped beer in his bathrobe on the porch until it grew too hot.

"How I wish I still worked in New York," my father says, stirring the curry. "How I wish I was home every night."

"The job market's the job market," I say.

"I am fifty years old," he says.

I watch the steam from the curry rising around his face. He dishes the


COMMERCIAL PAPER 90 DAY
C.D.s
TAX EXEMPT MUNICIPALS 16
AAA Corp. Bonds D 18
PORK BELLY
Cocoa Coffee Grain Wine
FUTURES
SWISS FRANCS D 7
U.S. TREAS NOTES C 1
OPTIONS A 20
UTILITIES A 31
BANS RANS TANS
FANNIE MAES
CONVERTIB
ODD LOTS
REITS REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUSTS
BIG MACS
MUTUAL FUNDS
ENERGY STOCKS
UNADVERTISED SPECI
QUIK CHEK-OUT 12 ITEMS OR LESS
TODAY'S SUPER Special Bond 8½
OIL Shelters
GAS Shelters
R.R. EQUIP. Shelters
STATE BONDS
GROWTH STOCK
DEBENTURES
Whitney Darrow, Jr

* * *

dinner out in small, careful scoops. It is such a familiar image, I can even hear it: *Jack, that's too much for me, give that to one of the children.*

"Plenty, Jack—fine," Charles says to my father, and then, to me, "Isn't your dad some cook?" He lifts his glass. "A real bachelor's pad," he says. He is laughing and just as suddenly he is crying. "What am I going to do now?" he says. "What am I going to do?"

Sunday, Charles is up and out early to visit his daughter. The sky is white with humidity and my father and I spend the afternoon pushing each other off the boat, then troll for bluefish until the houses along the coast begin to light up. On the ride home we stop for pizza and beer.

"We should do this more often," he says after the waitress has left us.

"We will," I say. "This fall. There's all that seafood from Chesapeake Bay."

"A couple of bachelors," he says. We both hesitate, then reach for another slice.

"It's time to sell the house," I say.

"Soon," he says.

"It's time to sell."

"It's hard," he says.

The waitress picks up the empty pan and places the check face down on the edge of the table: three sixty-five. My father reaches back for his wallet, then makes a face and says he left it on the boat. Years ago, he made the same face in another restaurant on my mother's thirty-seventh birthday. My sister Didi, who was then fourteen and constantly fooling, said I would have to wash dishes alone in the back room until morning. I slipped beneath the tablecloth and held my parents' legs until my mother's hands lifted me up and surrounded my waist. She whispered that everything was really all right, that "Look, see—there! I've taken care of it." I remember she whispered it exactly that way. —JOHN FALSEY

* * *

The present data support Bales' hypothesis that drinking in a normative setting of abstinence is largely antinormative.—*"Juvenile Delinquency," by Martin R. Haskell and Lewis Yablonsky.*

Wonder how old Bales *is* these days.

KAYE WAYFARING IN "AVENGED"

SITTING shivering in time, Kaye Wayfaring brooded. The peak fall day decidedly enhanced her. She considered impetus. October gleamed as it chilled the town. She considered the approach of winter, of the holiday season, Yuletide. She considered the picture.

Time pressed. "Avenged," a costly venture, lingered in production. There they all were, over that way in a sunken russet glade, occupied in setting up another shot—for Panavision, for art, for success (a decent enough program). A stretch of morainal plateau in the Ramble had been re-dressed, enhanced. From a promontory just across the gulf from the rock on which Kaye sat slouched, a cascade had been installed. Gaffers exerted themselves. The key grip smoked a Real, pensively. Idle go-fers exchanged trade news, busily, knowingly.

Kaye decided "Avenged" might just turn out if—as always, if—she plunged, obeying a charged impulse. Smiling, smoking raw Luckies, on her rock high in the Ramble, overlooking the still, leaf-cloaked pond, she thought: Plunge like the Lorelei, like the Rhine maidens (Wellgunde, Woglinde, Flosshilde, and Kaye), like Ondine, like Russalka. If only she plunged, darting down into "Avenged." Yet, as had been said of one of Houdini's efforts, "Failure means a drowning death." Kaye Wayfaring, one valiant trouper, weighed Candace, her role, the creature: What is there of me in you, you extravagant, driven witch?

One sure way to play Candace, Kaye knew, was the same way she had phoned in the last few performances. "Wayfaring's icy panache!" Any unit publicist could (must, lately, it appeared) trumpet that quality—the haughty, bewildered, vaguely bruised quality. Kaye had no more use for it. Where in the Wayfaring economy was *it*?

Kaye Wayfaring regrouped her forces, seeking: What must I do? What must I? Am I played out? Two words, conjoined, cheered her: "much vaunted."

If you're going to be a talking woman, be a triumphant talking woman. Be purposeful, be generous, be all you dare. Might as well go at it tooth and nail.

"So saying, she plunged to her death," Kaye mumbled distractedly.

Well, what was the key to *it*?

Above all, she longed to become precise. "Precise," that nagging watchword. What did she mean it to mean? The word indicted her, assaulted her, time and time again.

Things written about her terrified her.

"Wayfaring understands that no star actress wears anybody else's old hair," her director, Orphrey Whither, had assured the attendant press.

"Wayfaring is honest in the most arduous way, and in the old, perfect manner. She understands, as Mrs. Siddons and Peg Woffington apparently did, that honesty is the mark of the star," an enthusiast had scribbled in *Filmopinion*.

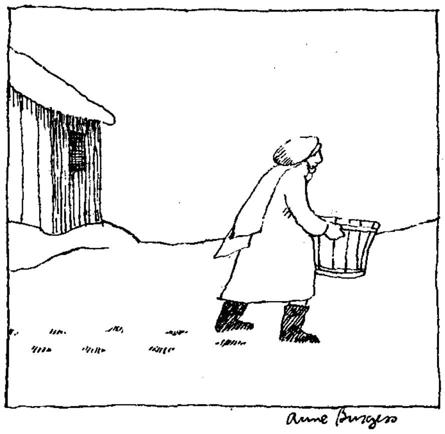
"Wayfaring understands that stardom is necessarily vexing. Stars never rest; they merely, occasionally, lounge," *Fashion* had announced.

"Wayfaring keeps her interior voyages to herself. Stardom demands secrecy," some wag had snapped, pretending an intimacy.

H.Q.P., that seasoned, trusted metropolitan arbiter and public scold, had ventured to write of Kaye Wayfaring: "So *on*, so *forth:* vivid and particular. No actress in these past two weary decades has displayed so deft a form. Wayfaring does *deliver*—in the Sullavan-Stanwyck-Lombard-Davis tradition, with offhand, odd resemblances to, among others, Irene Dunne, Frances Farmer, and, eerily, Jeanne Eagels. Kaye Wayfaring is something of a navigator. *Impetus* is her concern."

Kaye Wayfaring sat perplexed. Others' names surrounded hers: they threatened suffocation. All Kaye could say was "I'll have you know . . ."

Shading her fortunate eyes, she considered what she had termed, self-mockingly, "the plan"—a degree-by-degree personal overhaul, a concerted effort to improve the whole works. She had her qualms: Am I to turn out finally to have been entirely cosmetic? Is one made up of spare parts? What about this *equipoise*? She brooded, she smoked, she considered "Avenged."

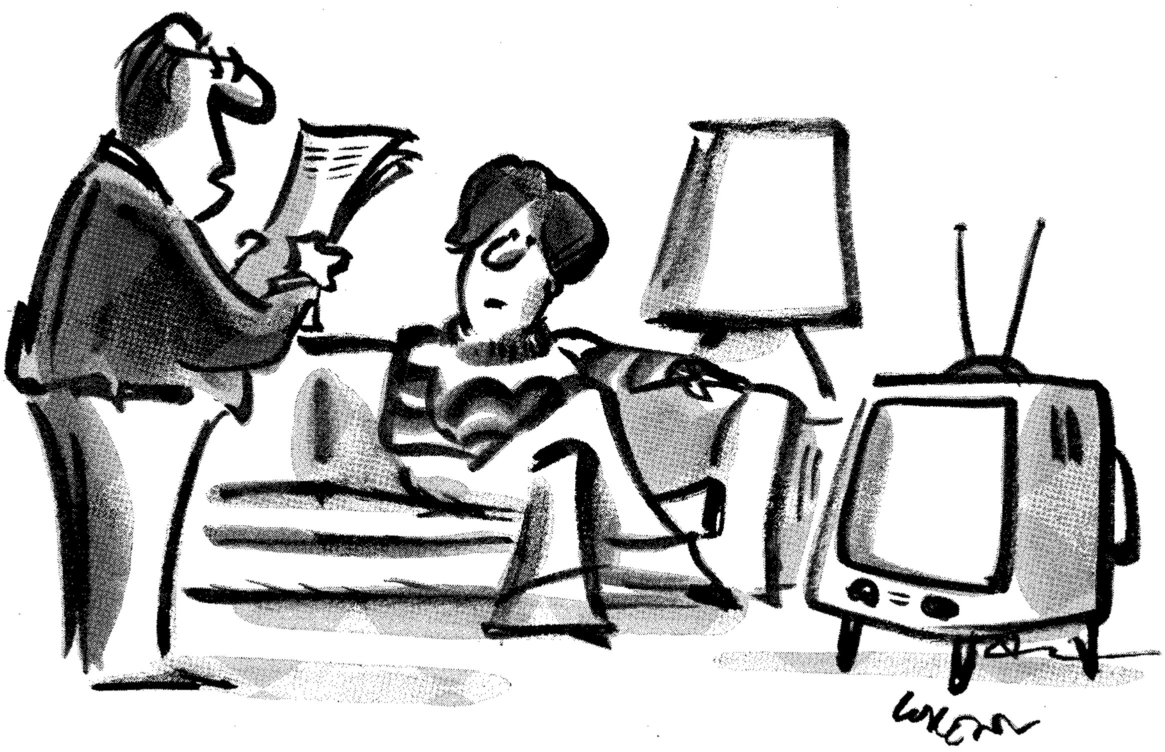


The harried unit publicist's release for the first day of shooting had informed the industry: "Orphrey Whither's 'Avenged,' based on a Diderot tale already once brought to the screen as 'Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne' (Robert Bresson, director, France, 1944) and starring the blazing Kaye Wayfaring, two-time Oscar nominee (for 'We Are Born, We Live, We Die' and for 'Way Station'), is certain to provoke controversy. Such is the valence of the combined powers of Orphrey Whither, poet-scripter Jameson O'Maurigan, distinguished British National Theatre actor Patrick More, and Kaye Wayfaring that a new meaning is imparted on the screen to *revenge*, another dimension is revealed in the geometry of human lust. Never before has desire so bruised, so scalded so cruelly."

Good God, Kaye Wayfaring had wondered, what on earth is all that about? That passage offered no key to *it*, she could tell them. But then, to demand of publicity *keys* . . . Publicity was hearsay.

Kaye remembered an afternoon in the heated, sweated term of her adolescence when, passing through languid days in Clayton, Georgia, she had come upon herself full face in the smudged upstairs-bathroom mirror while overhearing a conversation on the veranda below, and had told herself, "They pass life discussing weather and traffic. They pass life by. They know no navigation." She had mourned them, while each night the incessant, troubled snoring sounded on as groups of guests lay abed and Kaye lay wakeful on the tar roof of the veranda, clad in a lavender-blue silk kimono her father had salvaged from the ruins of imperial Japan; smoking Luckies, questioning the starred firmament, not sure of much, but certain she would either die or up and out—and soon, at that, either way. She'd sit up smoking, scented with 4711, and braid her rust-red hair, thinking about decisions and feeling histrionic. Fuchsia hung in baskets, and bougainvillea flourished in the scuppernong arbor. Moths and mosquitoes pestered. The citizens of Clayton wound their watches. . . .

Kaye halted speculation. *Sufficient unto the day*, she assured herself, remembering one of her good mother's better maxims, and then she looked out over the Park, which, from her perch there on the highest rock in the Ramble, gave the impression of Cythera and, with the boat lake stretching out to the south and west in a serpentine swirl, of voyages thereto. She thought of



"Not a damn thing on the tube tonight. What's on the telephone?"

• •

Ariadne. Ariadne on Naxos. Ariadne, the labyrinth guide.

THE very Kaye Wayfaring sneezed. As if summoned, "Avenged" 's director, the Olympian Orphrey Whither, loomed, like Bacchus, blocking the sun's rays in the west and the entire view of the Dakota Apartments (where Kaye had been installed, for the picture's term, in a gable).

Kaye had decided long since that whenever she considered this O.W.—having summoned him for conversation in the daytime, or yakking on the telephone with him on a restless night—she considered him in terms of cubits rather than weights and measures such as feet, inches, pounds, stone, metres, or kilos. Orphrey Whither could glower; so he did. Kaye counselled herself: Men are not gods.

"May one know what you're up to this time, Miss Wayfaring?" The Corkonian growl sounded like something from a cave or up out of a well, or like oracular sap gushing forth from some Druidic oak.

"Giving myself a piece of my mind, such as it is," the Wayfaring contralto countered.

"Actors!"

"I'm an actress."

"Don't quibble."

"Get lost."

"How dare you!"

"Orphrey, you don't begin to terrify me."

"This is insupportable!"

"Not in good light."

"What on earth can you mean?"

"I mean 'Avenged,' exactly."

"Now, *look*—"

"I've been looking."

"I could replace you; you realize that."

"You might be quite interesting as Candace, wearing Wayfaring's old hair."

Orphrey Whither turned away. He pounded down the scaffold steps leading from the rock to the glade. The Ramble's shadows lengthened.

Kaye Wayfaring considered the sweat of endeavor. Phrases, facts, fancies, options. Shadow aspects, libidinal commitment. Free-floating anxiety. Feeling edgy of an afternoon in fall. Phase-specific turmoil states. All this nervous bravado. An open declaration. Passions. Choices. The bottom line. Ariadne occupied, spinning threads. I'm obviously frantic, she advised herself, severely. What must I do?

THE light continued failing. She suddenly, faintly remembered, *The way out is the way in.*

Kaye Wayfaring set out to explore creation. She stalked the Ramble like some predator, all the while considering and all the while, as well, singing, measuredly, sotto voce, the aria "Che farò senza Euridice," from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice"—a familiar exercise. She fancied it best sung, for her intense purposes, in English, the way Kathleen Ferrier had sung it on records and the very way Mawrdew Czgowchwz, oltrano, had sung it when—when she (Kaye) had been a drama student at Yale and the diva had arrived one evening in October to give a recital at Woolsey Hall. Thus Wayfaring, rambling, sang:

What is life to me
without thee
What is life when
thou art dead . . .

Candace, an heiress, hellbent on revenge. The impetus of her resolve: thwarted passion. Very much the same old story, Kaye thought, singing a variation:

What is life if thou desert me . . .

Candace is avenged by arranging a marriage. A good one, that, thought Kaye, who had never married. She had loved, lost, loved, managed, loved, survived, loved, and stopped. Yet not necessarily. Kaye thought it through, and asked herself: Who wrote the very first torch song?

What is life when thou art dead.

The Ramble's tangled byways offered Kaye opportunity for exercise and for contemplation. A serviceable glamour—that's what I've hawked, she told herself, turning grouchy, feeling bruised, annoyed at the way branches would now and again protrude, like pointing fingers.

Candace plots, succeeds, avenges, all to no good, to no success. "Avenged," a remake. So—so what: so was "The Letter."

If I don't kill you, who will?

Good God, where did that one bubble up from? That tag line from "Way Station," the film for which she had won her second Academy nomination. (Lost it that year, too, to another, lesser actress.) But on: press on. The Ramble's explosive foliage gave little solace.

What is life to me without me.

I, I, me, me, I, me, I. Oh, dear God, not just now, Kaye prayed, fending off as best she could a waking, walking nightmare of the omnivorous self. Riders on horseback passed over a bridge ahead. Time passed, and Kaye Wayfaring succeeded briefly at her task. She had returned to "Avenged," deciding, remembering, along the winding footpath.

She then suddenly came upon some twerp; he'd been tossed off his mount. The horse looked bewildered, the twerp muddily abashed.

"Oh, thanks. I'm O.K. Hey! Aren't you—"

"Once, long ago."

"Excuse me?"

"That's all right. Hope you feel better later. Your horse is expecting you. So long, now."

Kaye considered another, more sinister creature, whom she had labelled "the morning interloper." Promptly at seven, when Miss Wayfaring had checked into her trailer to prepare for the scene in which Candace, off at a gallop across the Sheep Meadow, plotted and replotted her weird, obsessive revenge (in heavy-lidded, sloe-eyed relentless closeup, looking pummelled, looking dredged), there would be this same diminutive, wiry man—some old moompix magnate's nephew or cousin or collateral offspring. (Orphrey was aware of the precise connection; he considered it politic to allow the man some notion of privileged entry.) Miss Wayfaring was neither amused nor flattered. The intruder resembled a wandering dress extra. He could hardly be entertained seriously, cordially.

"Keep that lurking item away from me," the star had commanded.

She remembered a violent summer storm, in Clayton. Thunder, lightning, wind, and rain—a tempest. She had sat the whole show out on the veranda roof. And then, when the moon came up, a visitor had approached her. Some guest's son or nephew or cousin—a passably winsome boy.

"Got a smoke?"

"They're wet."

"So are you."

"Why don't you go take a walk."

"Why don't you."

"I live here."

"I was only trying to be friendly."

"You want to get friendly, go find a dry cigarette."

"Who told you you're such hot stuff?"

"Look, this is my roof. Get lost."

The boy departed. Kaye ever after regretted the way she had banished the guest that night after the storm. She had been deliberately and stupidly cruel.

Dissolve, wipe. A new instant, another time. Kaye Wayfaring seeking, delving. Wanting out, occasionally: out of histrionic guile.

Do wash the ink off your hands.

Don't try to get too much in.

There is weight, and there is clutter: distinguish them, distinguish them.

The way out is the way in.

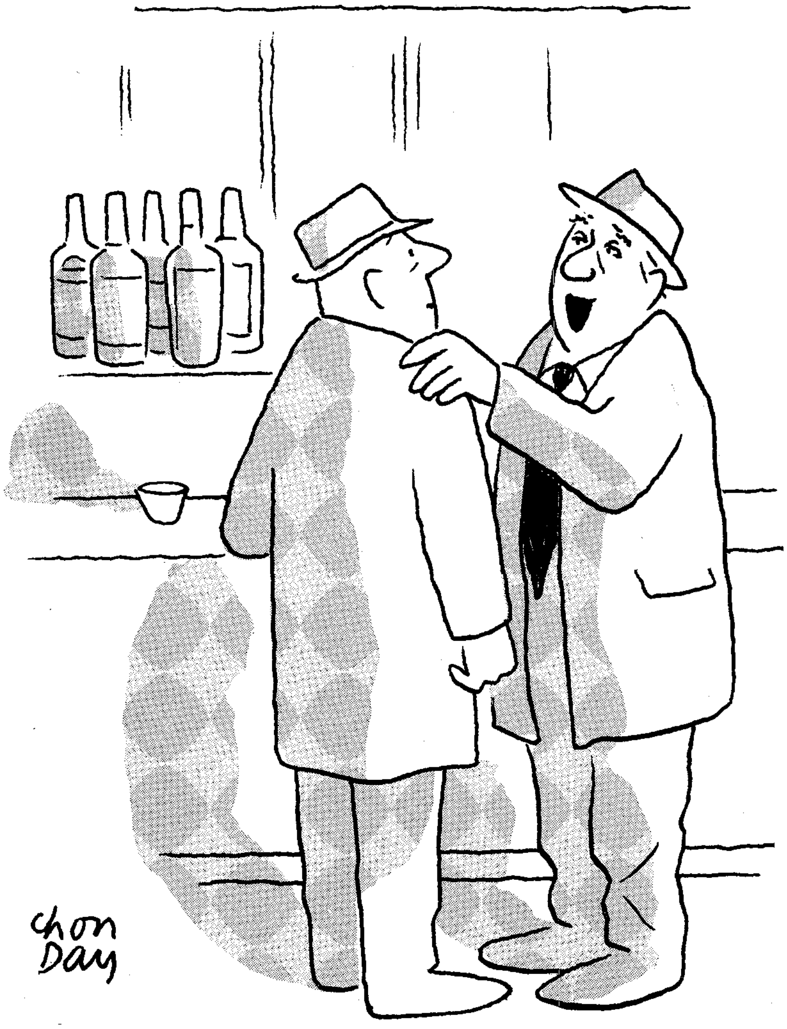
These had been the four best directives offered by the exacting Miss C.W., Kaye's teacher at Yale. Kaye, in improvisation, would talk on and on: "I've got a fat trap, that's what. I should shut up, I know I should, but there are times when I cannot think of a single thing not to say." Miss C.W. would remonstrate, "Do wash the ink off your hands."

Kaye Wayfaring, two-time Oscar nominee, star (who never wore anybody else's old hair) wondered. How long would the luck hold out? When the descent? When would it end? How fast, how soon? A trashy inquisition: she decided to forbear. Better to go down hailing a taxi than to end it all in some back row looking at Kaye Wayfaring (in "Avenged").

She remembered her first days in New York City. She had been invited to a Village party, just off Seventh Avenue, just south of Sheridan Square. She had accepted; she had attended. She had become the sudden, spectacular rage. Just then, in the Ramble, remembering, she fetched it back.

She had been sitting at an open window, high up, south of Sheridan Square, and talking to herself. "I am a fragile vixen, and I prefer the dawn to the day" (a ghastly line from some Yale vehicle). "I'm naked," she'd called out the window. She saw out and she saw in.

They were strewn about the floor, the rest, all victims, all snoring. She scribbled a note on the back of some stern manifesto and sent it sailing, folded into an origami airplane, down toward Seventh Avenue: "Two Schlitz and a pack of Luckies. Bless you. —Abandoned in 13-G." The note never made it to the avenue. It caught a crosswind, then a tailwind, and flew off toward the Midwest. She laughed; she rose. She looked about the room and she saw a microphone on a throw pillow. The cassette recorder sat there on the floor, with a quantity of her madness spooled on it, and most probably vaster quantities of the others'. She rewound the cassette and sat listening to the playback. Snorers tossed and stirred from time to time. She listened to



"When I left this morning, she said 'Have a good day,' and I am having a good day."

the section where someone had begged them all to join hands and hold their breaths, and then *hummmmm*. She listened to humming, then to silence, then to her own hysterical laughter. Then to slamming doors. (Somebody exiting, enraged.) Then she decided to hear no more.

Kaye decided it was high time to head back, all told. Enough of reminiscence. From such deliberate delving, from such a determined, willing plunge, one might develop, on the way up to the surface, to what is casually termed the present, a severe case of the bends. Miss Wayfaring sallied forth, like Mrs. Millamant, in full sail.

Here she comes back, she advised creation. Creation, entirely pleased, welcomed her at sundown. The way the last rays available from the sun setting in the west splashed her in vermillion—momentary raiment, all filmable, as halos briefly are—caused her to gleam. Her flaring, involved radiance matched creation's resources. She resembled some swan gliding along on a millrace. Her arching neck, thrust out in the very way she had determined, ages ago, it ought to thrust, signalled the very Kaye Wayfaring, voyaging to Cythera and back. She planned ahead. She had always specialized in fast, fabulous results, achieved while sailing through the lengths of fast, fabulous afternoons. Suddenly she had begun to question them all, the way she had begun to question the difference, for example, between "self-serving" (not nice) and "Help yourself" (fine). Was she as good as could be? Why did she suffer so from ill-defined predilective disorders? When would she make up her mind—in the cold, clear light of dawn?

Why the gods above me, who must be in the know . . .
How can I get along now . . .
Others find peace of mind in pretending . . .
What is life to me without thee . . .

Had it all been said, all done? Kaye recalled talking back to one self-styled wise old fool years before and insisting, "It may have all been said before, but not to me." The old fool had nodded gravely.

Kaye Wayfaring broke her defiant, thoroughbred stride. She sauntered; she relaxed; she calmed herself.

HAVING plunged, Miss Wayfaring had just surfaced. Back on the set, Orphrey Whither had set about bullying Patrick More, the leading man. They stepped aside as gaffers adjusted apparatus. Miss Wayfaring crossed, nodding, to her trailer. Moments passed. The scene between Candace and Hugh, the dupe, was set to roll at the cascade. Orphrey Whither seized control. "Overture and beginners!" he bellowed.

Jameson O'Maurigan had written in the original treatment: "Moments, events implode, all shaping 'Avenged.' Haunting disembodied voices of the eternal New York night, consoling and menacing, counterpoint Candace's seizure. They are all matched to the faces of nameless lovers, careless assassins, on which collection, from shot to shot, is superimposed the furious face of Kaye Wayfaring, as Candace, determined to be avenged—her face set against the New York skyline. Face and skyline: twin emblems of the city as woman and as dream."

THE GIFT

For Ralph Dickey
1945-1972

All that night the sere-faced moon drifted
through gray islands of sky as we tightroped
the reservoir's edge tossing stones & listening
for the tiny handclaps of water & later
we went down to the frozen river where he hopped one-legged
over cracking water with such laughter I think
he believed we would live forever in our bodies.

He never saw his black father
& his blond mother left him when his hair curled to wool
& he was left again when his almond-colored flesh turned cinnamon
& again until a black mother said with hands like his
he must play piano & nights he jammed with old black men
in tenement basements tapping his foot & keeping time with spoons
& it was so good, this music, it lifted him right out of his body.

There were nights he would call late & play something new
& hang up without hello or goodbye & the air rang electric
& this morning I saw his face in every face in a crowd
& wished I could have told him the mystery of our lives unfolding,
the eyes of these women, their bodies coats of such blossoming color.

His body was found in the back seat of an old VW
parked on a cliff by the Pacific & a plastic bag
was wrapped round his head like the stocking he wore to flatten his hair
& his stomach was shredded with snail poison & his hands,
his hands large as Rachmaninoff's, were frozen to his throat
as if to feel the last singing breath.

One night I drove to those cliffs
where, below, the surf burns blue in the moonlight
& breaks yellow on black sand with the clap
of a thousand gulls being thrown up from the earth
& I sat hunched like a gutted crab in the burning salt spray
under a sky that hangs so low the lights of heaven
pressed on my head like a jewelled crown & all night
the human cry of gulls who suddenly break open their wings
& drop at fish heads flashing gold in foam & the black sun
splitting the dawn sky like an axe through hard wood
tossing splinters of flame across the horizon's fiery edge
& I rolled with the roll of the earth against water
everywhere returning the gift of light to light.

How, for a moment, a blink of time,
the whole world seemed lit from within
with a music that was fire, air, earth & water,
the gift of which, like the spines of grass he lies under,
sings & threads the wind.

—Philip Schultz

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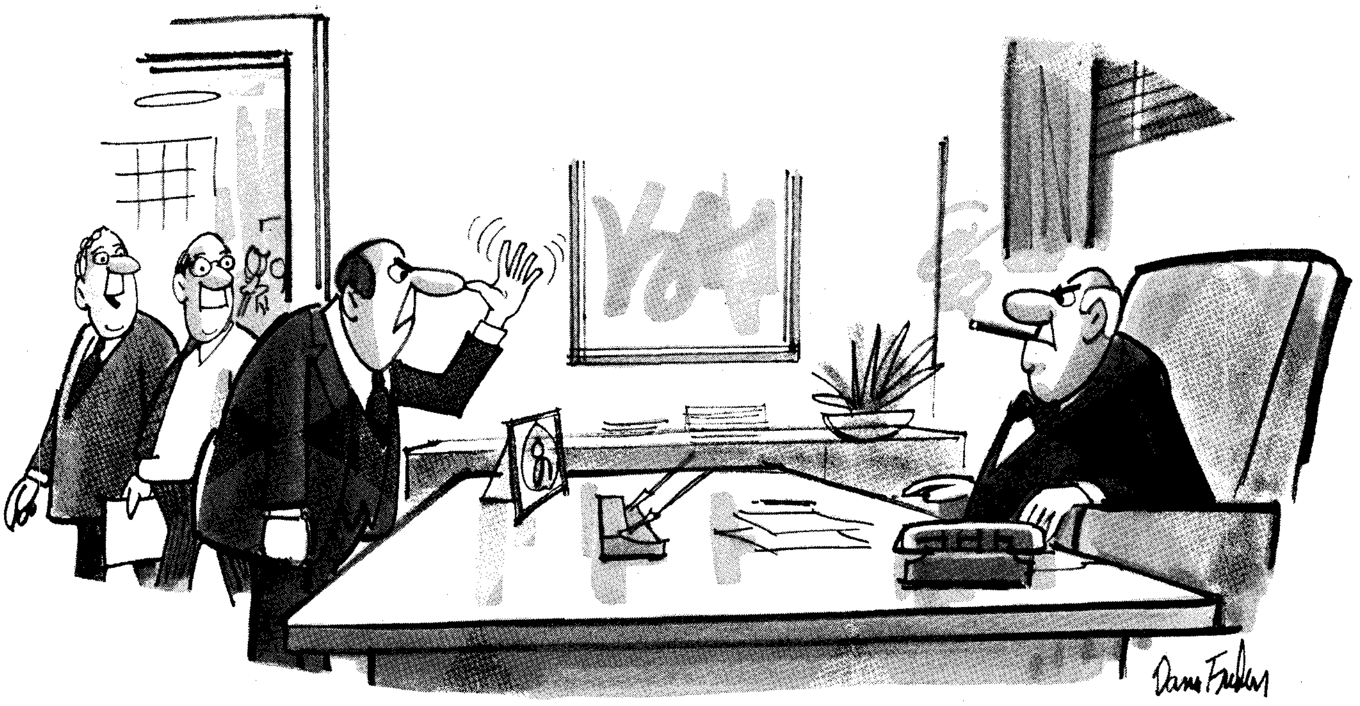

"That's one of Sedgewick's perks."

• •

Playing the scene, Kaye, weaving, sinuous, reached out. She whispered; she grasped; she leaped; she plunged again. She became an avenger.

Orphrey Whither, holding a two-shot, quaked. This was a moment he'd dreamed he might capture on film one day: the wail of the city, endlessly dreaming itself. . . .

"Cut!"

"Will that do, Mister Whither?"

"That will suffice, Miss Wayfaring. Take ten."

"I'll take a dozen. Will that *do*?"

"It was a perfect take, and what's more you know it was. Now go and congratulate yourself."

"I owe it all to my director."

"Get lost."

"I've been lost."

They all laughed; they all took ten. Kaye took a recess in her trailer. She invited Orphrey, Jameson, and Patrick More in for cocktails. They lounged briefly, telling stories, each sipping a Wayfaring-concocted Sidecar, then each sipping a second. They toasted one another and their "Avenged." Then it was time for the long Wayfaring solo turn. The star belted back a straight Hennessy against the October evening chill. She exited, and strode to her mark. All right, Wayfaring, she ordered herself. Navigate. She knew what she meant to do. She thought she just might at that. She thought she might just as well. She lit one of her necessary Luckies, took a puff, and stamped it out, letting go, as the bell rang for her to commence.

In the elaborate tracking sequence set to roll, Candace was to cross out of the Ramble and over the boat-lake bridge, and then, after a cut to the top of the stone staircase leading down to Bethesda Fountain, lope at a purposed, anguished pace into hell—the ruined piazza. One shot was to be held so that her feet, legs, torso, and face would pass in vertical review, revealing the woman hounded down by torment, driven to distraction at the reflecting pool over which an anonymous angel, whose name, Kaye had decided, was Victory, stands adamant sentinel: Candace fleeing the camera, her accuser. As Kaye Wayfaring progressed, light poured down on her from arc-lamp sources above, while the crane-mounted Panavision cameras rolled slowly alongside. One camera, its lens set to zoom when required, moved backward on a car some fair distance in front of her. Faces of onlookers bobbed back and forth from up on the rocks, floating in her field of vision like odd carnival balloons.

It was a long and terrifying walk. Freed from wordage, no longer a talking woman at all, she became gesture unbound, expanding, toiling—the very Kaye Wayfaring.

Jameson O'Maurigan scanned the action from the rocks above, amazed, as the actress, glancing from side to side time and again (enacting Candace seeking assistance from infernal gods), seemed to recognize a face, a presence here and there in the October dusk. "What a show! What's she up to?" the poet blurted out. The next morning's rushes would certainly present evidence of obsession. What an oracular performer Kaye Wayfaring had become. What abandon; what calculation.

Kaye Wayfaring, voyager. She'd set her way; now she progressed. Replaying the day, the week, the life, she altered expression rapidly, time and again. She was certain and she was correct.

What a way to live a life.

Here were stairs: no halting whatever. Like a deer trapped in headlights' glare on a country road at night in the shooting season, she, startled, surrendered. She looked across at the Dakota. *The way out is the way in.*

She stood dead still for a moment on her mark at the top of the stone steps. Orphrey and Victory beckoned from below. Blindly, she began the stumbling descent. Cameras positioned below whirred. Down she fled. Her face became the face of Death's own head. She looked again across toward the Dakota. It was not there.

She hit bottom. Raising her arms slowly, Kaye Wayfaring flung her body down at the Bethesda Fountain's stone-rimmed basin. Then she leaned forward, looking into the reflecting pool.

Orphrey Whither shouted, "Cut!"

Such was the work of that day.

—JAMES MCCOURT

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CHARLIE

ON a Wednesday in late November, Charls Walker sits at lunch at the Sans Souci in Washington talking to me about his various projects. When Walker lunches with clients whom he advises or for whom he lobbies, or with members of the press whom he makes it a point to keep in touch with, he usually lunches at the Sans Souci—once a week, on the average. Otherwise, being a busy man, he drops by the All States Cafeteria, next to his office building, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Our lunch had been postponed for half an hour today. "I had to stop by Paul Young's Restaurant to see someone," he explains. Tomorrow, Thanksgiving, he and his wife, Harmolyn, will have dinner with the Thomas Ludlow Ashleys—Lud Ashley, an Ohio Democrat, heads the House of Representatives' Ad Hoc Committee on Energy—and the James Schlesingers. Schlesinger, of course, is the Secretary of Energy. And Walker, who was a Deputy Secretary of the Treasury in the Nixon Administration and is now president of Charls E. Walker Associates, Inc., an economic-consulting-and-lobbying firm, is a lobbyist for corporate clients on the energy bill. At this point, the bill is at the critical stage where conferees representing the House and the Senate try to reach a compromise on the conflicting versions passed by the two chambers. The circumstances under which the Walkers became close friends of both the Ashleys and the Schlesingers were fortuitous, but it is also the business of the lobbyist to nurture fortuity. Given enough time, an impressive array of networks will grow. During his years at Treasury, and before that as executive vice-president of the American Bankers Association, Walker made very good contacts on Capitol Hill with, among others, members of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, which handle, among other things, energy and tax legislation. He struck up a relationship with Russell Long, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and one of the more valuable people in Washington to know if one is in Walker's line of work. Now Long, like Ashley, is a key figure in the efforts to shape a final energy bill. "When the Finance Committee is writing a bill, I'll talk to Russell two, three times a week," Walker says at lunch. "I talked with him yesterday and today, but not just about energy."

"In the first place, no!"

Walker's interests range well beyond energy and tax matters. "My number-one interest right now is the energy bill," Walker explains. "Second, I'm very deeply involved in helping to orchestrate a campaign to get Arthur Burns reappointed." On Friday, he will have lunch with Burns, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, whose term expires at the end of January. He lunches with Burns once a month—usually at the Federal Reserve Board—as he does with John Rhodes, the House Minority Leader, and with a few Washington journalists. Walker continues, "The third thing is Carter's economic game plan. If he does the right things over the next six weeks, he can do very much to capture the momentum of leadership." Walker spelled out "the right things" in a recent issue of a newsletter that he publishes once a month: he wrote a proposed "fireside chat" for President Carter in which he would ask Congress, as its first order of business, to cut individual and business taxes, and would postpone tax reform. Walker would have Carter say in his fireside chat, "Months of study have convinced me that our Federal individual income tax system is not nearly so unfair as the American people had been led to believe." He would also have him pledge to "bring Federal spending under control." Walker's prescription, of course, fits not only his own essentially conservative economic views but also the interests of his clients, which include several of the largest corporations in America. "Fourth," he goes on, "I had the best Chinese dinner in town last night—at the Chinese mission—to push and further the work of the Committee on the Present Danger." Several members of the committee—a group of arms-control conservatives, including such people as Paul Nitze and Eugene Rostow, who organized in 1976 to form an effective bloc on the issue of a new Strategic Arms Limitation Talks agreement—were about to leave on a trip to China. Walker, who is one of the founding members, and his wife were supposed to go along, but they had to cancel because of the energy bill. Walker says flatly, "The Senate will not approve a SALT agreement that the committee opposes." Returning to the subject of his visit to the Chinese mission last night, Walker says, "That was some dinner. The Chinese think we're the greatest thing since sliced bread—maybe that isn't the way they'd put it: since barbecued pig—because we believe that

"Have you got something a little more . . . hard-nosed?"

the United States either is behind or is in danger of falling behind the Soviet Union in overall military balance, and naturally they like the fact that we're pointing this out. In '74, when Jim was still Secretary of Defense, I went to an economic 'summit meeting' the White House held where Jim did a briefing on the U.S.-Soviet balance. Jim had all these charts, and it just scared the bejeepers out of me. When you start talking about the two countries' intentions, you're talking about a country with the heritage of Jefferson and Lincoln and Wilson on the one hand and on the other Attila the Hun and Genghis Khan and Stalin. The briefings we have had from official sources here indicate that the People's Republic of China is very much concerned with whether the U.S. public attitude is one of isolation and appeasement. So our committee is a breath of fresh air to them."

Walker is a strapping man—"six foot one in my stocking feet"—with a Texas drawl (he was born in Graham, Texas, in the north-central part of the state), and is fifty-four years old. He has dark hair that is receding in front and a large, jowly face punctuated with a small mouth, a ski nose, and narrow eyes, which are usually framed in modified-aviator-style horn-rimmed glasses. The lines around his eyes are often crinkled in amusement; he laughs easily and often, and thoroughly enjoys his own humor, which sometimes broadens into self-caricature. Walker is in the tradition of the Texas storyteller, and he is full of lore, and, as is almost always the case with good Texas storytellers—Lyndon Johnson, whom he admires, comes to mind—his stories have a point. He is also a strong admirer of John Connally, one of his former bosses, whom he would be pleased to see become President. Walker has a combination of gregariousness, shrewdness, talkativeness, expansiveness, energy, and sheer enjoyment of the sport of influence—knowing what is going on, trading information, causing things to happen—which makes for popularity in Washington. In a town that often seems to have more than its quota of solemn people, earnest people, people who are perpetually anxious or weary, Charls Walker, while he works very hard, is a buoyant figure who clearly has a good time at what he does. There is definitely an element of fun in the sport of influence: it's enjoyable to have people call you up to ask you what you think; it's satisfying to be, or to think you are, up on what's going on. Walker is steadily securing his position as someone whom a lot of people call. If you can have a comradely lunch or drink or golf game and succeed in the course of the camaraderie in defining a question in a way your target hasn't thought of before—thus nudging the answer in the direction you want—it can be very rewarding indeed. And Charls Walker gets paid to do these things. The unusual spelling of Walker's first name derives from a hope on his mother's part that people would not call him Charlie, but her strategy flopped. Throughout Washington, he's Charlie—good old Charlie, who manages to charm even people who know they are dealing with one smart, persistent machinator and don't agree with him on a thing or approve of his purposes. The expansiveness helps him get around, and also serves as a bit of camouflage. Walker's purposes are deadly serious—and can have large consequences. He is a highly intelligent man, an economist by training. He has a Ph.D. in economics, and he taught for a while at the University of Texas and at the Wharton School; he also worked for a time at the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas and then at the Treasury Department as assistant to Secretary Robert B. Anderson during the Eisenhower Administration. He went from the Treasury Department to the Bankers Association and then back to Treasury. His office staff refers to him as Dr. Walker.

While we talk, Walker greets a large percentage of the journalists and celebrities who are having lunch at the Sans Souci—many of them are regulars—and when the waiter comes to take our order Walker tells me, "He knows what I want." He wants filet of sole and what he calls Salad Charls: Bibb lettuce with anchovies ("I invented it because anchovies give it flavor and it has zilch calories"). As Walker begins on a second glass of wine—he can be a formidable drinker but tries to stick to wine, if sometimes several glasses of it, at lunch—I ask him to tell me what he is doing on the energy bill.

"I swore I wasn't going to get involved in the energy bill, because the two closest friends I have in this town were involved in it, and I didn't like the bill," he says. "If it had been some other people, I'd have paid to get involved. But then one of my former executive assistants at Treasury, who is now special assistant to Ben Heineman, the president of Northwest Industries, got in touch with me about a problem that one of its companies, Lone Star Steel, had with the Administration bill. I tried to refer him to John Connally's law firm in Houston, but he kept coming back." Lone Star Steel is in Texas, and Connally and Walker have referred clients to each other in the past, and have worked together on a number of issues. Walker says, "Now, if you talk to people on the Hill, particularly in the Senate, you're going to hear 'Lone

Star Steel this' and 'Lone Star Steel that,' although they produce only about one per cent of the steel in this country. Well, anyway, he was a very persistent young man, and he said, 'The industrial-use tax kills us.' " President Carter had proposed taxing industries that use oil or gas in order to encourage the conversion to coal or other fuels. Walker continues, "I told him, 'I can't do it.' He kept after me, and finally I said, 'All right, God damn it, bring in your executives from Lone Star Steel and we'll take a look at it.' They came in, and I said, 'God damn it, you're right. This tax is a lousy proposal.' They had good plans to become more energy-conserving, for economic reasons, and the Carter-Schlesinger plan would have wiped them out. So we took it up. Later on, we got the Business Roundtable into it." The Business Roundtable is an organization of the chief executive officers of a hundred and eighty of the largest corporations in America—including ALCOA, A.T.&T., Anaconda, Boeing, Boise Cascade, Caterpillar Tractor, Chrysler, Coca-Cola, Continental Oil, du Pont, Eastern Air Lines, Exxon, Ford, General Electric, General Motors, and so on. In 1971, while Connally and Walker were both at the Treasury Department, they urged some of these companies to form a business-lobbying arm in Washington—"to give them more of a political presence here," Walker says—and the Roundtable was formed in 1972. After Walker left the Treasury Department, in 1973, and founded Walker Associates, his group was signed up as consultants to the Roundtable. Walker says, "The Business Roundtable wasn't all that active on the energy bill on the House side. It's a diverse group, still getting its act together. I think there are some people in town who will tell you that until we got into it there was no particular drive from the business community. On the industrial-use tax on the House side, we had what we would consider a very significant success in the House Ways and Means Committee, and the vote was so big that our position held. It was never even attacked in Lud's committee"—the Ad Hoc Committee went over the decisions made by several House committees on various sections of the energy program, and drafted the comprehensive bill that was brought before the House—"or on the House floor."

I ask Walker what he did in the Ways and Means Committee.

"A combination of things," he replies. "We found allies—particularly in the petrochemical industry, the glass industry, the textile industry. We found on this highly technical subject of process fuels—fuels that are used as part of a manufacturing process, as opposed to just heating—that on the Republican side there was a Ph.D. in chemistry from North Carolina named James Martin. In lobbying, it's like in Shakespeare, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.' He had the expertise, and his constituency—the textile industry—was just as interested as our clients. On the Democratic side, we found Ken Holland, from South Carolina." The lobbyist begins with his natural allies, in Congress and outside, and fans out from there. Coalitions of the like-minded are constantly being stitched together—sometimes they are lightly basted for a single occasion; sometimes the seams are firm and hold up for many battles. On this issue, Walker worked with the Petrochemical Energy Group—or PEG group—which consists of, among others, du Pont, Union Carbide, and Texas Eastman, Kodak's Texas division. Union Carbide and du Pont are also tax clients of Walker's. Walker continues, "So on the critical vote we win— I shouldn't put it like that: Martin wins. On the vote to exempt certain process uses and feedstocks—petroleum products used as raw materials instead of as fuels—which was important to the petrochemical industry, we had the votes. We had very astute and influential people working on this, and, what's more important, we were right. The purpose of the tax was to push conversion to coal, but most process uses can't be con-

THE FLASHBOAT

I

A high deck. Blue skies overhead. White distance.
The wind on my tongue. A day of days. From the shore a church bell clangs.
Below me the grinding of floes: tiny families huddled together,
earth-colored. Let me explain: the ice is cracking free.
They were cut off unawares. From the shore a church bell clangs.
When the ice breaks up it is spring. No
comfort, no comfort.

II

And here is that part of my dream I would like to forget. The purser is at his desk, he is leaning toward me out of his seat, he is my torturer, who assumes we think alike. Again and again he questions me as to which national boundaries I plan to cross. *Are you a political activist? No, I'm a teacher.* But already the last villagers have been swept out to sea. We are cruising north of the Arctic Circle. Without haste he locks my passport away in his breast pocket. Was I wrong to declare myself innocent?

III

(I did not protest. I spoke nothing but the truth. I never spoke of that girl who kneeled by her skyscraper window, falling without a sound through the New York City night.)

IV

Now it's our turn. 3 A.M.
and the Queen Mary is sinking.
All is bustle—but in grays. Red lanterns crawl here and there.
The crew makes ready the boats. One near me, broad but shallow,
looks safe, women are urged, the captain will be in charge.
Far down now: a trough. A smaller dory rocks
in and out of our lights; black fists grip the oars.
Room only for six—we will
all need to row.
For a moment I hesitate, worrying about my defective blood.
A rope ladder drops over. My voice with its crunch of bone
wakes me: *I choose*
the flashboat!
work
the starry waters

—JANE COOPER

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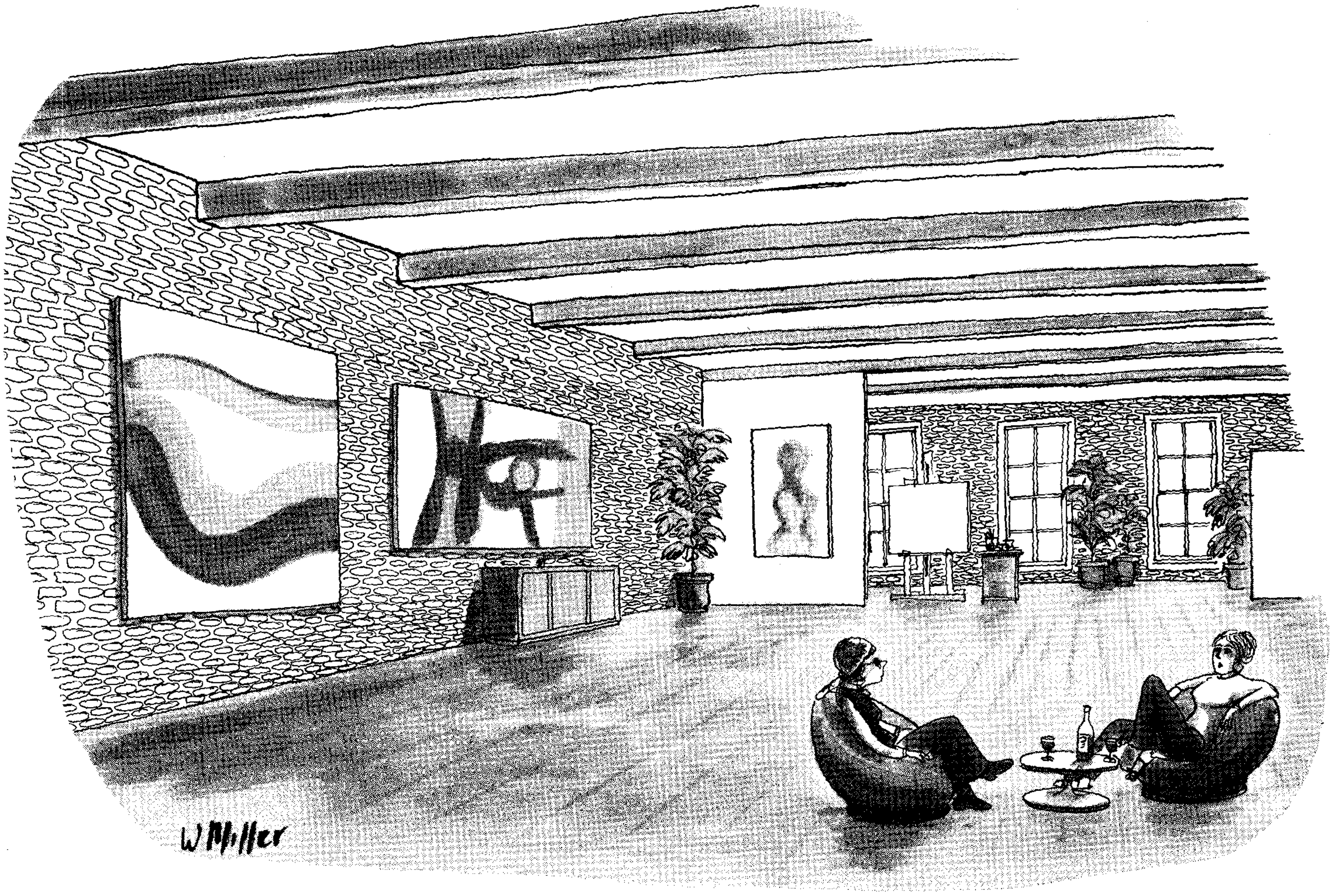


"We ripped down the old ceiling and exposed the beams. We chipped all the plaster off the walls and treated the bricks. After that, we scraped down and refinished the floors. Then one evening we were just sitting here, when for some reason we let it all hang out and decided to get divorced."

• •

verted to coal, because it doesn't have the right characteristics for process uses. Before the vote on the amendment covering certain process uses, there was a vote on an amendment that would have provided a much broader exemption from the tax on industrial uses. For tactical purposes, we had that taken up first. Holland offered it. We lost, seventeen to eighteen. Then in comes Martin's amendment to exempt process fuels and feedstocks, and after that earlier vote you have a psychological setting for the Martin amendment to carry. It did, twenty-two to seven, and that was very significant. And after that close vote on a much broader amendment the members were so relieved." He laughs. "After that, we got the Business Roundtable involved. We're on general retainer to them on tax matters, and I called them up and said, 'Look, we've got a common interest on this energy bill.' I said we would be willing to work under our general retainer for the Roundtable on this industrial-use tax. Things were pretty slow on the tax front at the time. The Roundtable wanted to come out in August, during the congressional recess, for the broader exemption that had been defeated in Ways and Means, and I counselled against that. I said, 'Look, let's lobby in the Senate to kill the industrial-use tax, and when it gets to a vote in the Finance Committee let's take a head count. If we win we win, and if we're swamped we fall back.' When I got back to Washington after Labor Day and talked to senators and their staffs, I found a lot of them opposed to the industrial-use tax. It was a piece of cake." The Senate Finance Committee rejected the industrial-use tax, and the Senate adopted one that would be virtually without effect.

Walker's interest in the energy bill broadened to other specific issues and then to the overall strategy for working out a final bill. The overall strategy would affect the specific matters in which Walker's clients had an interest. "We're at a very critical stage now," he says. "I'll know more tomorrow." At this point, the key issues are the pricing of natural gas (the House voted to raise the price to a dollar and seventy-five cents per thousand cubic feet, as the President proposed, and the Senate voted to deregulate the price of newly discovered gas); the imposition of a tax to raise the price of crude oil (the House agreed to the President's proposal to do this, and the Senate did not); what to do with the proceeds of such a tax (about eleven billion dollars a year); and the extent to which businesses would be required or encouraged, through taxes and tax credits, to convert from the use of oil and gas to other fuels. The purpose of the proposed tax on crude oil is to raise the price of oil to match that of the world market, on the theory that this would induce conservation and would also eliminate a complicated pricing and allocation system. The House agreed with the Administration that the proceeds should be rebated to consumers. Senator Long and others sympathetic to the industry want a good portion of the proceeds to go back to energy producers as "production incentives," and this gets into the well-rehearsed arguments over whether the oil industry, and other energy-producing industries, need incentives, and whether, in the case of oil, government policy should encourage drilling for what is presumed to be a finite resource. The argument over the pricing of natural gas is essentially over the extent to which producers need or should receive higher prices in order to induce them to produce more gas, and the extent to which, in the name of conservation, the price should be allowed to rise.

I ask Walker to tell me a bit about how he became so close to James Schlesinger and Lud Ashley.

"When I was executive vice-president of the American Bankers Association, from 1961 to 1969, Lud was a junior and relatively unknown member of the House Banking Committee, with a very deep—to understate it—dislike for bankers," he replies. "There had been some bank mergers in the early sixties that the Justice Department was trying to break up, and the existing bank-merger act was just a lousy piece of legislation. So in 1965 we proposed legislation to do two things: ratify those mergers and clean up the legislation. In '65, I got Lud to come to dinner with ten or twenty of the top bankers in the country. I was living in New York then, and after a while Lud and I were close friends. We got the bill through. When Harmolyn and I moved to Washington, so I could go into the Treasury Department, we lived in the same apartment house as the Ashleys." As for the Schlesingers, Walker explains, "His field and my field in economics were originally the same—monetary economics. I had read some of his work and was impressed. Here was a conservative economist from Harvard. In 1961, driving from Dallas to New York, Harmolyn and I stopped in Charlottesville to see an old classmate of mine from the Wharton School. Jim was on the faculty of the University of Virginia, and my friend had invited the Schlesingers out to dinner. We sat up a goodly proportion of the night: one, drinking Virginia Gentleman whiskey; two, listening to Jim's guitar playing and original ballads; and, three, engaging in trivia games—how many states touch Canada between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean? That kind of stuff. Most people leave out Idaho. God, my wife was furious. She said, 'What an intellectual discussion.' Anyway, we all liked each other and we kept in touch. In 1969, Jim wanted to come to Washington. By then, he had gone to the Rand Corporation. He wanted to go to the Defense Department, but that didn't work out, so I helped him get a job at the Budget Bureau, handling the defense budget. In 1969, I brought Jim and Lud together. We all had a picnic in the Schlesingers' back yard."

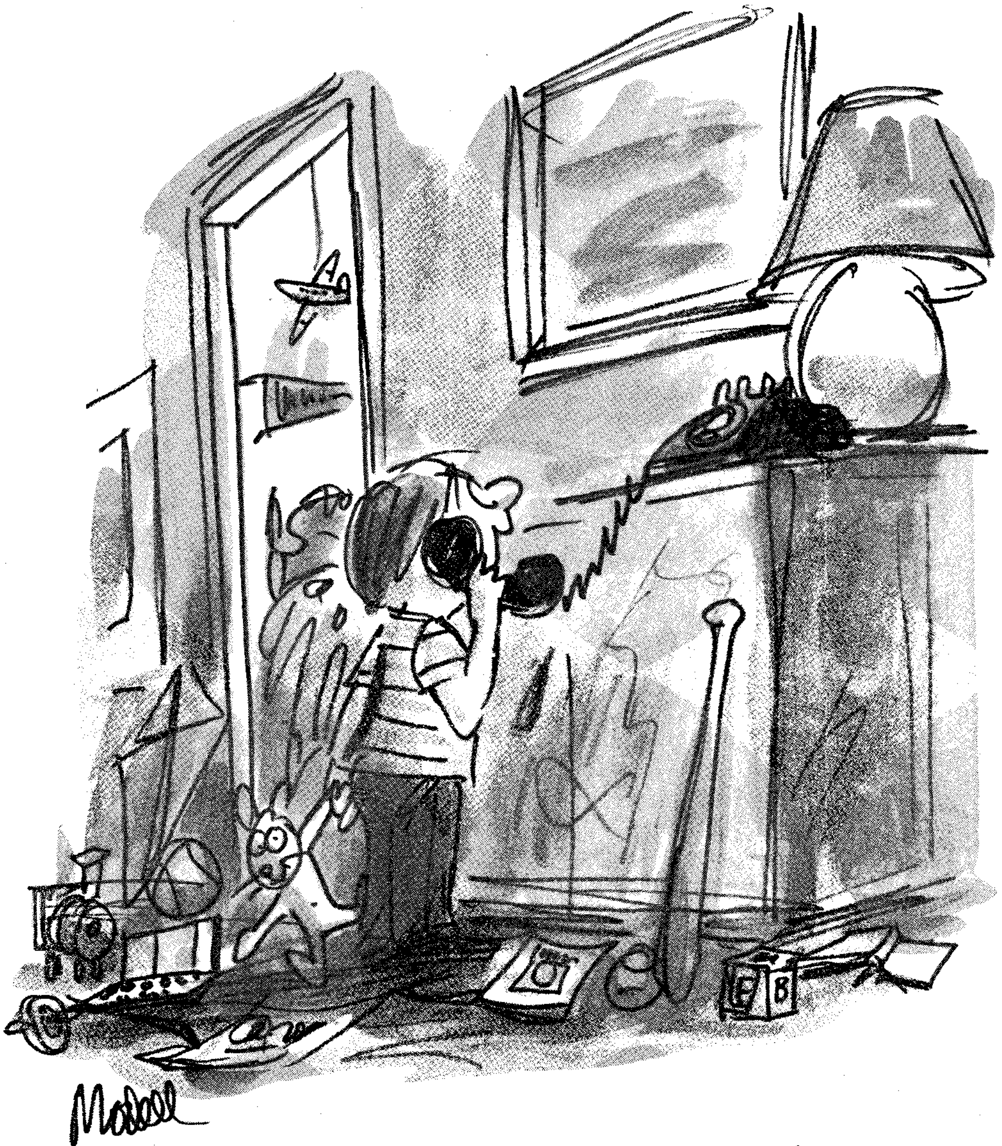
By now, Walker has finished his lunch and has ordered a cigar. He goes on, "When this energy thing came up, and I learned in January, considerably before the announcement was made, that Lud would be head of a special energy committee, I talked to him about it, and said, 'You and Schlesinger ought to get together pretty quickly.' I told Jim, and he agreed. They finally got together, and spent long hours together." It seems highly possible that they would have got together in any event, but a professional influencer must not underestimate his own influence. Walker continues, "About three Sundays ago, I played golf with Lud at Burning Tree, and then the Schlesingers, the Ashleys, and the Walkers had dinner."

I ask Walker if he talked to Ashley about energy during the golf game.

"I didn't talk about energy on the golf course. I don't lobby on the golf course—maybe a word here or there, like 'Hey, Joe, you're not going to vote for that dumb bill, are you?' We got to the Schlesingers' about six-thirty, and we talked energy before and after dinner, and it was a great debate."

I ask Walker what kinds of points he tries to make in such a situation.

"First of all, you're in a person's home, and you don't press the issue," he replies. "Or you might say, 'I can't understand why two bright people like you would be for a dumb-ass proposal like that.' We started talking about the broad aspects of it—natural-gas pricing, the crude-oil equalization tax, the conversion to coal. Not the nitty-gritty but the philosophy of whether to go for those things or let the market raise the price and increase production and produce conservation. By that time, I knew enough about the Senate's view, and about Russell Long's views in particular, to know that they had to move over to production incentives. I told Lud and Jim this. I said, 'I think Russell's got the votes over there on the Senate side. Unless you agree to these



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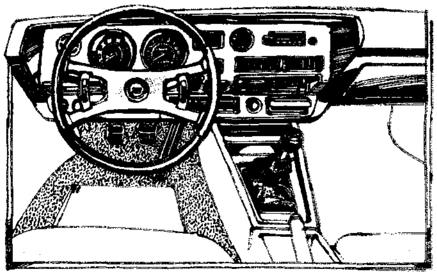

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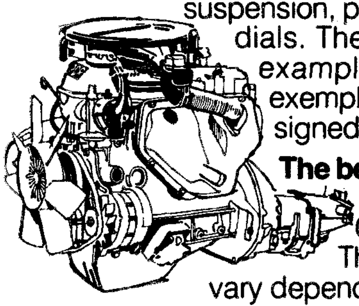
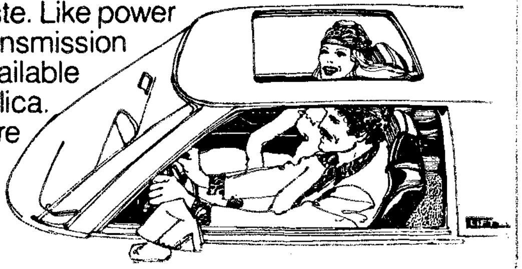
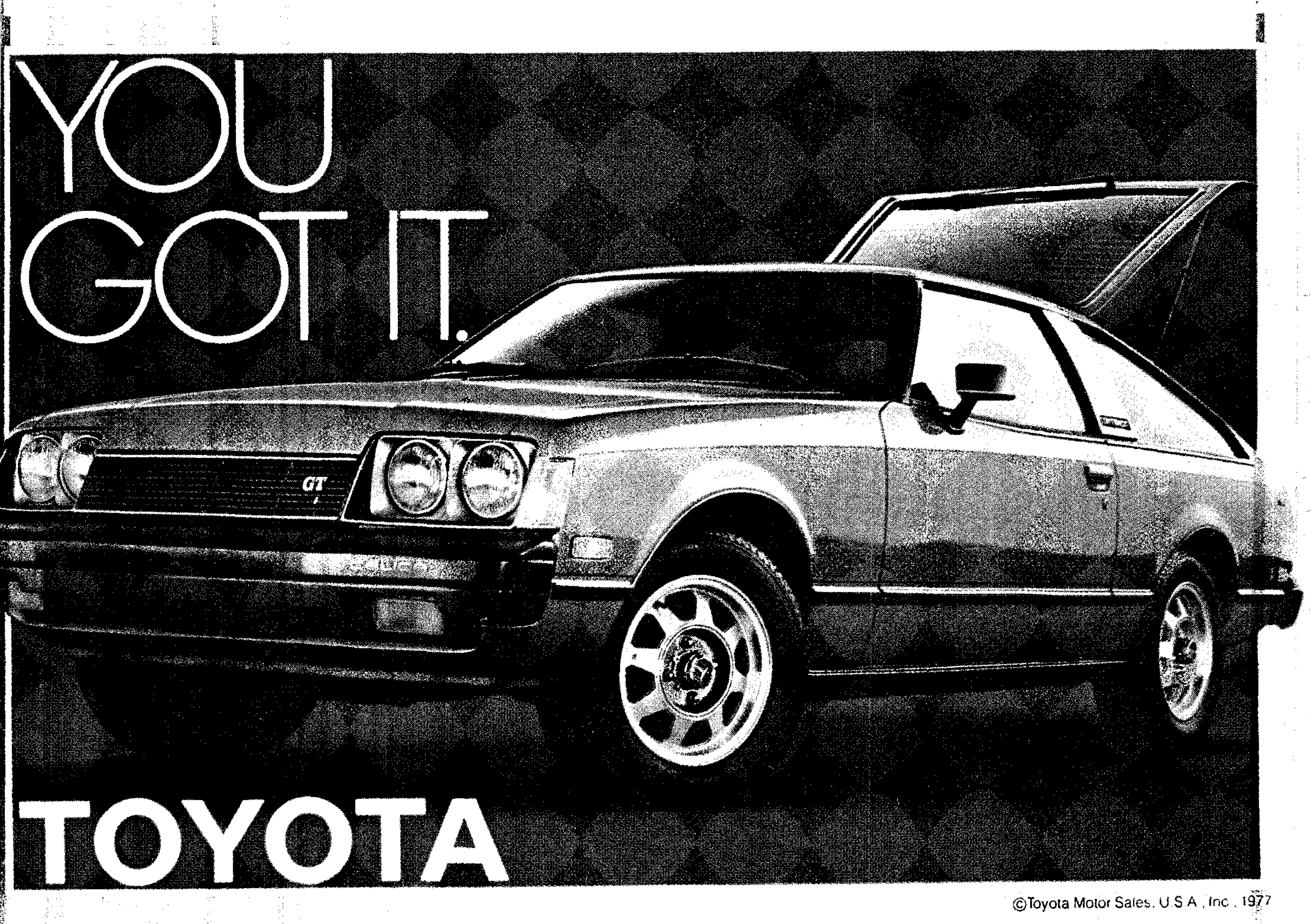


The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.





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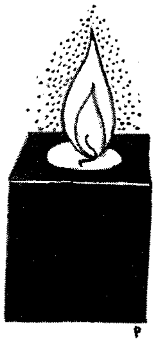
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things, you might not get a bill.' Then I just grinned and said, 'I don't think your boss would like that very much.' "

AFTER lunch, we walk back to Walker's offices, a suite of rooms at 1730 Pennsylvania Avenue, which is just down the street from the White House and is one of several buildings in the area that contain the offices of law firms, interest groups, consultants, lobbyists, and news bureaus. Walker's own office has Oriental grass-cloth wall covering, blue brocade curtains, gold carpets, a large desk, a sofa and several chairs, and many signed photographs—of Eisenhower, Ford, Lyndon Johnson, of several former Secretaries of the Treasury. The suite has offices for Walker's four associates, a large conference room, and a small conference room. In all, counting secretaries and other "support staff," thirteen people work in the offices of Charls E. Walker Associates, Inc. All the professionals came from the Treasury Department. Walker, seated in a large blue-and-white wing chair, explains to me the politics of the natural-gas issue, occasionally breaking off to take a phone call. He tells a caller from Lone Star Steel, "We made a little progress on electricity conversion." Walker is working to get a provision in the energy bill to grant a tax credit to industrial users for conversion from oil or gas to electricity that is generated by other means. Lone Star Steel, for one, is planning to convert to electricity generated by burning coal. The House bill provides a tax credit only for direct conversion to coal and other sources, but not electricity, and Walker has been working on behalf of credits for electricity that is not generated by gas or oil. Senator John Tower, Republican of Texas, offered such an amendment in the Senate, and it was accepted. The Walker group provided a draft of the Tower amendment. On Capitol Hill, it is referred to as the Lone Star Steel amendment. Those who oppose the change argue that because it would make more equipment eligible than would a credit covering simply coal conversion, it would cost more; they also say that since Lone Star was going to convert to electricity anyway, the credit would not result in any additional energy saving. Walker has been to see an associate of Schlesinger's on the matter. He tells his caller, "The arguments they gave us against electricity conversion are bananas. We didn't get anywhere on coke." Walker also wants a tax credit for steel companies installing equipment for processing coal into coke. An amendment to provide this credit was offered in the Senate by Richard Schweiker, Republican of Pennsylvania, and was adopted. He continues, "But I think we can get the votes on that, and I'll follow up at a higher level. All right?" He tells his caller that he probably doesn't need to be in Washington on Monday for the meeting of the energy conferees. "They'll just futz around and shoot off their mouths Monday," he says. "That's what they'll do until they get things arranged with the President. I'll call you if I think you need to be there."

Just as Walker resumes our conversation about energy politics, there is another call. "Hello, Mr. Secretary, how are you?" The caller is Henry Fowler, who was Secretary of the Treasury during the Johnson Administration, and the subject of the call is the Arthur Burns project. "I got John Connally on board," Walker tells Fowler. He tells him that he also has Joseph Barr—Fowler's successor as Treasury Secretary, at the end of the Johnson Administration—ready to cooperate. The current stratagem is to have a number of former Secretaries of the Treasury sign a letter or telegram to President Carter urging him to reappoint Burns. As part of his "orchestration," Walker recently wrote a column for the Op-Ed page of the Washington *Post* on "The Economic Case for Reappointing Burns." The column was actually an adaptation of one of Walker's monthly newsletters.

Returning to our conversation about the energy bill, he lights a cigar and tells me, "While the bill was moving through the Senate, my associates were drafting amendments and talking with staff, and we were keeping our friends on the reservation—there are always people talking about compromise when you're in a position where you don't have to compromise. We'd get rumors we'd have to check out. But in addition to serving our major clients to make sure that the Senate Finance Committee remained against the industrial-use tax—somewhere in there it got turned into discussions of high strategy." Walker says that he held such strategy talks with Long, with Ashley, with Schlesinger, with Al Ullman, a Democrat from Oregon, who is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and with Joe Waggonner, a Democrat from Louisiana, who serves on the Ways and Means Committee and is generally protective of the interests of the oil industry. Every year, the Waggonners take the Walkers to Mardi Gras. "I was trying to see what kind of bill we could get through that would serve all the interests involved. We were protecting our clients' interests, but we were also serving the public interest."



I ask Walker what, in particular, he was worried about at this stage of the energy bill.

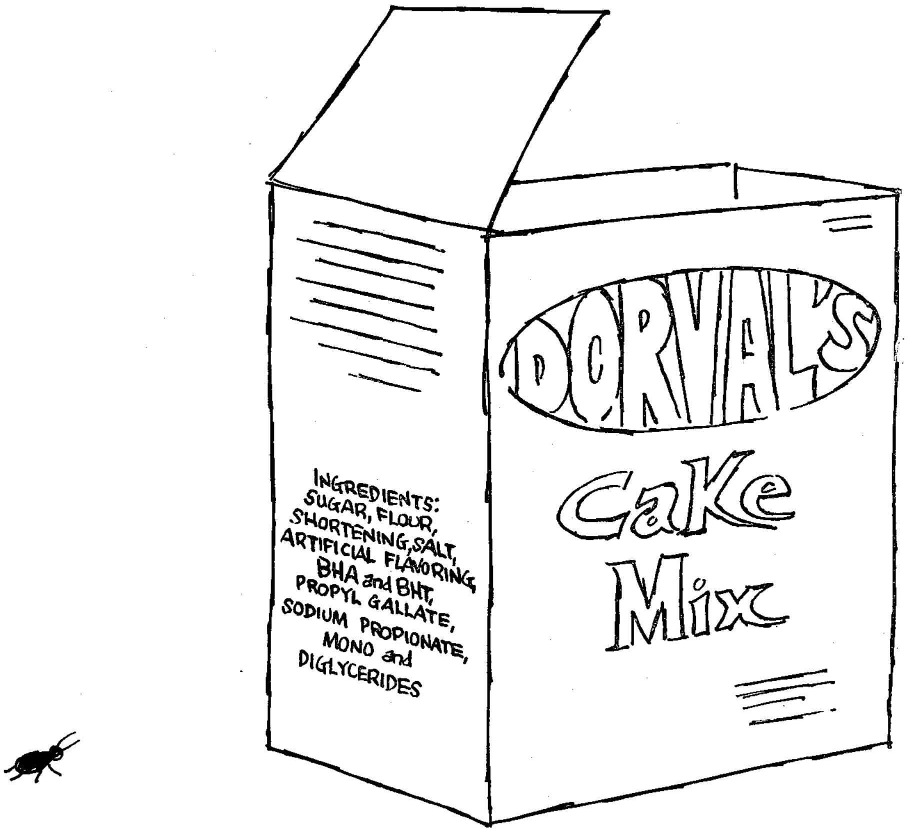
He answers, "About people downtown"—"downtown" being the word for the executive agencies, as opposed to Capitol Hill—"getting scared about forces on the Hill that they didn't need to get scared about. At this point, some of us estimate there are fifty-two votes in the Senate for deregulation of natural gas, and any conference report that Long refused to sign, and filibustered, certainly couldn't get the sixty votes needed to break the filibuster. And the President needs a bill. But they get all upset downtown about the Moffett group." Toby Moffett, a young Democratic representative from Connecticut, has organized a group of House members to pressure the House leadership and the Administration to stand firm for the House position, which generally supports the President's position. Walker continues, "Toby Moffett has roughly seventy people signing ultimata. It's not smart to issue ultimata to the Senate. And you've got a President who'd said his whole year's success will be dependent on this bill. I sit down and analyze the House. A hundred and thirty-five Republicans voted against the House bill. Let's say you got a conference report that Ashley and the moderate Northern Democrats, and the Waggonner Democrats—quite a bit of the Southern, Southwestern delegations—could support. The question is, what are the Republicans going to do? So one of my main activities in the last two weeks has been going around talking to key Republicans and saying, 'If the bill contains this and this and this, would you vote for it?' " Walker's bill would contain a crude-oil equalization tax with some of the proceeds used for rebates to low-income people, some for mass transit, some for "production incentives" for oil and gas, and some for incentives for development of other energy sources (Walker says he gave Long the idea to set up a trust fund to distribute part of the proceeds of taxes raised, a provision that is in the Senate bill); it would contain no industrial-use tax, and it would provide both for an increase in the controlled price of natural gas to two dollars and for phased deregulation. Walker says, "You could put together the Republicans with those other Democrats, and the Moffett group would be swamped. So there you are. Of course, it could all fall apart.”

Walker takes another call. He says something about “a banker, an aerospace-world executive, a rubber-world executive, a steel-world executive.” He continues, “I’m hopeful that I’ll bat at least three out of four.” He hangs up, and explains to me, “This is one I didn’t mention—a national effort to improve economic understanding. I’m a vice-chairman of the Joint Council on Economic Education. The chairman is a senior vice-president of du Pont, but we also have representatives of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the Urban League. We’ve developed a syllabus, and we’re going to try to get economics taught better, starting in kindergarten, all the way up.”

I ask Walker to tell me more about whom he talks with about the energy bill, “downtown” as well as on Capitol Hill. “Well,” he replies, “I talk to Jim. Two days after we decided to take on the Lone Star Steel thing—that would be early June—I go out to play golf with Ashley, and then our families meet for some drinks and barbecue. The phone rings and Lud comes back twenty minutes later and says, ‘Jim wants to talk to you.’ I told Jim I was getting into the energy thing and that I want to talk to some of his people and he says to talk to one of his deputies, and gives me a name, and we went over and talked to him and asked him to change his mind. He did not, and we went over and talked to someone at Treasury. I didn’t talk to Jim again until late July. It was friendly, but a little tense. He wanted to know how I sized up the situation. He knew I was in close touch with Senator Long and others. The next Sunday, we had dinner, and we’ve been having talks ever since. I keep telling him not to worry about the Moffett group. I say, ‘Hell, Jim. If you get a hundred Republican votes you didn’t have before, what do you need with the Moffett group?’ A couple of weeks ago, Russell asked me to come over to his apartment—he has a duplex at the Watergate—and I asked if I could bring Harmolyn. Russell and I went upstairs and talked tactics and strategy for about forty-five minutes.” Walker refers to his wife frequently. The Walkers do not do much socializing outside a small group of close friends. When Walker goes home at night—usually around six o’clock, a reasonably early hour by Washington standards—he takes a canvas bag full of work with him.

“This is a tool I guess some other lobbyists have,” Walker continues, shifting the subject slightly. “If I get a call from any one of about fifty members of Congress, Democrats and Republicans, at this moment, saying, ‘Charlie, could you have a speech for me by ten tomorrow morning’ on a subject on which I have some expertise—taxes, the energy bill—I’ll have it there. Sometimes they throw it away, and that doesn’t bother me. But more often they say, ‘Hey, I’ll use that.’ I get calls from members that aren’t on the right committees and don’t have the expertise, like a Democrat not on the Ways and Means Committee. Or a senator who calls me about the Senate Finance Committee’s Social Security bill, and I’d say I don’t like the bill—I’d say the same thing to Russell Long. After my column in the *Post* on Arthur Burns, a Republican asked me for two or three paragraphs for a speech on Burns. A Democrat called me about some points in the column. I said I’d give him a talking paper, and I gave him a whole speech, and I liked the hell out of it and he liked the hell out of it. If they know you and trust you, they’ll listen to you and they’ll tell someone else you’re a good guy, and you reach a point where if you put a piece of paper in a member’s hand he knows he’s not going to be blind-sided. He knows it’s going to be an honest piece.”

A lobbyist, if he wants to remain effective, must never mislead the person he is lobbying; it is understood, of course, that there is a difference between being selective and being wrong. One member of Congress explained to me, “What congressmen appreciate in a lobbyist is knowing he’s a professional and will be back—that he values your good will and won’t push you in the wrong direction, that he gives you information you can rely on, that he won’t get you in the funny papers. If he gives you bum information, he won’t be welcome back.” The good lobbyist understands that members of Congress are busy people and need help. A legislator who wants to sponsor a bill or a difficult amendment has an enormous task. The lobbyist can provide willing hands; often he leaps to the opportunity. The legislator has the following chores: finding co-sponsors, creating coalitions, marshalling the arguments, rounding up the votes, assessing the opposition, identifying the fence sitters, drafting and redrafting the legislation to get maximum consensus, making sure the members on his side show up for the vote. In all of these tasks, the lobbyist can be of service. (On occasion, a lobbyist will even go get a member out of the gym to show up for a vote.) A lobbyist might, for example, be able to tell a member of Congress that he can find the member fifty co-sponsors for a bill or an amendment, when the member doesn’t know—hasn’t had time to find out—how many allies he might have, and therefore might not get involved in the undertaking at all. One congressman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said to me, "A professional lobbyist becomes part of the woodwork here. He becomes a source of information. A lot of people talk about 'the invidious special interests,' but we shouldn't engage in legislation without knowing who's affected by it, and usually the people who are affected by it are the best sources of information. There are a few guys up here who vote a certain way because they're bought, but most of us don't like to deal with people who have only a short-range interest in us."

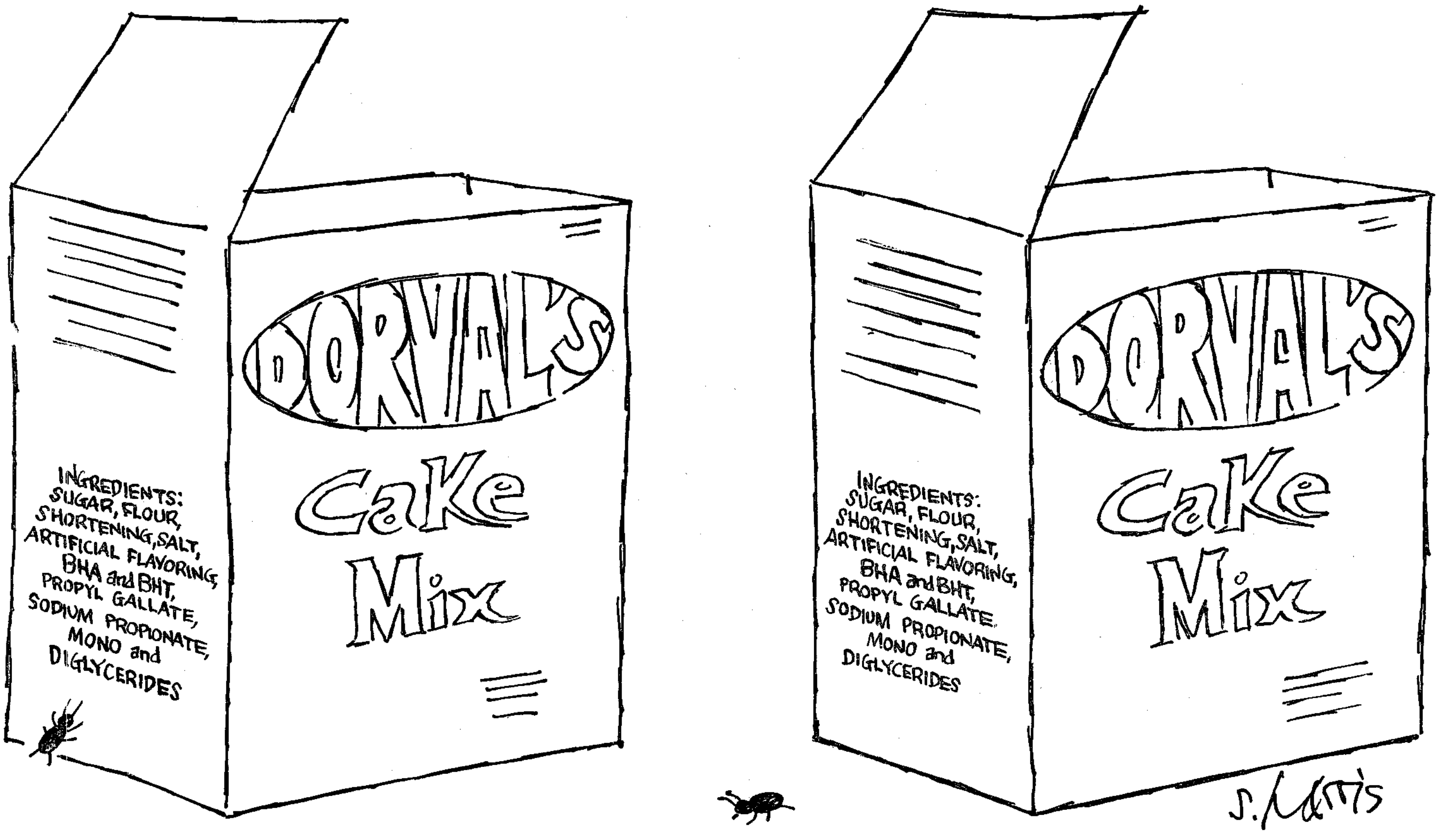
"The conventional wisdom today is that members are overstaffed," Walker says. "Yes and no. Senator X, who is chairman of a committee and a subcommittee, may have a hundred and fifty staff members at his beck and call, whereas a relatively junior Republican may have four or five. What so many people overlook is that members of Congress have become ombudsmen—they spend most of their time taking care of their constituents' problems with the government—so it becomes difficult to do good legislative work. So to an extent we become an extension of the staff. A member of the House said in the cloakroom the other day that he needed an amendment for part of the energy bill in conference, so we drafted it for him." Walker shows me what he calls "a lobbyist's handbook." It is a cardboard binder containing just a few pages, set apart by tabs, of explanations of five issues in the energy bill. I ask him whom he gives such a document to. He replies, "Members who are sympathetic or leaning toward us."

A client calls about one of those issues. Walker is lobbying on behalf of the Union Oil Company of California, to get a depletion allowance for the production of geothermal energy. The House voted a minimal allowance; the Senate was far more generous. The Senate had voted in the past to give the geothermal industry the tax break, but the legislation had never been approved in conference. Opponents argue that such a tax break is an unjustifiable subsidy. Walker tells his client, "We went over to see Schlesinger's top policy man today, and I think it looks good for geothermal. I told him it would get a big bang for the buck. And we've got awfully good horses on this." He names some senators and representatives who are backing the tax break for geothermal drilling. Then he talks about the most desirable legislative outcome and the fallback positions. He tells his client, "It's looking pretty good. We'll stay on top of it."

This is what is known as "stroking" the client. The Washington influencer—the lobbyist, the lawyer, the representative of one of the infinite number of trade associations—not only must keep informed but must also convince his clients that he is informed, is on top of things. Part of his job is to calm the clients' anxieties, and he spends a lot of time on the telephone doing this. He must assure the clients that their confidence has been well invested. He cannot entirely explain the mysteries of Washington to them—it is, in fact, in his interest to keep the workings of Washington a bit mysterious—but he can bring news from the front, and they can have the satisfaction of knowing that their man is on the job, and they can glean from him some tidbits that they can have the pleasure of passing along ("I was talking to our man in Washington—he has very good contacts—and he said . . ."). The telephone is an extension of the influencer's self. He could no more function without it than a professional tennis player could function without a racquet.

Walker tells me that he was pleased by a press conference that Schlesinger held two days ago, in which he indicated that the Administration was ready to make a number of compromises on energy. "I liked it because Jim was moving in my direction," Walker says. (He also says that he did not talk to Schlesinger beforehand about the press conference.) "Have you ever heard the old Texas expression 'saucered and blowed'?" he asks. "If a cowboy's coffee is too hot, he puts some in a saucer and blows on it. A cowboy will say to a friend, 'Take mine, it's already saucered and blowed.' Jim needs to get the energy bill saucered and blowed, and that press conference was a step."

It is now late Wednesday afternoon, and Washington is shutting down for the Thanksgiving holiday. Walker of-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fers me a ride to my next stop. He travels in a chauffeured black Cadillac Fleetwood with two jump seats and a telephone in the back. Walker likes to make calls from that phone. At one stage of the energy crisis, he traded a Cadillac for a smaller car, but now he has a big one again. He explains that he needs it "to carry a lot of people to and from the Hill sometimes, like the petrochemical people when we were lobbying on the industrial-use tax." He adds, smiling, "And, besides, I got spoiled when I was in the government."

ON Monday morning, in Walker's office, I ask him how Thanksgiving dinner went.

"It was quite a day," he replies. "We got up there to Schlesinger's at about two-thirty and left at eleven. I was playing the clarinet and Jim was playing his guitar and one of his little girls was playing the flute, and this and that. I made a breakthrough to my godson—James Rodney Schlesinger, Jr. He's six. It was pretty liquid, but from what I remember of it, it was great. The energy talk was mostly banter—a little policy here and there. We talked about Arthur Burns. Most of all, it was in terms of the atmosphere of the day. Jim said something about 'Walker's greed' and 'the greed of his clients,' and someone said something about 'amazing grace' and I made up a parody called 'Amazing Greed.' "

This morning, Walker has already placed calls to Howard Baker, the Senate Minority Leader, and to Russell Long and several others, and he has spoken with Representative Waggonner. He starts musing about the energy bill, making aloud the mental calculations that someone in his line of work has to make. "I got a feeling that something's happening now," he says. "I told this to Waggonner this morning. You see little things cropping up in the papers." In Washington, one must not just read the papers but know how to read them; for many people the ability to read between the lines is an occupational necessity. Walker says, "In my area of expertise—taxes, banking, economics, and so on—I can read a piece where a source is never cited and eight times out of ten I know who the source is. Well, that gives you something so that when you're working on a project and you need intelligence, in the military sense, you know who to call. I know from reading each day's paper, from how they interpret. I can tell whether they're listening to the right people. You get intelligence from any source you can. It may be from reporters, from clients that are in town, businessmen who've been in to see White House officials. And you've got old friends in the bureaucracy. I have a feeling that Long has been talking to Strauss quite a bit." Robert Strauss, the President's Special Representative for Trade Negotiations, has been taking on a number of political chores, including the energy bill. Walker continues, "On Wednesday, Jim said something about how it might be time for Long to be talking to Lud, and that was reiterated Thursday among the three of us. So I called Lud Saturday and I said, 'Anything you'd like for me to do, or should we just let nature take its course?' He said, 'Let nature take its course.' O.K., surmise: I had a double signal Wednesday and Thursday. Reading between the lines: Number one, Lud's got the hammer from the Speaker, he's got the Speaker's authority. Long is talking to Strauss. We all want to go home by Christmas, and the President needs a bill by then. So I think, 'Charlie, it's time to talk to your friend Russell.' But when Lud said, 'Let nature take its course,' that withdrew the signal. About two weeks ago, I said to Waggonner, 'Would it be fruitful for you to have a talk with Jim now?' He grunted, or something. I told Jim. I called Waggonner the next day, and I said, 'Did you and Jim have a talk?' He said yes." I ask Walker if it is possible that Waggonner and Schlesinger might have got together without his intercession. He says that it is, but he adds, "Busy people sometimes don't think of these things." He continues, "Back to my surmise. I asked Lud over the weekend what time the conferees would be meeting today. He said two o'clock. I just got a feeling in my bones the principals are talking this morning."

At this stage in the development of the energy bill, there will be both the formal meetings of the conferees representing the two chambers and, more important, the unpublicized meetings of key members of those committees, with perhaps a staff member or two, or a representative of the Administration. It is in these latter meetings that the efforts to find a compromise will really take place, with everyone else who has a keen interest in the matter trying to find out what is going on in them, and making calls or issuing statements or holding other meetings in order to affect the outcome.

I ask Walker to explain to me further his own interest in the overall strategy for an energy bill.

"It's all interlocking," he says. "There's got to be one major tax in the bill from the President's standpoint. From my point of view, economically and politically, it's better if it's the crude-oil tax, and not the industrial-use tax. The industrial-use tax is discriminatory and will unnecessarily raise the price of goods to consumers." The crude-oil tax would also raise prices, of course, and that is why the Administration and the House proposed to rebate the proceeds to consumers. Walker continues, "So one way to get a bill and help our clients by not having a broad industrial-use tax is to fashion a bill that has a crude-oil tax. That's the connection. I saw in early October how it could be put together. It's a question of analyzing the forces at work and the voting blocs on the Hill, their constituents and interests, et cetera, in terms of looking at how things will develop over a period of time and how the congressional process will resolve them—if it doesn't break down. It's a question of trying to figure out the package that will pass both houses and be acceptable to the President."

I ask Walker if the issue of natural-gas pricing happens to fit in with the interests of his clients.

"Yes, several ways," he replies. "Partly in terms of getting the package. Partly because several of us are convinced there's a dickens of a lot of natural gas out there if you just get the price up." This is a proposition that is under much debate at the moment. Moreover, it is generally assumed that as the price of gas rises, the increase will be passed along to consumers. Walker continues, "Our clients are willing to pay a higher price if they are guaranteed a supply. They have to rely on oil and gas. Coal is dirty to get and dirty to use, and you run into strip-mining laws, environmental concerns, et cetera. And we're getting half of our oil from a very uncertain source—from abroad. So the more gas you got, the more comfortable Mr. Heineman feels about his Lone Star Steel Company, even though it's planning to shift to electricity generated by coal. It takes you ten, twelve years to put a nuclear plant on line—half red tape and half construction time. You can go down to Possum Kingdom Lake, in Texas—that's where my fishing place is—and it's right on top of a natural-gas reservoir, and you can punch a hole in the ground in forty-five days, and there's pipelines all over the state to transport the gas. The more energy you have on all sides,

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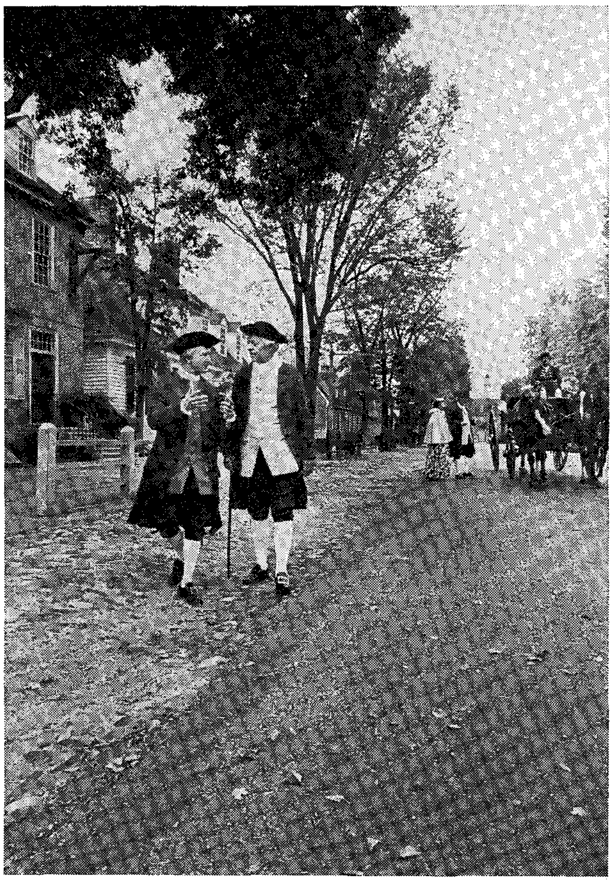

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the more comfortable my clients feel. There were fifty solid votes for deregulation of the price of natural gas in the Senate this year, and I'm informed that there are two more. So it looks as if the package, to pass the Senate, has got to have some form of deregulation. Also, we were very concerned about the electric-utility provision. It was going to result in federal intrusion in state rate-making." The President proposed that the federal government impose requirements on how state public-utility commissions regulate electricity rates, mainly to eliminate the low rates for large industrial users; the House approved the provision, but the Senate rendered it all but meaningless.

I ask Walker why he cared about that provision.

"We have an advisory relationship, not a lobbying relationship, with one of the nation's leading utilities—I don't want to disclose which one," he says. "We follow the issue and give them advice, without actually lobbying on it." A number of Washington representatives and lawyers work this way; some make quite a point of saying that they never lobby. Walker continues, "Given the assumption that in the nineteen-nineties electricity will be our major energy, they're going to have a very, very rapid and large expansion of their generating capacity. And there's what's called the regulatory lag—the time it takes from the day you ask for a rate increase until it's approved by the state public-utility commission. If the utilities can't be sure of their rate of return on investment, and you bring in the federal government on top of the states, the danger is that you increase the regulatory lag and we run the serious risk of not getting that extra capacity."

Charls Walker is also very much interested in an issue called refundability, which he and Russell Long understand—as do those who oppose them—to be a very big issue indeed, with large amounts of money involved. What Walker and Long are seeking is to establish the principle that an investment tax credit—the credit that businesses receive for investments they have made in equipment—be made "refundable;" that is, receivable whether or not the business has paid any income tax, instead of simply being deductible from its taxes. The energy bill has a number of possible tax credits in it, and Long and Walker are eager to set a precedent of refundability for the time when it comes to even bigger stakes—the forthcoming tax legislation. Walker says, "Let's take Bethlehem Steel. They're not a client on the energy bill, but they are a tax client. They took a big loss recently. So if the steel companies are not profitable over the next few years and they do some of the energy conversion that is in the bill, they won't get any credit for it unless there is refundability. One of my associates and I are going to New York later this week for a meeting with the chief executives of five of the largest airlines on the question of overall refundability. They're talking about retaining us to work on this for them. As a result of buying new aircraft, those airlines have accumulated several hundred million dollars in earned but unused investment tax credits, because their profits have been too small for them to take the credits. So a breakthrough on this energy bill could help pave the way for overall refundability." The problem, for Walker and for Long, is that the House Ways and Means Committee has held out, over the years, against the principle of refundability. Walker's work on refundability in earlier years has not been entirely in vain, however. He says, "Last year, we got two changes liberalizing the manner in which and the extent to which companies could get the investment credit. United Airlines' profit statement indicates that those changes enhanced their profitability by sixty million or so. The most important thing was that for most businesses the tax credit couldn't exceed fifty per cent of their tax liability. We raised it to a hundred per cent." The argument against refundability is that it amounts to a government subsidy of certain activities by businesses whether or not the businesses are efficient and no matter how many devices they employ to avoid paying taxes. Liberals who oppose refundability—not all do—fear that it would invite the use of the tax code for all sorts of additional subsidies in the form of tax credits. Of course, this is a relative matter, because the tax code is already so used; and, as in other arguments over tax policy which ostensibly involve high principle, the real question is who stands to gain. If some of those who oppose the refundable credits could be certain that they, rather than Russell Long, would be the major force in deciding who would get the credits, they might see more merit in the principle. In pressing his case to Congress, Walker, like Long, makes it sound like something that only the most flinthearted could oppose. In the Senate-House conference, Long, urging that the proposed tax credits for home insulation should be made refundable, argued that "a dear old person in an old ragged coat" who installed insulation should get the credit, just as people would who are better off. Walker, for his part, uses the homey example of people on fixed incomes who install storm windows. Today, he grins and shows me a letter that his wife has written to Long, Ullman, Ashley, and John Anderson, Republican of Illinois, who is the senior Republican on the House Ad Hoc Energy Committee. In her letter, Mrs. Walker describes the plight of some of the residents in the co-op in which the Walkers live, and she indicates that the building is in one of Washington's poorer neighborhoods; it is actually an elegant old building, only on the edge of a down-at-the-heels area. She writes that some of the residents "are retired people who must live on limited incomes and therefore suffer mightily from the rising inflation," and that although they shared in the cost of the co-op's installation of storm windows, "they would be the very people to suffer more if the tax credit is not refundable."

While we are talking, Senator Herman Talmadge, of Georgia, who is the second-ranking member of the Senate Finance Committee, returns a call that Walker has put in to him. "Mornin', Senator, how are you, sir?" Walker says. "I got a problem I want to run by you." Walker's problem is to get the Senate, before it adjourns for the year, to take up a bill to postpone the effective date of previously enacted legislation tightening the taxes on American workers abroad. During the postponement, Walker would seek what he calls "ameliorating legislation." After Walker hangs up, he explains to me that George Shultz, a former Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Office of Management and Budget, who is now president of the Bechtel Corporation, an international construction-and-engineering firm, asked him to undertake this project on behalf of Bechtel and three other companies—Fluor Engineers & Constructors; Dresser Industries, of Dallas, a company that makes equipment for oil and natural-gas production and mining; and Pullman-Kellogg, of Houston, a large international construction firm. In 1976 and 1977, Walker had worked for these companies in trying to limit proposed legislation that would punish companies that coöperated with the Arab nations' boycott on business with Israel. "On that Arab boycott," Walker says, smiling, "we were the only game in town." He adds that "the

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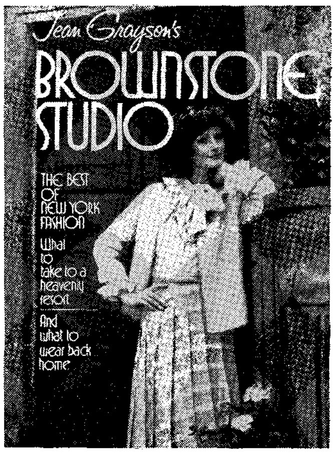
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legislation came out satisfactorily for our clients." Now the Walker firm is keeping an eye on the regulations being drawn up by the Commerce Department to carry out this legislation.

Shifting subjects—something he does frequently, as his mind jumps from one of his projects to another—Walker mentions another letter: one that Lud Ashley has written to President Carter urging him to reappoint Burns. Obviously, a letter from a liberal Democrat who is as important to the Administration as Ashley is now (and he is also the second-ranking member of the House Committee on Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs) might be helpful to the Burns cause. "It happened this way," Walker explains. "On the Sunday a few weeks ago that we got together to play golf and have dinner with Schlesinger, I'd called the *Post* on Friday and asked them if they'd be interested in a column on Burns and they'd said yes. I showed the column to Lud on the way to the golf course and told him to read it. He indicated that he was going to write a letter to the President about Burns. He's a busy man. I reminded him every other day. Lud's letter was released to the press. I began calling reporters all over town to bring it to their attention. They say, 'It's just another letter.' I say, 'The *hell* it is.' When I had lunch with Burns on Friday, he hadn't known about Lud's letter. I suggested to Arthur that he call Lud."

While Walker proceeds on all these projects, he is also warming up for the legislative battle over taxes. Large amounts of money are at stake. President Carter had promised thorough-going tax reform, and various proposals were floating about, and Charls Walker has a number of clients with a deep interest in how it all turns out. Over lunch at the All States Cafeteria, he tells me of his efforts to affect the tax code on behalf of his clients. One set of his clients is called the Group of Ten, or "the tax group." It consists of ALCOA, Bethlehem Steel, General Electric, Ford, du Pont, Procter & Gamble, Goodyear, Owens-Illinois, International Paper, and Union Carbide. Walker says, "We're concerned with such things as the levels of the corporate tax rate—that's the big one—and then the investment-credit and depreciation rates. We're also concerned with how their earnings, or their subsidiaries' earnings, abroad are taxed. In February, we had a meeting to get ready for the tax reform that the President had promised. The major recommendations that flowed out of that were to revise a series of papers that the Roundtable had prepared a couple of years ago and to go back and gather their grass-roots data."

Since "grass roots" is not a term ordinarily connected with business lobbying, I ask Walker what it means in this context.

He replies, "It means this—for Company X, which has a plant in Los Angeles, to set out what the total number of jobs is, the payroll, how much is produced for export, and how much of those sales abroad are to their own subsidiaries. That's very important, because organized labor just indiscriminately says that all these subsidiaries abroad are 'runaway' plants—that we're exporting jobs. So we develop the grass-roots data to show how many of the jobs over here are related to exports that are actually sales to the companies' own subsidiaries abroad. Ford, for example, manufactures parts sold to its subsidiaries in Western Europe. And that also helps the balance of payments. I don't care how anti-business a member of Congress may be—if you can go in to that member and take an issue and show that it means jobs and payrolls and economic growth in his district or his state, he's going to listen to you."

Walker continues, "The second thing that the Group of Ten did was spend about two hours in March talking with tax officials at the Treasury Department. Most of the discussion then was between the chief executive officers of the Roundtable and Administration officials—especially Blumenthal." Michael Blumenthal, the Secretary of the Treasury, has the chief responsibility for drawing up the tax proposals that the President will ultimately make.

I ask Walker whether he advised the Roundtable about these conversations.

"Advise, consult," he replies. "Not so much on substance as on what the political realities were." An important part of the lobbyist's role is to carry messages both ways—not just to represent the clients before the Congress and the executive branch but also to tell the clients what it may or may not be possible to accomplish, to instruct them about the realities they are faced with. At the beginning of the 1977 session of Congress, Walker called on a number of the members of the Ways and Means Committee to talk about tax matters. He says that he also talked this year with Charles Schultze, the chairman of the Council of Economic

Advisers, and with Bert Lance, the former head of the Office of Management and Budget. Walker says that, among other things, he tried to convince Schultze and Lance of the political trouble that some of the tax proposals under consideration—particularly one to tax capital gains as ordinary income—would run into on Capitol Hill. Walker, like any good advocate, marshals the facts that best suit his case. He says that half the capital gains are received by people with only thirty thousand dollars in adjusted gross income. (Another fact, which he did not mention, is that the wealthiest one per cent of the people receive over seventy per cent of the tax benefit from the special treatment for capital gains.) "I also told them," Walker says, "that although they were going to exempt the sale of homes, the perception was out there that homes would be included, or people would say, 'Well, they're leaving out homes this time, but they'll get them the next time.' If they'd kept on with that, I was going to do a TV treatment of an Archie Bunker type trying to sell his home. I was going to have some fun with the complexity of their 'simplifying' the tax code. Because of the political problems, they start riddling the thing with exceptions, and there goes your simplicity. And what they really overlooked was that because people saw the capital-gains thing as the camel's nose under the tent for taxing the gains on homes, they were going to alienate the National Association of Realtors, the National Association of Home Builders, the American Bankers Association, the U.S. League of Savings Associations, and the Securities Industry Association—and I have just mentioned five of the strongest lobbies in town. We'd been talking with them about getting together if this thing materialized."

Walker also speaks of other problems he had with the proposals that were floating about. One of them, he says, would have been quite harmful to the timber industry, and the Weyerhaeuser Company, which is among the country's largest timber companies, has been a Walker client. Walker wrote a memo to Lance and to Stuart Eizenstat, the President's chief adviser on domestic matters, about the problems he saw in the tax proposals. Walker says, "Then their whole package started to unravel—not because of what I did but because of those political realities I'm talking about." By late 1977, the Administration was, for a number of reasons, talking more about the need for cuts in individual

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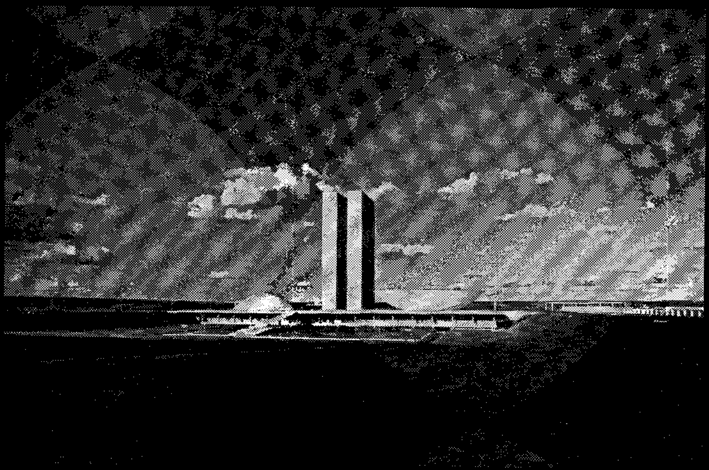

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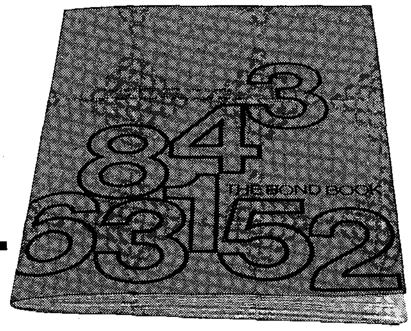

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and corporate taxes than about what is generally considered tax reform. Walker thinks it's important to dispel the idea, which Carter stated many times in 1976, when he was a candidate, that the tax code is a "disgrace." He plans to do that by arguing his case on specific proposals for change, and also through the work of a group called the American Council for Capital Formation, of which he is the chairman, and whose board includes the Washington lawyers Edward Bennett Williams and Clark Clifford; former Treasury Secretaries Robert B. Anderson and David Kennedy; officers of Motorola, International Paper, and Weyerhaeuser; and some economists and some former members of Congress. "We've been getting increased press attention," Walker says. "Our support's been growing by leaps and bounds—in terms of financial and in terms of people willing to lobby."

AFTER lunch, we return to Walker's office, where he gathers up a bunch of cigars and some copies of his wife's letter on refundability, of a recent *Wall Street Journal* editorial on the energy bill, and of Lud Ashley's letter to the President about Arthur Burns. Then he and one of his associates—Roy Englert, a former deputy general counsel of the Treasury Department—and I prepare to set off for Capitol Hill. Walker received a gift of Cuban cigars a few years ago in the course of some work he did in getting a change in the tax laws covering cigars. "Now, here is a little device you use with friends," he says to me as he gathers up his material. He shows me a copy of a Washington *Post* editorial arguing that American natural-gas prices are kept too low; he has sent other copies of it, along with a covering note, to Schlesinger and Ashley. The note says that the editorial is "A + +." He has also sent a copy of his covering note to the editorial page of the *Post* and to one of its editorial writers. "I often grade their editorials, and I sometimes have lunch with them," he says. "I recently graded an editorial in the Washington *Star* and invited their editorial-page editor to lunch."

I ask Walker what his mission on Capitol Hill this afternoon is.

"To get the lay of the land," he replies. "Also, they may get to geothermal. Geothermal is pretty important to me."

I ask him how he will get the lay of the land.

"Mainly by feel," he replies. "This conference is awfully hard to lobby, because the Senate and the House aren't in session. When things are going thick and fast in the Senate and House, you can do your lobbying during the roll-call votes. But there aren't any breaks in these meetings." He adds, "I got other things to do there. I got to tell Long what Talmadge said this morning on that tax bill."

After we reach Capitol Hill, the three of us take seats toward the back and on the left side of the large Ways and Means Committee room in the Longworth Office Building, where the conferees on the tax portions of the energy bill will meet. Few members are here yet. "I sit over here by this door, so I can get out quick to catch a member in the hall," Walker says. He scans the room and, finding no one worth talking to, says, "Let's go out in the hall. I got the feeling something's going on." Outside, he ducks his head in at the door of a reception area and special entryway for members of the Ways and Means Committee and asks if Ashley and Waggonner are around. They aren't. In the hall, he sees Senator Abraham Ribicoff, Democrat of Connecticut, who is a member of the Senate Finance Committee, and asks him, "You going to get that one-year extension tomorrow?" Walker is referring to the tax bill he spoke with Talmadge about this morning. Ribicoff's reply is noncommittal.

Now Walker stakes out a position between the special entryway and a corner. Around the corner is a door leading into one side of the committee room. The room is so large that it fills the whole center of the first floor of the Longworth Building. "Now, here's where you have to position yourself," Walker explains. "Sometimes they get by you and go in the door on the other side. If you get real anxious, you get two of your associates to stake them out on either side." He looks a bit anxious himself now. He paces toward the front door and peers at it as if stalking prey. He looks at his watch. It is slightly after two. "I don't know," he says. "I just smell something." He stops William Hathaway, a Democrat from Maine on the Senate Finance Committee, and makes a joke about golf. He tells me that he wants to talk with Charles Rangel, the House member from Harlem on the Ways and Means Committee, whom he says he talks with three or four times a week. Walker is lobbying Rangel on refundability; a black Democrat would be an important recruit to his cause. Walker has a running joke with Rangel, and now, when Rangel shows up, they go through their routine.

Walker asks Rangel, "How are we coming on refundability, Charlie?" and wags an upturned thumb.

Rangel smiles and says, "You're making a lot of sense, Charlie."

Walker hands him a copy of his wife's letter and says, "Did you see the letter my wife wrote to Lud? We got all these old people. They don't get any credit. How they going to get their storm windows paid for?"

Rangel goes off into the committee room reading Mrs. Walker's letter. Walker is pleased. "He said I was making a lot of sense. He wasn't saying that two weeks ago. He wants to know how he can explain to his constituents a vote for refundability. That's how—with that letter my wife wrote."

Now the conferees are streaming toward the Ways and Means room. Walker has to work fast. He talks with Robert Packwood, a Republican senator from Oregon and a leading backer of the tax break for geothermal energy. Klamath Falls, Oregon, uses geothermal energy for heating homes, schools, factories, and its hospital, and Walker counts Packwood as one of his "horses" on this issue. Walker wants to know whether the geothermal section of the bill will be brought up for consideration today. Packwood says he doesn't think it will.

Now Walker stops James Corman, a Ways and Means Democrat from California. Walker, though he is a Republican representing business interests, has made it a point to stay on friendly terms with as many Democrats as possible. He puts an arm on Corman's shoulder and says, "Hey, you're going with us on geothermal, aren't you?"

Corman smiles and says, "I'm still making up my mind, Charlie."

Joe Waggonner, the Louisiana Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee, and Walker's good friend, appears. Walker jokes with him about a rating that one of Ralph Nader's organizations has given members of Congress, on which Waggonner received the lowest score, because he voted the Nader position only once out of forty times. Walker asks Waggonner how he slipped up that once. Walker also hands him a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* editorial. He asks Waggonner to explain to me how final "packages" emerge from House-Senate conferences.

Waggonner says, "They evolve. A lot of conversations, a lot of people talking together. Everybody plays fa-

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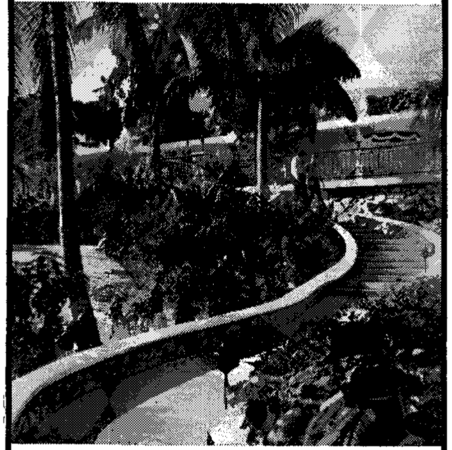

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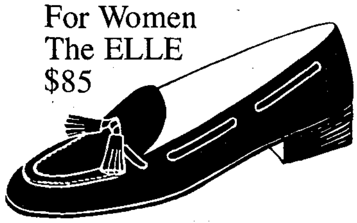

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vorites; they have people that they have confidence in, that they can do business with. Those are your conferees. Those of us who consider ourselves representatives of the industry—because there's so much at stake—we try to find a levelling-off place, find what the possibilities are. The possibilities do just sort of evolve."

I ask him if he talks with Russell Long.

Waggonner laughs, and says, "We talk at frequent intervals." And he adds, "Charlie and I talk three, four times a week year round, don't we, Charlie?"

Walker has been keeping an eye out for Ashley, and finally Ashley, Long, Ullman, and several staff members appear. Walker sees this as confirmation of his feeling that the real bargaining has begun, and he asks Ashley if he will get to his fishing place in Texas by Christmas. It is Walker's way of finding out how far along things are. Ashley says that there will be a bill by Christmas or no bill at all, and that he thinks Walker can figure on being home by Christmas.

When conferees meet, they tend not to say what they mean but to stake out positions. As Walker goes off to talk with someone else, Ashley tells me more about how this works: "We're trying to join the key issues now. Russell knows a lot about dealing, but we've learned a little in the Midwest. He doesn't want to come forward with his proposals. He wants production incentives—that can put him in a very unfavorable light with consumers and others. And I don't want to go to him with a list of what I want, because that's an opening hand, and he'll say, 'That's not enough.' So the game, to use another analogy, is to check and wait for something. We're at the point where we'll start looking at production incentives, and that'll make him more interested in dealing with the crude-oil equalization tax, which will provide the proceeds for the incentives. He has to have an excuse for dealing with production incentives. So, based on the conversations this morning, he's going to be a little more willing to deal with the crude-oil equalization tax—but that's on a very conditional and tentative basis—and then we can move on to other issues. There's been a lot of sparring and fencing and wariness on both sides. As time goes by, there gets to be a little more readiness, for all the wariness, to start looking at the major issues. That's where everybody starts to become vulnerable. That's where we are. That's the point. We all know it. That's why we all start looking at these things warily, tentatively. You don't come in and say, 'How about this? What's your response?' You don't do it that way. You start looking at various pieces of it and say, 'How much would that cost?' and 'How much would that give producers?' Before you offer options, you've got to look at them from these standpoints. One of Long's theses is that producers need more incentives to produce. So you say, 'All right, Russell, if these actions are all taken, here's *x* number of dollars.' Some combination of options is going to end up being the tender and the acceptance. The conferees will want to really know what they are."

"But don't you have the outlines of the final agreement in mind now?" I ask Ashley.

He laughs, and replies, "A little bit. I come up with a little bit and he comes up with a little bit."

In the Ways and Means room, the Senate and House conferees have taken their seats on the two-tiered dais facing the audience, senators on the audience's left, House members on its right. Just in front of them, below the dais, two rows of staff members face them, and behind the staff members is the audience, composed mainly of reporters and lobbyists. On the basis of their meeting this morning, Long and Ullman now stage a little Kabuki play. Long reminds the others that the Senate Finance Committee "voted overwhelmingly against a crude-oil tax," and he tells them that he knows that "the Senate isn't going to accept it—it voted it down before—unless we can feel that that is part of a package that will bring in additional production." Ullman suggests that if they cannot agree at the outset on the tax, perhaps they should begin talking about what would be done with the revenues of such a tax. Walker listens carefully for a time and then tells me that, while he is interested in these issues in terms of how the total package will turn out, he has no direct interest in the details, and so we leave.

On the way back, Walker calls his office on the car telephone to see if there are any messages for him. He explains to me that when he goes to the Hill, his driver stays with the car. "If I'm in Ways and Means and some senator wants to reach me, the office will call me in the car. So this is a lot more than a luxury."

IN his office, Walker makes some calls. One is to a reporter, with whom he speaks about reasons why Carter should reappoint Arthur Burns. "Did

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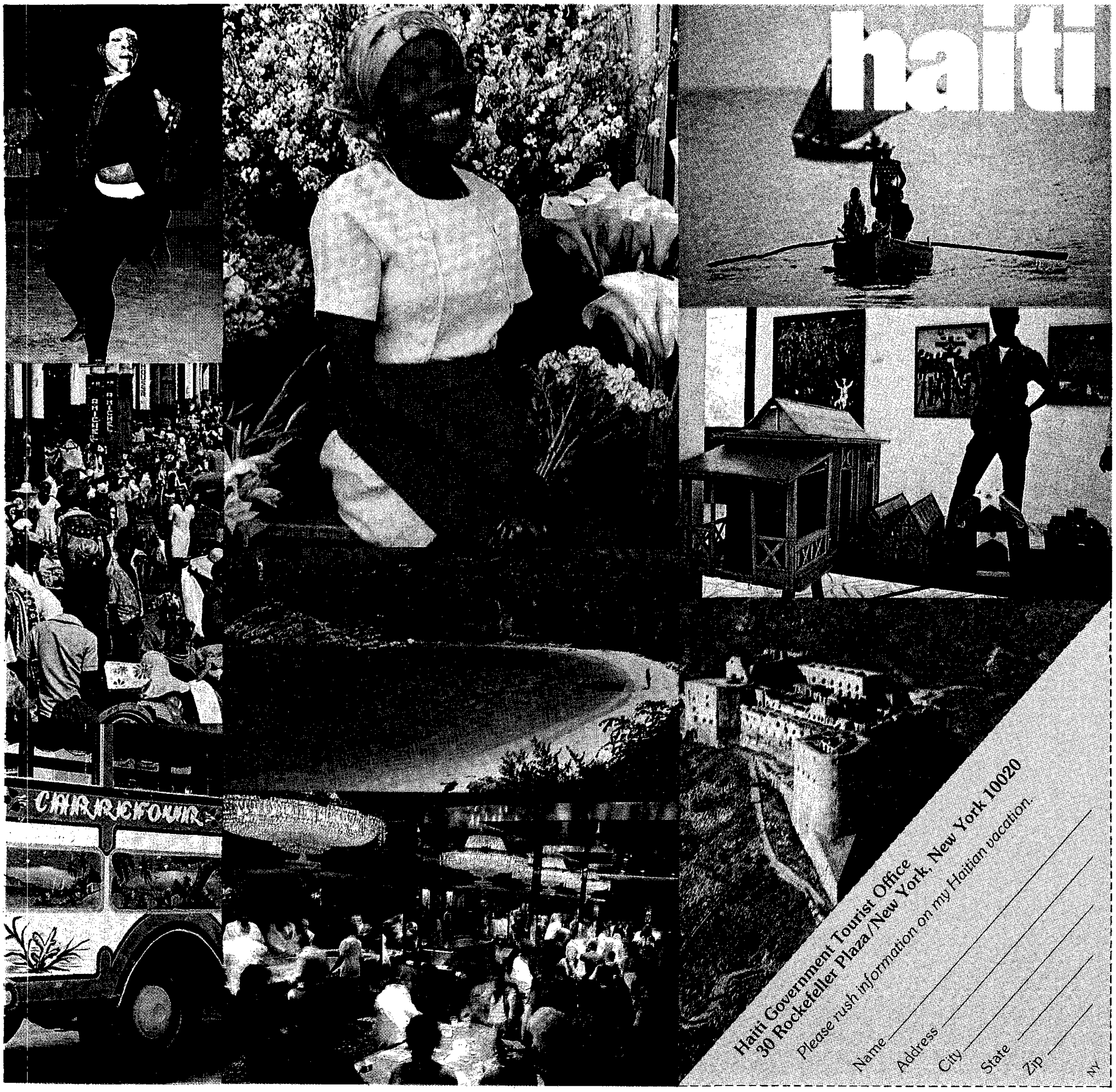

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you see the Ashley letter?" Walker asks the reporter, and then he reads parts of it to him. "You're damn right it's strong stuff," he says. "If the President goes against a man who's fighting his heart out for the energy bill, he's just damn dumb." It is important for the professional influencer to cultivate the press, just as it is for a politician. If he does it well—by being accessible, by being a source of interesting information—he is likely to receive in return an audience for his arguments, and perhaps even an occasional mention in a column, and he can also pick up useful information. And Walker does it very well.

Next, Walker reports by phone to Ray Adam, the chairman of the Business Roundtable's Energy Users Task Force, who is also the chairman of NL Industries, a conglomerate in petroleum equipment, chemicals, and metals, on what he gleaned from his foray to the Hill. "When the shakers and movers all marched out together, I knew the contact had been made, and they began to work around the fringes," Walker tells him.

Some Roundtable officials have had meetings with members of the White House staff, which has been seeking the help of business leaders in getting a bill, and Walker tells me that he has been advising the businessmen about those meetings. "The major point was this," he says. "There were rumblings that the Roundtable business people wanted to sink the crude-oil equalization tax, and I strongly advised against that as risking the sinking of the whole bill or the revival of a very strong industrial-use tax." He continues, "When I met with you last Wednesday at the Sans Souci, Ray Adam was scheduled to have a meeting with Schlesinger at one-thirty. That's why I rushed by Paul Young's first. I advised him to tell Schlesinger he would try to hold the business community together on the crude-oil equalization tax—many members had been opposed to it—and that we would expect that that would be *the* major part of the bill, and not the industrial-use tax. We can't get rid of the industrial-use tax altogether, because both houses adopted a version of it. But the Senate version is much milder, so what we'll have to do is get it de-facto dropped, by filling it with exceptions, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera." Then he takes a call from "an old reporting friend" who now works for a public-interest tax-reform group. Walker tells me, "I keep up with friends in the enemy camp as best I can. It's part of a network."

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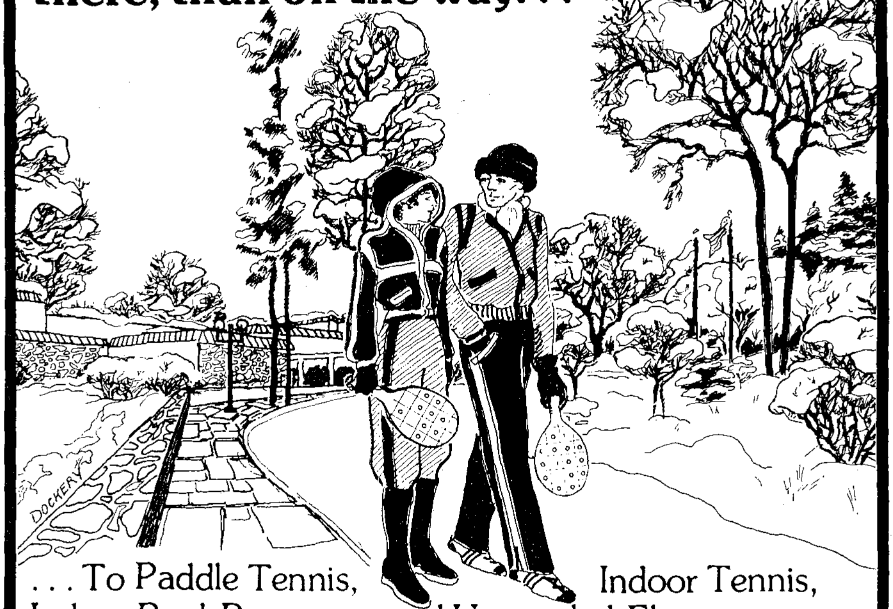

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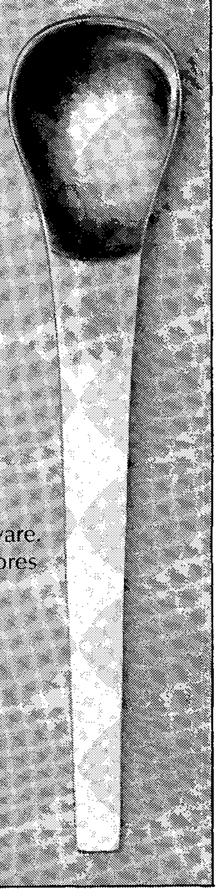
Walker's call to Baker. Walker talks to him about the bill postponing the effective date of the taxes on workers abroad, and reports to him on his conversations with other senators. He says, "So anything that you or your associates could do would be greatly appreciated. It was approved unanimously in committee. They just didn't get it out in time." The goal of the lobbyist is to get the ear of busy people, and, once he does, a good lobbyist knows how to make his case quickly.

Walker has in his office a photograph of Charles Rangel dressed in a cowboy outfit, at a chili party to which Walker took him. I ask Walker how he struck up his friendship with Rangel. "In '72," he replies, "just before I left Treasury, the Urban League gave me an award for contribution to equal opportunity in education and minority business enterprise—work I'd been doing for years in the Bankers Association and at Treasury. How much of this Charlie knew, I don't know, but I do know that other members of the Congressional Black Caucus knew about it. In late '73, after I'd left Treasury, I accepted from Nixon the chairmanship of the President's Advisory Council on Minority Business Enterprise. Then comes Watergate and the thing collapsed. Sometime in '75, I got an invitation, as we lobbyists sometimes do with these things, to join a group of people for lunch with Rangel, who was a new member of Ways and Means that year. We always know what that means: the purpose of the lunch is to help organize a fund-raiser—a fifty- or hundred-dollar-a-person cocktail party. I don't go to many of them. I'm very selective. I didn't say yes. I called some members of Ways and Means to find out what they thought about Charlie. The nature of the inquiry is not whether he's going to come over and vote on our side—he's not. But is he a constructive member? By 'constructive' I mean two things: if I ask him, will he listen to me for twenty, thirty minutes, whether he agrees with me or not, and, second (and I knew this wasn't true about Charlie), is this particular member—to use a term I don't like, but it's the one that's used around this town—a whore? You know, when the shipping industry or the maritime union says 'Frog,' everybody jumps. That's my definition of a nonconstructive member. Or one that's going to vote right down the anti-business line, right down the George Meany line. Charlie checked good from all these angles, so I went



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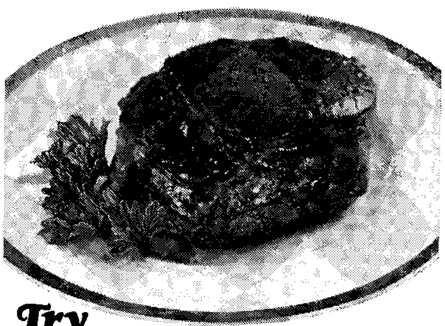

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to the luncheon. The tickets for the fund-raiser were going to be fifty dollars apiece. I said I'd sell ten tickets, and he and I had never met until then. That's where we first got to know each other, and now every once in a while I see him and we stop and chat."

I ask him to tell me more about making contributions to politicians.

"My contributions are meagre," he says. (According to figures compiled by Common Cause, this is true.)

"What about those of your clients?" I ask.

"They vary," he replies. "Some of them have a political-action fund." Companies and interest groups can create "political-action committees," just as unions do. Committees that have fifty or more members and that contribute to five or more candidates may give each of these candidates up to five thousand dollars in a primary election and up to five thousand dollars in a general election—and ten thousand dollars is a substantial contribution. In addition, individuals may make thousand-dollar contributions to each of several candidates in primary and general elections, up to a total, including contributions to political-action committees, of twenty-five thousand dollars. "I'll suggest to a client that So-and-So is having a fund-raiser and they ought to pick up five, maybe ten tickets, and I'll pick up one or two. I'll buy tickets myself to somewhere between ten and twenty a year, but I hardly ever go." Like many lobby groups around Washington, Walker Associates has tickets to the Washington Redskins football games, which are much in demand—the Walker group has nine—and also to games played by the local hockey and basketball teams. Giving such tickets to people who may be of use is one way that good will is spread in the nation's capital. Walker doesn't go to the games himself. He prefers to watch the football games on television and also use that time to write his newsletter.

Walker brings up published reports of how much money he makes, the most recent report being that he makes two hundred thousand dollars a year. He says that he hasn't made that amount yet but will come close in 1977 and expects to do better in the next year. "Some of it is speaking fees," Walker says. "I make from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars in speaking honoraria. We're moving along. After I left Treasury, I had about five corporate retainers on the line—people who were close friends, who I'd gotten

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to know in the Bankers Association, in Treasury." A former Secretary of the Treasury who was then head of a bank gave Walker a fifty-thousand-dollar line of credit, and with that and an investment of ten thousand dollars by Walker and one of his associates Charls E. Walker Associates, Inc., was started.

Walker breaks off to take a call from an Under-Secretary of the Treasury about the bill on taxing workers abroad. He recites a brief history of the bill and of his conversations with various senators about bringing it to the floor, and describes to the Under-Secretary the techniques by which that could be accomplished. The Treasury Department supports the one-year extension. "I just wanted to get that word to you," Walker says. "I thought if you or the Secretary got word to Russell, that might be helpful."

I ask him about his newsletter, *Washington Economic Report*, which sells for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year.

"That's a loss leader," Walker explains. "I'm not getting anywhere near what I'd get for the time I spend on it. It goes to a lot of members of Congress and to members of the press—more people get it free than pay for it. To the extent that the analysis seems to make sense in the political-economic mishmash, it helps give our operation a little something extra, as opposed to—a term I hate—'the hired guns.' I hope that the newsletters and the Op-Ed pieces indicate substantive expertise, not just in economics but in analyzing the political as well as the economic thing. Second, it makes me think. I think on the typewriter. Third, if I write in October that such-and-such will happen in the next three weeks and it pretty much falls out that way, they say, 'Either he's a pretty good predictor or maybe he affects policy—high policy.' "

WHEN I stop by to see Walker the next morning, he is in the process of sending Waggonner a one-page memorandum on "Possible Congressional Action on Business Use of Oil and Gas," and has just sent Packwood a *Times* piece on geothermal energy. He has placed calls to Ashley and to Long but has missed them both. "I called Russell at his apartment this morning," he says, "but he had a senator with him. His wife told me that. I usually talk to him in the mornings at his apartment two, three times a week, between eight and eight-thirty. I call him from home. If he has an early breakfast meeting, I miss him, and then I catch him at the office. If it's very urgent, I'll go up to the Hill." Walker has studied the newspapers to check out his theories and surmises about how the energy bill is going. "I'm almost willing to bet that if Russell called right now and I said, 'Is there anything I need to do?' he'd say no. Waggonner keeps his finger on things. He talks to Russell. He said there wasn't anything I need to do now." Still, Walker seems a bit nervous at the thought that deals may be being made that he does not know about. "If I caught Russell today, he wouldn't tell me that much," he goes on. "At this stage of the game, it becomes a very, very close-knit, intracongressional thing, and even my best friends could get upset with me if I poked my nose in it too much." He adds that he did tell Ashley last week that it would be possible, if the final bill took a certain shape, to win Republican support for it.

I ask him how much Ashley can tell him.

"No more than he wants to," Walker replies. "That's not a good answer, but it's the only one I can give you. He might drop some sort of hint, the way Charlie Rangel did on refundability. A lot of what appears to be banter is not banter."

I ask Walker what he thinks makes for effectiveness in Washington.

"The usual list is almost trite, but it's true," he replies. "You have to know your subject. I'd never go up to the Hill to testify without knowing that I knew more about the subject than anybody on the committee. Or, when you go and talk to a senator, you'd better know what you know and what you don't know, and if you get downtown and find you made a mistake, you're immediately on the phone and telling him that you made a mistake and he should throw away the piece of paper you gave him, that you'll send up another one. Being able to write a piece of paper for a member—a speech, or maybe the questions that might be asked of witnesses to bring out the fallacies as we see them in their case—I can just get over there on the typewriter and do it."

I ask him what sort of understanding of Washington is essential.

He replies, "The basic thing you got to understand is what makes a good politician. In the simplest terms, it's in understanding of people: what motivates people, what they fear, their hopes and aspirations. So in working with elected officials, as contrasted with appointed officials or the bureaucracy, you have to have some of the same

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IN the following weeks, in almost daily telephone conversations, I receive Walker's reports from the front. One day, he reports, "I spent the day in New York, and I got back and, as they say in my part of the country, ran my traps. Reading between the lines, I sense a little pessimism developing that they can get a bill before Christmas." I ask him whom he has talked with. "I talked with Lud, I talked with Waggonner, and I talked with some industry lobbyists, and this and that." Another day, he reports, "We're going to have a family dinner with the Ashleys tonight." He says that that afternoon he met with some representatives of the oil industry, "to get me familiar with the ins and outs of the crude-oil-equalization-tax problem. I hadn't gotten into the nitty-gritty of it with Ashley before. I hadn't known enough about it. I wanted to talk to some real experts, so I'd know what I was talking about." He reports on the Arthur Burns project: "It looks pretty good." The current strategy is not to send a letter from the former Treasury Secretaries to the President, for fear it would get his back up, but to get word to the President that they support the reappointment. "By the way," he says, "I know the President has seen the Ashley letter about Burns. I know that." Through the Government Relations Committee of the American Council for Capital Formation, Walker is plan-

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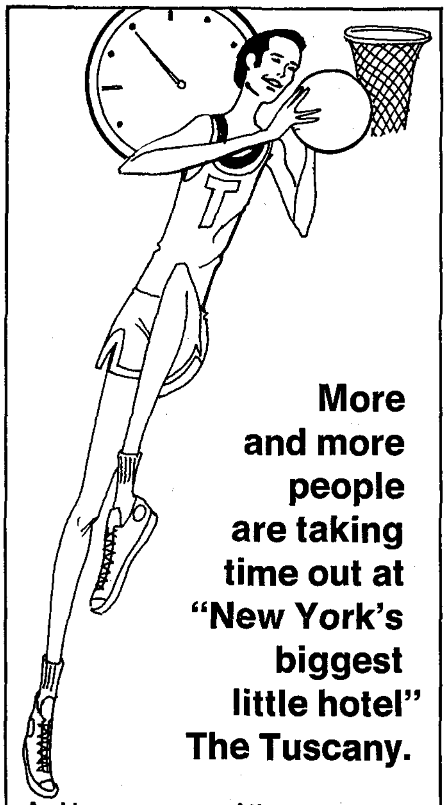
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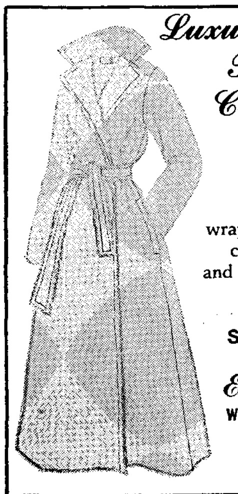
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ning, for the Washington representatives of companies that support the council, a breakfast seminar on the economics of President Carter's expected tax proposals. At the breakfast, an economist will present an outline of a new econometric model, which will provide estimates of how much a cut in taxes would stimulate economic activity. Walker says that the model will show that cutting business and individual taxes would result in net increases in federal revenue. He reports, "I been running all my traps, and my sense is the geothermal thing looks good." He has met with Michael Blumenthal about refundability, and he has met with James Schlesinger about the depletion allowance for geothermal energy and about the tax credit for conversion to electrically generated heat. Walker says he told Schlesinger that he thought the bill should have more incentives for industry and should contain a day certain for deregulation of natural gas.

By early December, it has become clear that action on the energy bill will not be completed by Christmas. But the conferees are continuing to meet sporadically, and the key members are still holding their private meetings to see if they can work out the shape of a final bill before adjourning—one that the Senate and the House can approve after they return to Washington in January. At this stage, all kinds of rumors are flying about as to how the energy compromise may work out. "I was up on the Hill today," Walker says. "I told Lud that the perception that seemed to be coming out of the recent stories was that the House was getting most of its way. I told Lud that if that perception prevailed, business-community support for the bill would erode. We had a little argument about that. I sent Jim a memo saying the same thing. I keep trying to see if there's anything behind the smoke that I ought to know about. I'm trying to find out, by talking to people, by my clients' talking to people. I don't know—you just keep going around and talking."

—Elizabeth Drew

•

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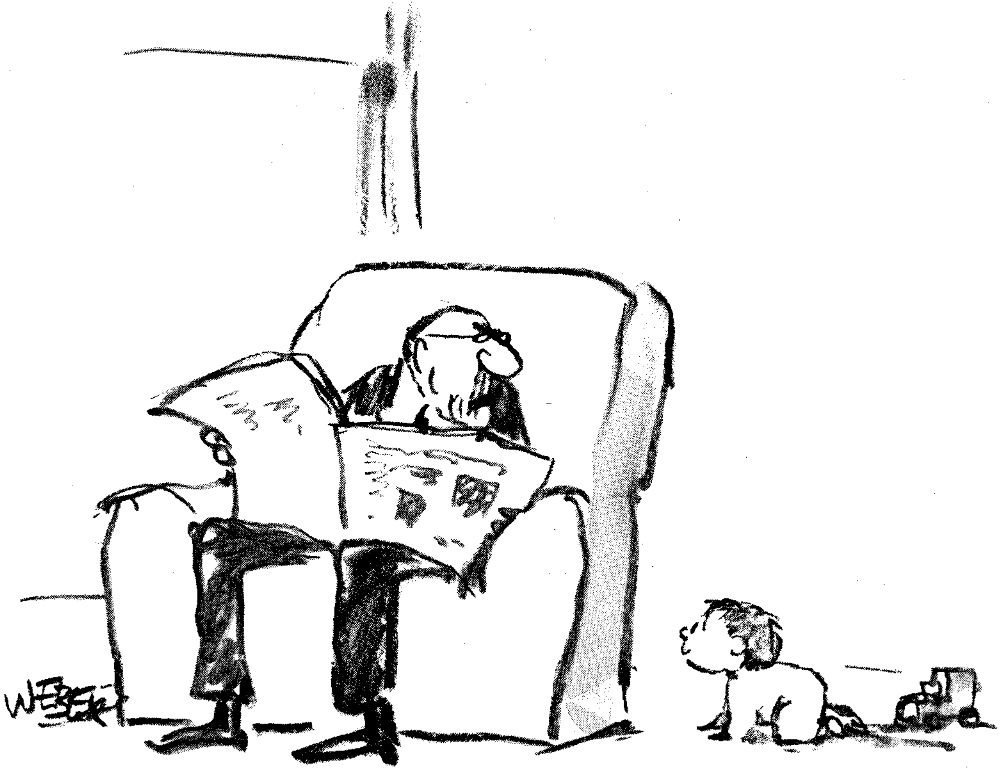
OVERKILL

O’Neill’s “A Touch of the Poet,” a new production of which has opened at the Helen Hayes, is a literary curiosity. It is one of a cycle of plays that O’Neill planned and worked on in the nineteen-thirties and abandoned in the nineteen-forties. And with good reason, for the longer he worked on them the more ambitious they became, the more ambitious they became the more unwieldy, and the more unwieldy the less writable. His intention was for “A Touch of the Poet” to be the first of seven plays that would tell the story of two families, one Irish in origin and the other Yankee, whose fates would commingle as we followed them down through several generations, starting in the eighteen-twenties. According to O’Neill’s biographer Louis Sheaffer, the plays were to dramatize a couple of O’Neill’s obsessive ideas: the folly of man’s pursuit of material things and the necessity for man to preserve himself by cherishing illusions—what Hickey, in the late play “The Iceman Cometh,” was again and again and *again* to call pipe dreams. Eventually, O’Neill decided that he would have to begin the cycle with a couple of plays laid in a still earlier period. He destroyed his drafts of these additional plays—their characteristically heavy-handed titles were “The Greed of the Meek” and “And Give Me Death”—and he assumed that still another play in the cycle, “More Stately Mansions,” which he had roughed out in a form unsatisfactory to him, would also vanish without a trace; on a piece of paper affixed to the typescript of the play he wrote, “Unfinished Work. This script to be destroyed in case of my death!” His widow decided to ignore O’Neill’s injunction from the grave, and the play, which as written would have taken nine hours to perform, was subsequently edited down to a commercially feasible length.

“A Touch of the Poet” is a curiosity not least because, although written in the playwright’s prime, it has the look of being the work of a beginner. Its plot is hammered together in a notably clumsy fashion, with long passages of tiresome exposition, with entrances and exits as fixed and predictable as if they had been blasted out of solid rock, and with an evident unease on the part of the playwright whenever he has to risk having more than two major characters onstage at one time. The hero, Major Cornelius Melody, is an *Ur*-Hickey, who can neither live comfortably with his illusions nor survive without them. He continually savages everyone within reach of his harsh tongue, including his wife, his daughter, and the hangers-on among whom he carouses; his only excuse for his cruelties is that it is the whiskey in him speaking and not he. The fact of the matter is that he is a lout, and an invented stage lout at that, and it is wonderful to me that throughout the course of a very long evening Jason Robards, who plays the Major, manages to conceal much of the Major’s loutishness behind convincing vestiges of humanity. Geraldine Fitzgerald plays with perky Irish humor and gumption the wife who, however much despised, goes on loving the Major because she sees him as living in “a hell of pride,” and because nobody else will have anything to do with him. (It is a role that comes very close to the one that O’Neill himself assigned to all the women in his life.) The daughter is played by Kathryn Walker; her difficult task is to be passionately in love with a character who remains obdurately offstage during the entire play. No matter how willing our suspension of disbelief, it is impossible for us to believe that the absent Simon is actually upstairs in bed and that Sara Melody has shared this bed with him. Another crucial character, Simon’s father, is much talked of but never embodied—one more sign of O’Neill’s ever-astonishing dramaturgic ineptitude. Betty Miller plays Simon’s mother in a brief scene (the play has been prudently cut, but I suspect that Miss Miller’s role has suffered more than most), and Milo O’Shea is amusing as an Irish corporal who served under the Major in the Peninsular Wars and who appears to enjoy being bullied by him.

The setting and lighting of “A Touch of the Poet” are by Ben Edwards, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the direction is by José Quintero, who has kept his cast in constant, nervous motion, which is not to say that he has succeeded in bringing them all to life. O’Neill is one of the worst of American playwrights and one of the best; if “A Touch of the Poet” is important at all, it is because it offers hints of O’Neill’s later and greater work. We mine it for these hints; we cannot enjoy it for itself.

—Brendan Gill



“Oh, all right. Kitchy-kitchy-koo.”

JAZZ

New York Notes

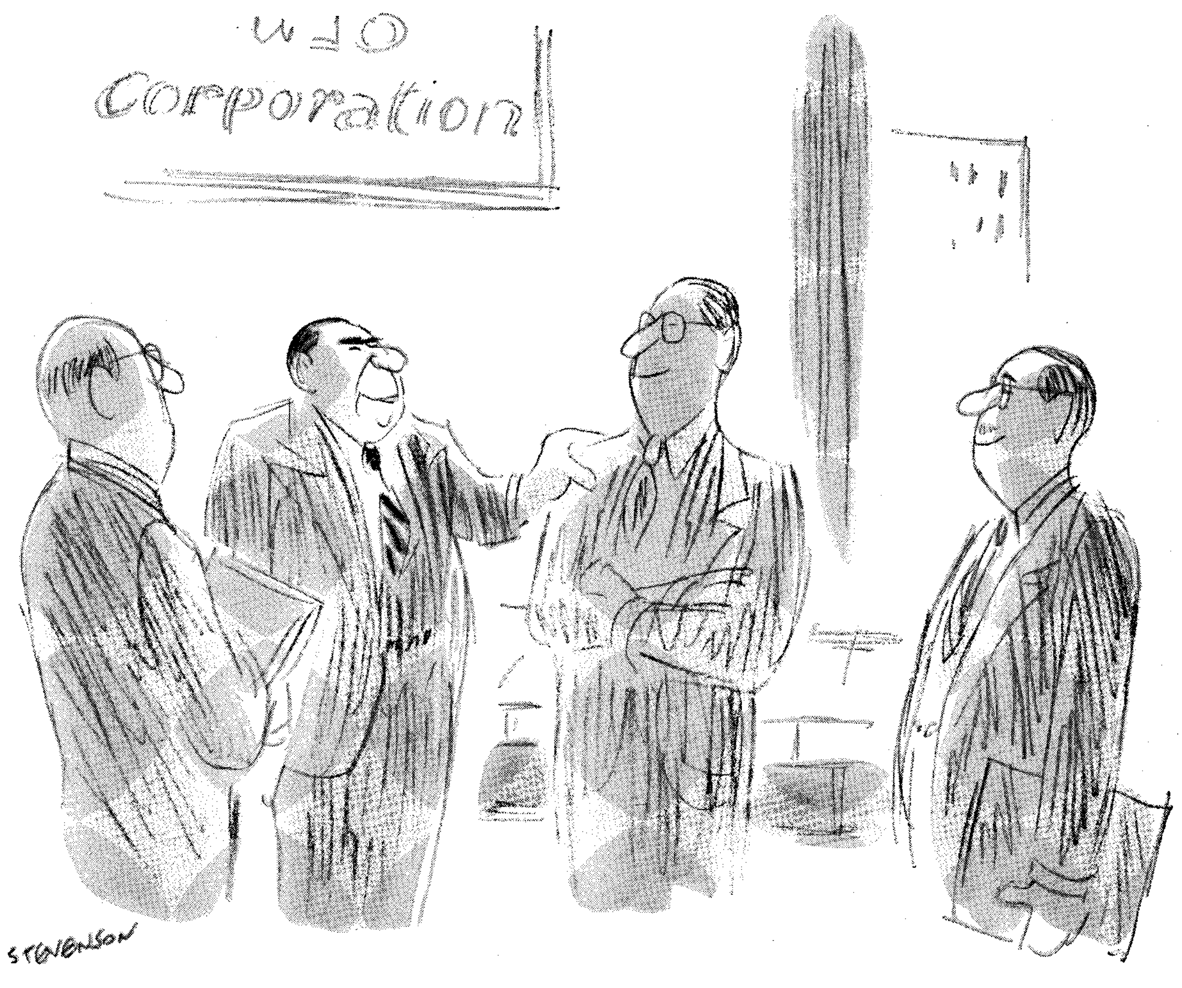
OCTOBER 30TH: John Hammond's autobiography, "John Hammond on Record" (Ridge Press/Summit Books), is the reverse of what one expected. It is frank and buoyant about his family and background, and low-voiced and defensive about his place in jazz music and civil liberties. Moreover, the book, written in collaboration with Irving Townsend, is delivered in a styleless, store-bought monotone that is the direct opposite of Hammond's ebullient, superlative-spattered self.

Hammond was born in 1910 in a Vanderbilt mansion on East Ninety-first Street, which still looks carefully down on Andrew Carnegie's Georgian house across the way. The mansion had, Hammond tells us, six stories and two cellars, a ballroom seating two hundred and fifty, two elevators, and a staff of sixteen. It also had gleaming parquet floors, eighteen-foot ceilings, and immense marble fireplaces. Hammond took pains when he was at St. Bernard's, a nearby boys' private school, to enter the house by a circuitous back route, so that no one would know where he lived. His father came from the Midwest and was the son of a Union general. He became a wealthy banker, railroad man, and lawyer, but the boss was Hammond's mother, Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, a great-granddaughter of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, and an enormously wealthy woman. She still engages Hammond. He says of her:

> She was both fascinated and repelled by the high society which was her natural station, and she soon fashioned her own way of living with it. It was not possible for her to rebel politically as a young girl, and she knew little of politics anyway. But through religion she could rebel socially. She would not flaunt wealth as her mother did. Instead she would impose, first upon herself and later upon her family, a code of moral behavior and responsibility which would serve as an example to her small world of the duties of the blessed. She was a beautiful woman, tall for her time, and with the erect bearing the nineteenth century required of elegant ladies. There was no arrogance in it, simply evidence of good breeding. Vanity was lavished only on her hair and ankles. She had her hair—a woman's "crowning glory"—cared for regularly by the only Jewish woman she knew, Mrs. Block, whom she described as a Hebrew. She cared little for clothes, never wore a dab of powder in her life, and would not allow lipstick to be brought into her house. Her only formal education was private tutoring by Miss Spence; her parents did not approve her mixing with even the uncommon herd in private schools. Like all Vanderbilt women, with the exception of my sister Adele, she did not go to college.

She never drank or smoked. She did not approve of Democrats, and her knowledge of racial minorities was limited to fantasies. "I want you to know that everybody is born alike," she told Hammond. "But with Negroes their skulls harden when they are twelve. There *is* a difference." She played the piano, recited poetry and the Bible, and believed in an afterlife. She did not dance or swim, and was physically inhibited—unlike her mother, Emily Thorne Vanderbilt, who was "extremely proud of her bosom and very daring for her day about revealing it." Hammond's mother was a soft touch and a philanthropist, who toward the end of her life (she lived to be ninety-six) became so involved with Moral Re-Armament that he and his sisters feared for the family fortunes and were forced to intercede.

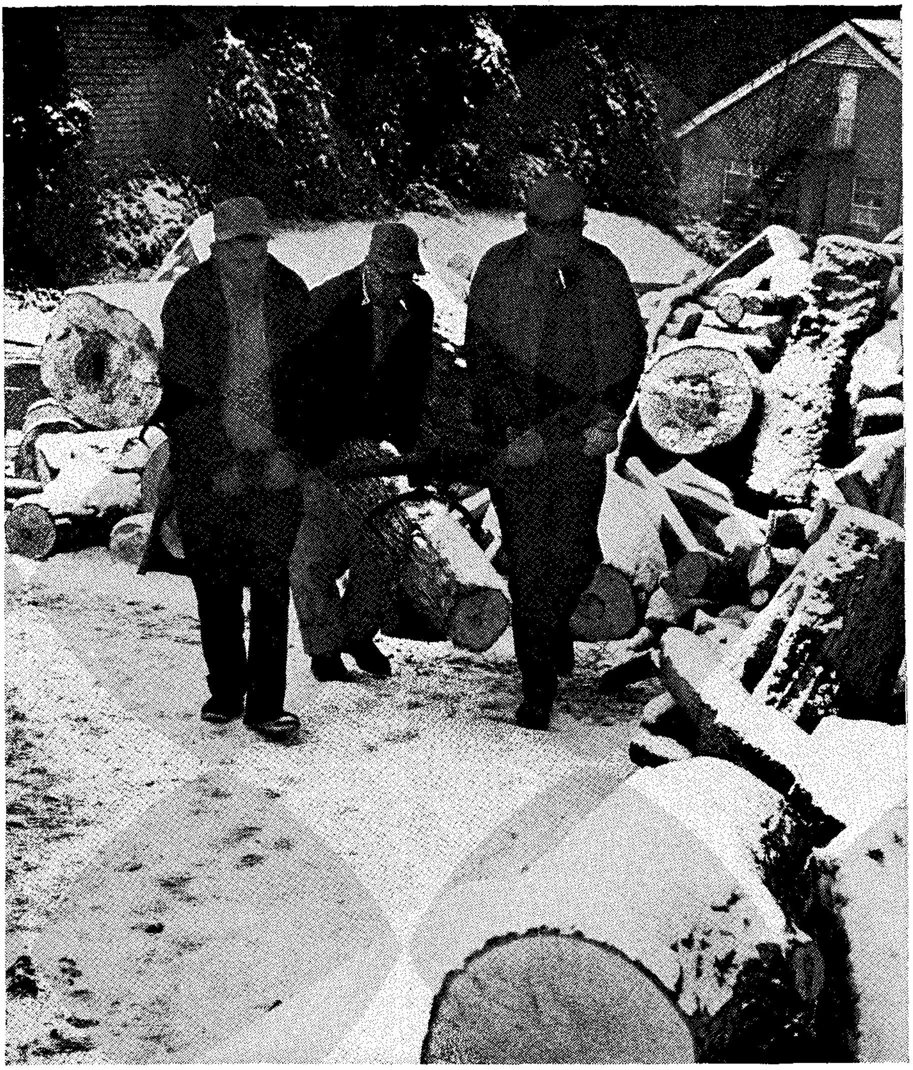
Hammond switched to Browning from St. Bernard's, and until he went away to Hotchkiss he "lived the life of a coddled little rich boy, tolerant like my mother of weaknesses and sins in others, intolerant of any fall from grace in myself, ignorant as Mother was of the world beyond our island of social and financial equals, except to realize that there were people out there who were not like us. I shared her religious fervor, her prejudices, and her saintly resolve to set an example for others, then to forgive them when they failed to measure up to it. Like her, I was already the reformer, fired with her energy, certain in the right, oblivious to



"You fellas are going to be in charge of letting me know if I ever stop playing by the rules."

physical infirmities [his mother had become a Christian Scientist] which all right-minded flesh could overcome, an inheritor of the guilt and therefore the obligations of wealth." Hotchkiss, in the persons of its headmaster and a senior English teacher, both the sort of provincial Puritan liberals who have aerated New England prep schools for seventy years, turned Hammond around. He entered Yale in the fall of 1929 but within two years had dropped out, because of two attacks of hepatitis and an already consuming interest in jazz and black people. (He recovered from his second bout of hepatitis at the Millionaires' Club in Georgia, where he would bring the Chicago *Defender*, the Baltimore *Afro-American*, and the Pittsburgh *Courier* into the dining room, to the astonishment of the black waiters.) In September of 1931, he produced his first recording, for Columbia, with the pianist Garland Wilson, and shortly afterward he moved from Ninety-first Street to an apartment on Sullivan Street.

By this time, Hammond was well grounded musically. He had taken up the violin at eight (he later switched to viola), and had been exposed to improvised music at twelve, when he heard Paul Specht's Georgians in London. He had already started reading *Variety* and collecting records, and soon he was sneaking out to shows. Hotchkiss let him come to New York to pursue his violin lessons, after which he got in the habit of dropping into the Alhambra Theatre or the Club Saratoga or Smalls Paradise in Harlem to hear the likes of Bessie Smith, Duke Ellington, Sidney De Paris, Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, and Bill Coleman, and he continued these adventures while he was at Yale. Before long, he had become an impresario out of sheer pluck, and as the thirties went on his accomplishments grew dazzling. He "discovered," helped discover, or furthered the careers of Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Charlie Christian, Teddy Wilson, Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Chu Berry, Benny Carter, Benny Goodman (who married Hammond's sister Alice), Red Allen, Jo Jones, Lionel Hampton, Helen Humes, Lena Horne, Fletcher Henderson, Gene Krupa, Israel Crosby, and more. He made bellwether recordings, for Columbia and its affiliated labels, with Henderson, Holiday, Goodman, Bessie Smith (her last and in many ways her greatest recordings), Wilson, Mildred Bailey, and Basie. He broke the color line repeatedly by putting together mixed bands for in-person ap-



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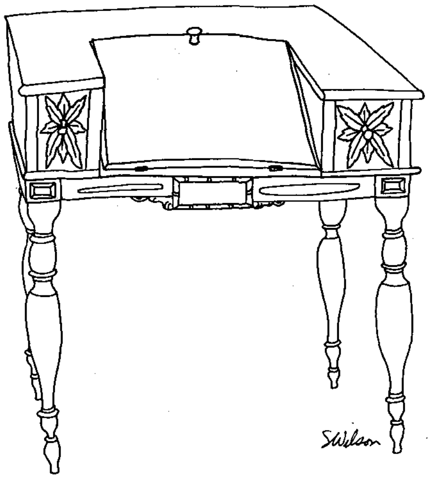
pearances, radio broadcasts, and recordings. (Hammond covered the Scottsboro trials in the early thirties for *The Nation*, and he joined the board of directors of the N.A.A.C.P. in 1935. He was never entirely happy with the organization, feeling that it was too conservative, and he resigned in 1967.) He also put on the two invaluable "Spirituals to Swing" concerts at Carnegie Hall in 1938 and 1939, and had recordings of them released on the Vanguard label in 1959. Hammond had a quiet time in the forties, but in the fifties he engineered a superb series of recordings for Vanguard and Columbia around Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, Ellis Larkins, Ruby Braff, Jimmy Rushing, Mel Powell, and Jo Jones. And he has not been idle since, for he has also shepherded Mahalia Jackson, Bob Dylan, Aretha Franklin, Leonard Cohen, and Bruce Springsteen. Hammond's various emprises have sometimes obscured his larger accomplishments. He helped clear the way for desegregation. He showed Americans that they had for their delectation an amazing new music that was largely the invention and the glory of American blacks. He changed the course of Western music by championing Basie and Holiday and Goodman, to say nothing of enabling them to have solid careers when they might not have had any. He got America swinging.

Hammond seems somewhat dazed by all this himself, for he puts little energy into recounting his exploits. He mentions hearing Lester Young when Young was with a faltering King Oliver in 1933, but he doesn't say where or how or what. He mentions making Bessie Smith's last records, but again gives us almost no details. He does reveal, slowly and unwittingly, that he does not understand (or sometimes even like) those musicians who have not needed his help or have rejected it. He favors Fletcher Henderson's Joe Smith over Louis Armstrong, which is like rating Utrillo over Picasso. He doesn't like Frank Sinatra, and he has mixed feelings about Duke Ellington, who kept him at arm's length. His attitudes toward Mildred Bailey and Red Norvo, who were sometimes his guidons, are oddly ambivalent. (He accuses Mildred Bailey of being jealous of Billie Holiday!) Some of his musical opinions are refractory, too. He declares that Coleman Hawkins reached his peak in 1933, when Hawkins, dispensing styles right and left, had just slipped into gear. He dismisses the admirable violinist Claude Williams, and he puffs the lachrymose, romantic Chu Berry. And, in a queer passage, he refuses to accept the new and seemingly watertight version of Bessie Smith's death advanced by Chris Albertson in "Bessie."

Hammond the enthusiast sums himself up: "It will always be difficult for me to sit still, to wait for a moment or a day before setting out to discover the world all over again. I am an early riser, among the first to buy each day's *Times*, and my daily armful of new magazines is as much my trademark as my crewcut. Since I first discovered Mr. Epstein's newsstand at 91st Street and Madison Avenue I have never missed an issue of any periodical with something to say. This compulsion to see, to read, to hear everything as soon as possible, is as strong now as it ever was, and to be the first to know—or, certainly, never the last—is vitally important to me."

NOVEMBER 15TH: At the beginning of this decade, Charles Mingus was pretty much out of it. He was tinkering with big bands, performing his old pieces by rote, and playing in an inexact and diffuse way. He had more or less scuttled himself—this brilliant, stubborn, wild man—by growing to a size that prevented him from performing properly and by allowing his temper to get out of hand. A new generation of musicians should have been sitting at his feet, but they were worshipping Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane and Miles Davis, none of whom Mingus has ever worshipped. He long ago presaged the current avant-garde in jazz. He toyed with rhythms, using accelerando and decelerando, ad lib, and the abstract patterns forwarded by Coleman. He experimented with improvising, giving his musicians motifs or scales or a note or two on which to construct their solos. He used dissonance and original harmonies (often traceable to Duke Ellington) and



long, brand-new melodic lines, which moved unexpectedly, even harshly, but had lyricism and beauty. He did other things of paramount importance: he reintroduced improvised ensembles into jazz (rough and often anti-melodic, they were cathartic for both players and listeners); he helped bring along the swarm of new bassists which surrounds us (at his best, he was the greatest of bassists, going several steps further than such players as Jimmy Blanton, Oscar Pettiford, Red Mitchell, and Ray Brown); and he founded an unofficial school of modern jazz (out of which came such first-class musicians as John Handy, Jimmy Knepper, Ted Curson, Bobby Jones, Roland Hanna, Wade Legge, Eric Dolphy, Charles McPherson, Clarence Shaw, Jaki Byard, Roland Kirk, Willie Dennis, Booker Ervin, and, perhaps most important, the excellent Dannie Richmond, whom Mingus enrolled when he had been playing drums barely a year).

Mingus appears to be blooming again. He has performed in an exhilarating fashion at the Newport Jazz Festival in the past couple of years, and he is writing and recording. His playing has taken on its old density and tone, its unique hardness and delicate resonance. His newest record, "Charles Mingus: Three or Four Shades of Blues" (SD 1700), is on Atlantic, which supported his consummate excursions of twenty years ago, and it is subtle and funny and full of Mingus's peculiar and unmistakable authority. There are five numbers, most of them blues, and all of them by Mingus with the exception of a heavy nod in the direction of "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," titled simply "Nobody Knows." "Better Git Hit in Your Soul" and "Goodbye, Porkpie Hat" are reworkings of material first recorded some fifteen years ago. "Better Git Hit," written when Mingus was rambunctiously mixing blues and gospel music, is taken at a faster tempo and does not have the hippy, heavy swing of the original, but "Goodbye, Porkpie Hat" (a eulogy for Lester Young) is far more relaxed and lyrical than the first recording, and it has one of Mingus's most affecting melodies. "Noddin Ya Head Blues" is just that—a medium-slow string of solos enclosed by a handsome blues melody. "Three or Four Shades of Blues" is vintage Mingus. The rhythms change and stop and accelerate, there are several strains, there is an all too short but nicely turbulent collective ensemble, and there is a lot of humor. Jimmy

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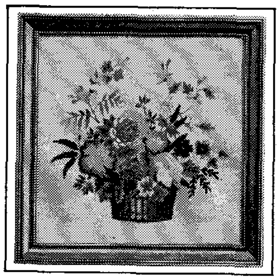

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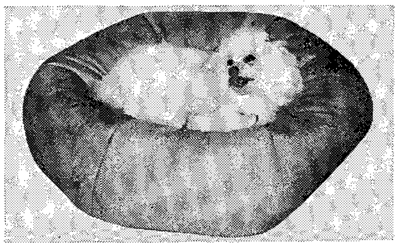

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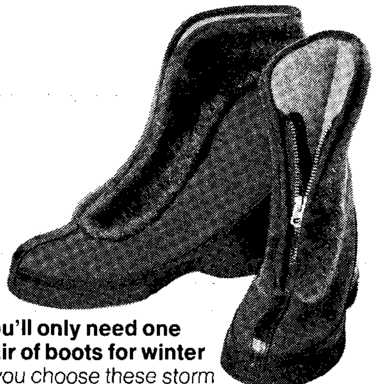
Rowles is folded briefly into the number, and he plays a lyrical ad-lib passage that Mingus, in the notes, calls a "Caucasian folk blues." There is also a stiff-legged parody of the old Basie rhythm section "walking" through an eight-bar bridge. The group Mingus has been working with for the last year or so—Jack Walrath on trumpet, Ricky Ford on tenor saxophone, Bob Neloms on piano, and Dannie Richmond on drums—has been augmented by George Coleman or Sonny Fortune on reeds, George Mraz or Ron Carter on bass, and Philip Catherine and Larry Coryell on guitar. These last add a glistening, spidery quality to some of the passages, particularly when they chord along behind Mingus's several refreshing solos. Catherine, who is Belgian, summons up Django Reinhardt, but Coryell's sound is distorted and his melodic lines are hysterical. (When Coryell came up in 1965, he sounded like the best guitarist we had had in this country since Charlie Christian. But not long afterward he was one of the first jazz musicians to cross over to rock, and his promise has never been fulfilled.) Walrath is a vigorous soloist who at times suggests the curving gentleness of Don Fagerquist. Ford, Fortune, and Coleman are hard-bop saxophonists of the kind Mingus likes, and Neloms is still finding his way. Richmond is badly recorded, and, for that matter, the whole album has little clarity or pep. But Richmond *seems* busy and inspired and precise back there.

DECEMBER 9TH: The pianist and composer Herbie Nichols died in 1963 at the age of forty-four. He was gifted, elusive, bedevilled. He made his living in Dixieland bands when, in truth, he compared favorably with Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell. Almost his entire mature recorded output was done between May of 1955 and November of 1957, when he set down thirty-two titles for the Blue Note and Bethlehem labels. The critics made much of the recordings, and for a time Nichols was petted and admired, but this didn't change the shape of his career. Perhaps it was too late. Bebop already sounded conventional, even old-fashioned, and hard-bop was teeming with pianists who at first hearing played rings around him. Then Ornette Coleman arrived and unintentionally slammed the door on the forties and fifties. Nichols died in obscurity, but he has recently begun to flourish in memoirs and reissues. Bethlehem has brought out its 1957 L.P. as "Herbie



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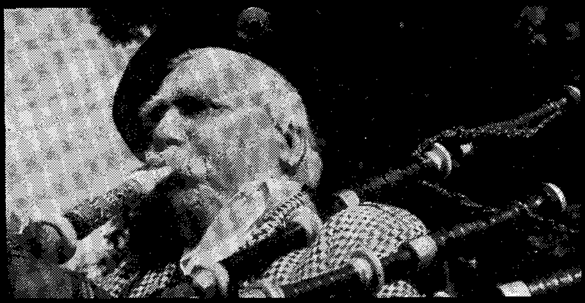
Nichols” (BCP-6028), and Blue Note has put together its four Nichols sessions as “Herbie Nichols: The Third World” (BN-LA-485-H2). The Blue Note reissue has a fine memoir by the trombonist Roswell Rudd, who studied with Nichols in 1960. And the short chapter on Nichols in A. B. Spellman’s “Four Lives in the Bebop Business”—that wayward, fascinating, critical-political set of biographical studies (Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, and Jackie McLean are the other subjects)—is available again in a Schocken paperback, which has been inexplicably retitled “Black Music: Four Lives.” Nichols was born in New York of West Indian parents, and he was a kind, proud, bemused, very tall man with intellectual leanings. He had roamed widely in the literature of classical piano, and he knew every jazz style. It is not clear from reading Rudd and Spellman why his career was such a botch. He frequently exchanged ideas with Monk, he worked for Lucky Thompson and Sonny Stitt and Archie Shepp, he showed his songs to Mary Lou Williams, who used some of them. But nothing happened, and he kept finding himself on the bandstand with Wilbur De Paris and Doc Cheatham and Big Nick Nicholas.

Whether they admit it or not, most jazz improvisers are caught within the space created by the composer of the tune they are playing. Nichols, though, created his own space. All but four of the numbers on the reissues are his, and he doesn’t burrow into them, as improvisers are wont to do, but constantly enlarges them. He likes his melodies, and he keeps returning to them, so that by the end of the performance they seem twice as imposing. His style owes its squiggly runs to Ellington and Monk, its broken phrase endings to Bud Powell, and most of its harmonic content to Monk. And Monk governs many of his songs. When Nichols plays, there are no rests or bare places or patches of blue sky. His music is dense and vertical. The right hand moves through stop-and-go single-note melodic lines that fall on the beat or run ahead into arpeggios or glisses, or into chords that quickly dissolve into fresh single-note lines. All the while, the left hand clucks and fusses and harangues. It plays offbeat chords and single notes, stridelike rhythms, and echoes of the right hand. At first, it is difficult to tell whether Nichols’ technique was faulty or he purposely played in such a haphazard, fluctuating way. He misses notes, lets the final notes of phrases die, and allows runs to come out faded and



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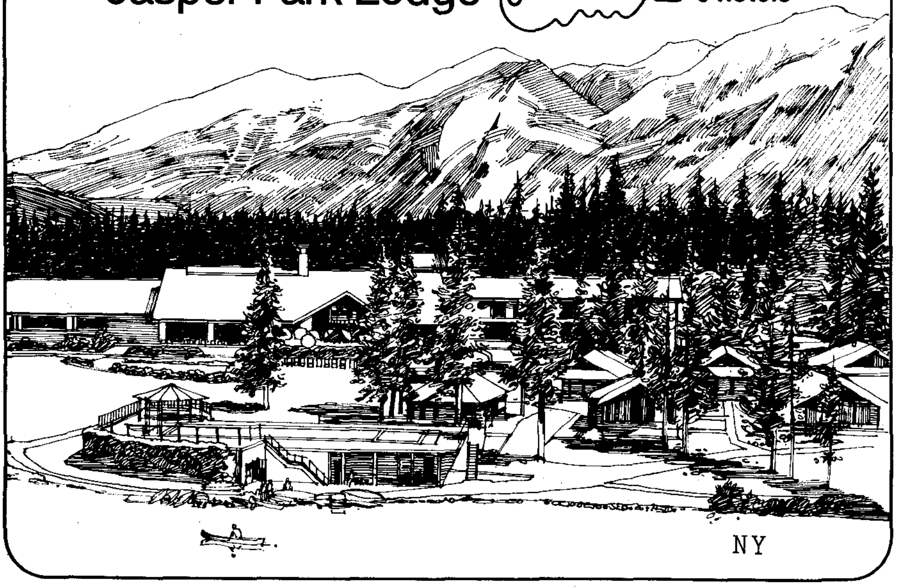

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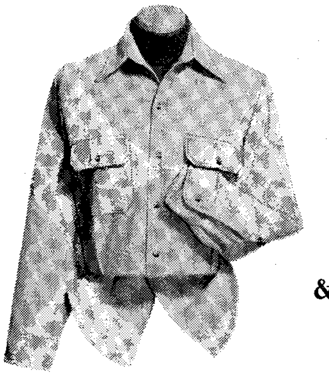

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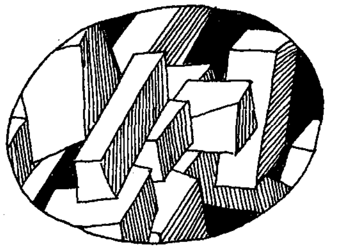
almost inaudible while the succeeding phrase trumpets and blares. But Nichols knew exactly what he was doing. Indeed, his self-knowledge and pianistic abilities were so acute that his playing has a calculated, almost cold cast to it. It rings and asserts and proclaims (like Buddy Rich, in a way), and maybe this quality put off some of Nichols' colleagues, most of whom took their talents for granted.

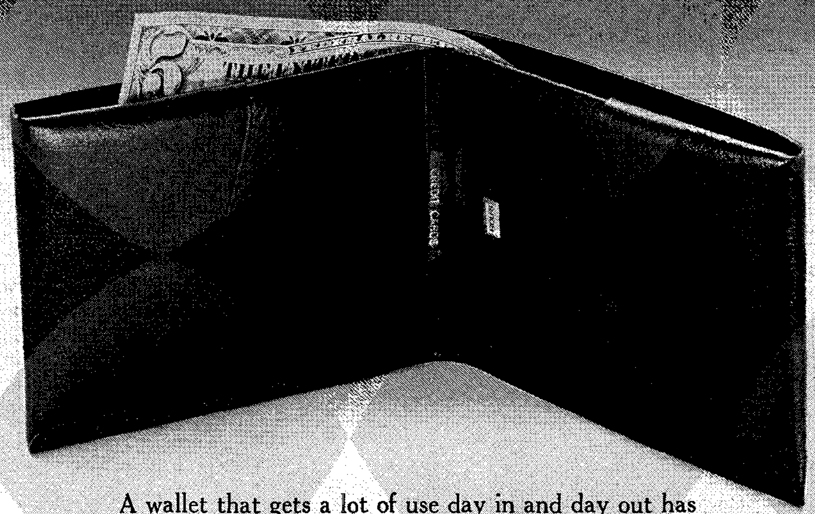


Nichols was a pianist of considerable originality who fashioned attractive umbrellas of sound, and it is easy to dip into the reissues anywhere. His minor-key songs, often arranged in descending chords ("The Spinning Song," "House Party Starting"), are almost catchy, and so are some of his fast numbers ("Terpsichore," "Brass Rings"). Nichols' best solos dance, and to such an extent that they would work well for many modern choreographers. He uses three alternating bassists (Al McKibbon, Teddy Kotick, George Duvivier) and three drummers (Art Blakey, Max Roach, Dannie Richmond), and it is interesting that none of the six have ever played better on records. Nichols said that he would have loved to be a drummer (the tonal effects of drums fascinated him, and he felt that they formed a central part of any performance), and there is an enfolding percussiveness about his playing which clearly surprised and challenged his accompanists. Red Norvo once pointed out that many musicians end up playing the wrong instrument. Perhaps Nichols was one.

DECEMBER 18TH: The pianist Randy Weston was born seven years after Nichols but shares much with him, for he, too, has passed close to both Monk and Ellington. Weston, though, has achieved a far more comfortable level in jazz than Nichols, and his success is no clearer than Nichols' failure. The content of Nichols' solos was invariably high; he never wasted time and he was remarkably free of self-plagiarism and clichés. But aside from the Monk coloration, and occasional streaks of Tatum and Bud Powell, Weston has always seemed more of a dramatist than a pianist. He uses massive chords, deep ostinato basses, and the sort of rhythmic iteration that is often taken for swinging. Such was the case at the end of October when Weston gave the first of this season's genial Sunday-evening concerts at the Church of the Heavenly Rest (presented every six weeks or so throughout the winter). Weston, in company with the bassist Vishnu Wood, the conga drummer Candido, the bassist and oud player Ahmed Abdul-Malik, and the percussionist Azzedin Weston (his son), played non-stop for two hours. Even heavy injections of north- and west-African melodies and rhythms didn't alleviate the theatricality of the music. Weston rumbled on and on in the lower registers, offered a long medley of his own tunes, supplied ostinato figures that went by like freights, and played peekaboo with his son and Candido during their immense statements. The church was packed and the audience enthralled. Poor Nichols.

The second Heavenly Rest concert, held tonight, offered the tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon. After a long spell abroad, Gordon returned a year ago for a tour that was not only commercially successful but had messianic overtones. Gordon came along in the late forties, and he based his style largely on the second Lester Young—the hard, declamatory Young who appeared in the mid-forties after a ruinous brush with the military. Using a curious, almost paradoxical rhythmic combination of the legato and the staccato, little vibrato, an unflinching tone, and a monolithic slow-motion attack, Gordon developed a way of playing that helped bring into being the boxy, hard-bop saxophonists of the late fifties. But he has perfected a quality most of them lack: a kind of fervent detachment that—along with his great height and seignorial stage manner—probably explains the reverence shown him by his audiences. (Sonny Rollins' sabbatical and his passing over into electronic music haven't hurt Gordon, either.) Gordon was in true form tonight, his lackadaisical rhythm section notwithstanding, and it was instructive to hear him wall in with his cement blocks of sound such tunes as "Autumn Leaves," "Groovin' High," a blues called "Tenor Madness," and Mel Tormé's "A Christmas Song." The bebop trumpeter Red Rodney was added for the last two numbers but to little purpose.

DECEMBER 28TH: A new and highly original history of recorded jazz is nearing completion. It is part of the "Recorded Anthology of American Music," a Rockefeller Foundation-supported project to preserve on a hundred L.P.s some of the rarest and choicest American music. The L.P.s—half are reissues and half are new—are being produced by experts, academic and otherwise, and are on the special New World label. In addition to jazz, the anthology includes premier recordings of Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson's opera "The Mother of Us All" and of nineteenth-century organ music by Dudley Buck, Horatio Parker, John Knowles Paine, and W. Eugene Thayer, along with reissues of John Philip Sousa, Alan Lomax's gospel recordings, and Gershwin, Porter, and other composers performing their own songs. The reissue albums are not for sale to the public, but they can be borrowed from libraries here and abroad. The jazz releases are made up mostly of reissues taken from various labels, and nine of thirteen albums are out. They are, in rough chronological order: "Steppin' on the Gas: Rags to Jazz, 1913-1927;" "Sweet and Low Blues: Big Bands and Territory Bands of the 20s;" "Jammin' for the Jackpot: Big Bands and Territory Bands of the 30s;" "Little Club Jazz: Small Groups in the 30s;" "Jive at Five: The Style-Makers of Jazz, 1920s-1930s;" "Bebop;" "Jazz in Revolution: The Big Bands in the 1940s;" "Nica's Dream: Small Jazz Groups of the 50s and Early 60s;" and "Mirage: Avant-Garde and Third-Stream Jazz." The album notes have been written by Larry Gushee, Frank Driggs, Nat Hentoff, Gunther Schuller, Burt Korall, Dan Morgenstern, J. R. Taylor, and Richard Seidel, which, give or take a few souls, is the old *Jazz Review* crowd—jazz's New Critics. Two considerations have governed the selections: the anthology's the-rarer-the-better philosophy and the availability of materials. Many record companies have been gracious about lending their jazz recordings and apparently many have not. So the jazz history turns out to be, wittingly—and unwittingly, too, one suspects—a marvellous repository of the second-rate, the freakish, the also-rans, and the forgotten. (This rightly and refreshingly suggests that the surest way to teach the arts is to expose students to the best *and* the second or third best. Mix Blake with Felicia Hemans, Louis Armstrong with Taft Jordan, Max Beerbohm with Spy.) Benny Goodman is represented by a sextet number and Ellington by four of his small bands. There is one Bennie Moten, just two Basies, and no Lunceford. Louis Armstrong has one middling big-band selection



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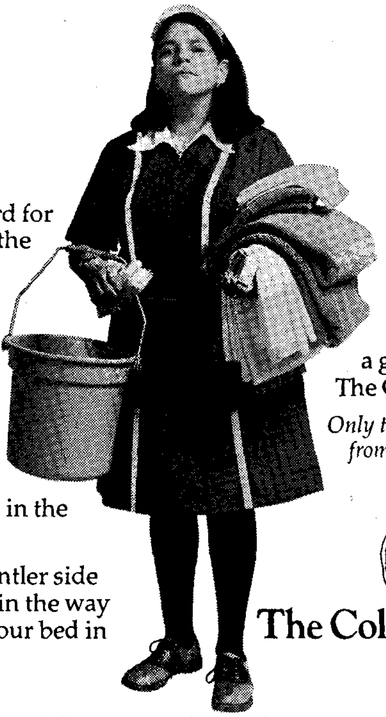

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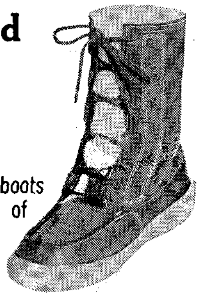

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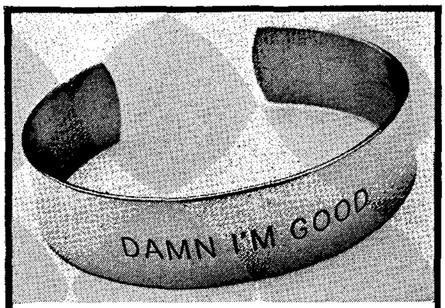

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from the thirties. King Oliver is absent, and so is Jelly Roll Morton. There is little Fats Waller and no Billie Holiday or Art Tatum or Roy Eldridge. What we are given includes two selections by Jim Europe's 1914 orchestra which verge on jazz and have the extraordinary drummer Buddy Gilmore; the dreadful Brown Brothers, a sextet of mooing saxophonists from 1915; two 1927 numbers by the loose, swinging contrapuntal Sam Morgan band from New Orleans; "Dunn's Cornet Blues," made in 1924 by the New York cornettist Johnny Dunn, whose blue notes refused to bend; three 1929 sides by the elastic, racing trumpeter Jabbo Smith, who mirrored Louis Armstrong and foreshadowed Dizzy Gillespie; the obscure, by-night territory bands of the thirties—Hunter's Serenaders, Grant Moore and His New Orleans Black Devils, J. Neal Montgomery and His Orchestra, Zach Whyte's Chocolate Beau Brummels—which were largely reflections of their urban betters (they produced such players as Sy Oliver, Herman Chittison, and Elmer Crumbley); a couple of Stan Kenton's alarming, three-hundred-men-in-a-boat excursions into Wagnerland; and an awful "Knock, Knock" number by Stuff Smith's harum-scarum 1936 band. Some of the selections are needlessly second-rate. The great bass saxophonist Adrian Rollini made far better recordings than "Bugle Call Rag," and if Joe Marsala's Hickory House band was to be included, what about "Jim Jam Stomp" complete with a rampaging, very young Buddy Rich? John Kirby's creamy "Bugler's Dilemma" is hardly fair to the listener when the headlong "Royal Garden Blues" was available, and neither is Sidney Bechet's "What Is This Thing Called Love?" when "Lady Be Good" has never been reissued. But the history unavoidably contains marvels, among them Bobby Hackett's subtle and ingenious solo on "Jungle Love," which is an odd Teddy Wilson small-band date from 1938 that also includes Johnny Hodges (Hackett's solo explains the excitement that greeted his arrival in New York that year); Cootie Williams' aching "Blues in My Condition," done in 1941 with a bunch of Benny Goodman's boys not long after Williams had defected from the Ellington band; "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," one of the gracious lyrical small-band dates that Red Allen and Coleman Hawkins did in the early thirties; Charlie Parker's twin monuments "Embraceable You" and "Parker's

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Mood" (hardly rare, though); Red Norvo's "Congo Blues," with Parker and Dizzy Gillespie; two cool, serene numbers by the Joe Mooney Quartet; Claude Thornhill's 1947 band, with its mauve Gil Evans sonorities; and Duke Ellington's startling "Clothed Woman," a part-stride-piano, part-atonal construction made in the same year.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE DARK DECEMBER NIGHT OF THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

[*Handbill distributed to passengers on the morning of December 6, 1977, by the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority*]

The snow actually had very little to do with operating problems last evening. For your information, here is a run down of what happened:

1. At 1 P.M. a B & M freight train derailed in Charlestown, resulting in two freight cars across the main line tracks from Reading, Ipswich and Gloucester. No service could be operated on these lines until at least one track was clear. One track was re-opened for service at 2:30 P.M. The second track was not able to be cleared until 7:30 P.M., forcing all trains, in and out, to use the one track.
2. At 2:15 P.M. a power failure at the Saugus River drawbridge left the bridge in the open position. It was not able to be lowered until 4:30 P.M., resulting in no service to or from Ipswich or Gloucester.

When service was resumed, many cars needed for the rush hour were stranded on the line and unable to get either the cars or crews to Boston for other scheduled runs.

3. The B & M telephone system was knocked out due to mechanical and electrical problems. The Malden Center railroad telephone cables had been cut by vandals.
4. The 5 P.M. Lowell express, which is pulled by a locomotive, had the locomotive fail in North Somerville, resulting in a tie up of trains to Woburn and Lowell.
5. The Rockport train which left Boston about 5:50 P.M., again hauled by a locomotive, had the locomotive fail enroute, further delaying trains to the North Shore.
6. The scheduled 4:50 P.M. and 5:10 P.M. trains to Reading experienced mechanical problems after being coupled together, and did not leave North Station until nearly 6 P.M. Travel time, in addition, was slow because of the freight derailment and single track through Charlestown.
7. South Action trains were the least affected, but some trains were cancelled or re-scheduled because of the lack of cars or crews. The tie up on the other lines resulted in a shortage of cars and crews in North Station at rush hour.

Last night's problems were an incredible series of disastrous coincidences. We expect this to be the last bad winter for our passengers. Roadbed and signal improvements are being made and new coaches have been ordered. We apologize for last night's inconvenience.

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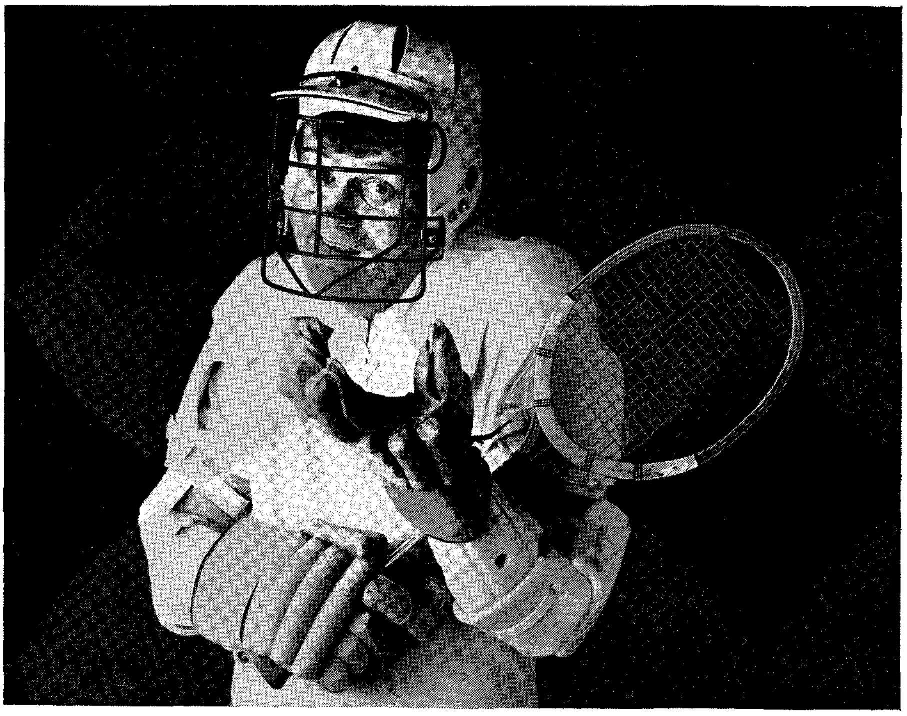

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fear of Heights

THE congregating of the ravens and crows on the jungle gym in "The Birds" is ominously funny—it's a joke. When pigeons gather on a jungle gym in Mel Brooks' "High Anxiety," it's just a rehash of Hitchcock's joke. Restaging some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects, Mel Brooks seems to be under the impression that he's adding a satirical point of view, but it's a child's idea of satire: imitation, with a funny hat and a leer. Hitchcock's suspense melodramas are sparked by his perverse wit; they're satirical to start with. Brooks replaces the wit with romping and yelling and yocks; now the birds spatter him, and one perches on his head. After Woody Allen used a movie-related theme in "Play It Again, Sam," he moved on. Brooks went from burlesquing Westerns in "Blazing Saddles" to burlesquing mad-scientist/monster films in "Young Frankenstein." That was a classic of crazy comedy, and he should have dropped genre parody then; for one thing, his disciples, Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman, were crowding into the same manhole. But he stayed in there for more Hollywood spoofery in "Silent Movie," and now it's "High Anxiety" and Hitchcock. He's making a career out of travesties of old movies. At the rate he's going, with plans being discussed for "Bombs Away!," a take-off of Second World War movies, and for a Busby Berkeley or an Esther Williams send-up, the one after that will be "The Birth of a Nation."

Mel Brooks grabs us by the lapels and screams into our faces, "Laugh! *It's funny!*" The open secret of his comedy is that his material isn't necessarily funny—it's being grabbed by the lapels that makes us laugh. (It's being grabbed by the lapels that makes us stop laughing, too.) Brooks has never been accused of being a director with a light touch; he has never needed one more than in "High Anxiety." Brooks plays the central role of Dr. Richard H. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist, who arrives at the Los Angeles airport and is accosted by a homosexual exhibitionist and then greeted by a buffoon (Ron Carey) who announces, "I'm Brophy. I work at the institute. I came to pick you up. I'm going to be your driver and sidekick." Dr. Thorndyke is the new director of the Psycho-Neurotic Institute for the Very, *Very* Nervous—the previous one having died suddenly. The picture hasn't been on ten minutes but you've already had a sample of its kiddie-comics hyperbole, its cheesy casting, and the reflexive use of elderly jokes—all of which keep "High Anxiety" from making parodistic connections with Hitchcock's style, which is based on exaggerated situations but also on the performers' scrupulously controlled reactions.

As an actor, Brooks is proudest of his stunt of impersonating smoothies and swells—the sort of people who would consider Mel Brooks a manic vulgarian. You're conscious of the pleasure he takes in any dress-up sham. His Dr. Thorndyke is like a felon posing as a dapper college dean—the campus dandy. He wears a fedora with the brim turned down, and three-piece suits with a chain across the midriff and his Phi Beta Kappa key dangling right above the navel. With his chin tilted up, the better to acknowledge the obeisance of those he meets, he strolls in a modified lope that has just the faintest suggestion of Jack Benny's undulation. Brooks has prepared the accoutrements of a suavely comic character, but only the accoutrements, and Dr. Thorndyke quickly lapses into the standard Brooks character: a Jewish hobbit who behaves like a pickpocket. Despite the settings, and in a film full of psychiatrists, there's no satire of analytic attitudes. When Dr. Thorndyke leaves the "Spellbound" situation at the institute and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention, and into locations that recall "Vertigo," Brophy accompanies him, delivering lines such as "Doc! Doc! Why did you do it? Why did you do it?" Brophy may be the single most unredeemed creation that Brooks has ever foisted on us: with his dialogue stamped out by a ditto machine, Brophy keeps boring us twice. And the way Ron Carey (of the "Barney Miller" TV series) acts the part, he and Brooks bring out the worst in each other. If a relentless slugger like Ron Carey were cast against a beautiful fighter, it might be an entertaining contest, but with Carey up against another slugger he has to keep punching harder, and you end up hating him.

The whole film suffers from the bad judgment that goes with

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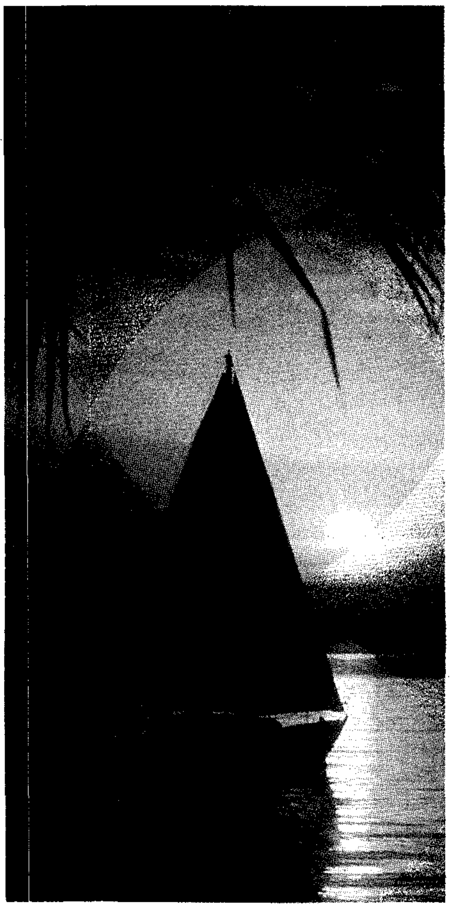

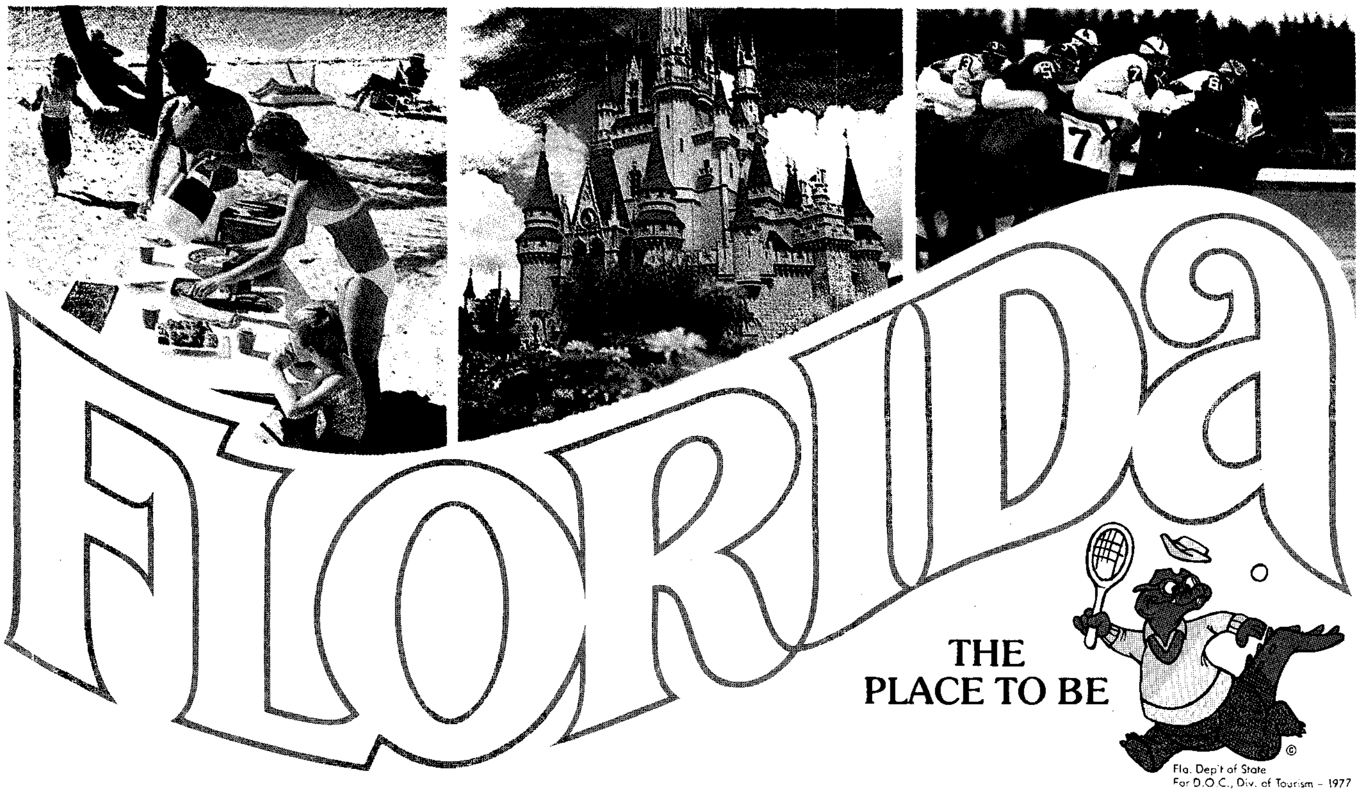

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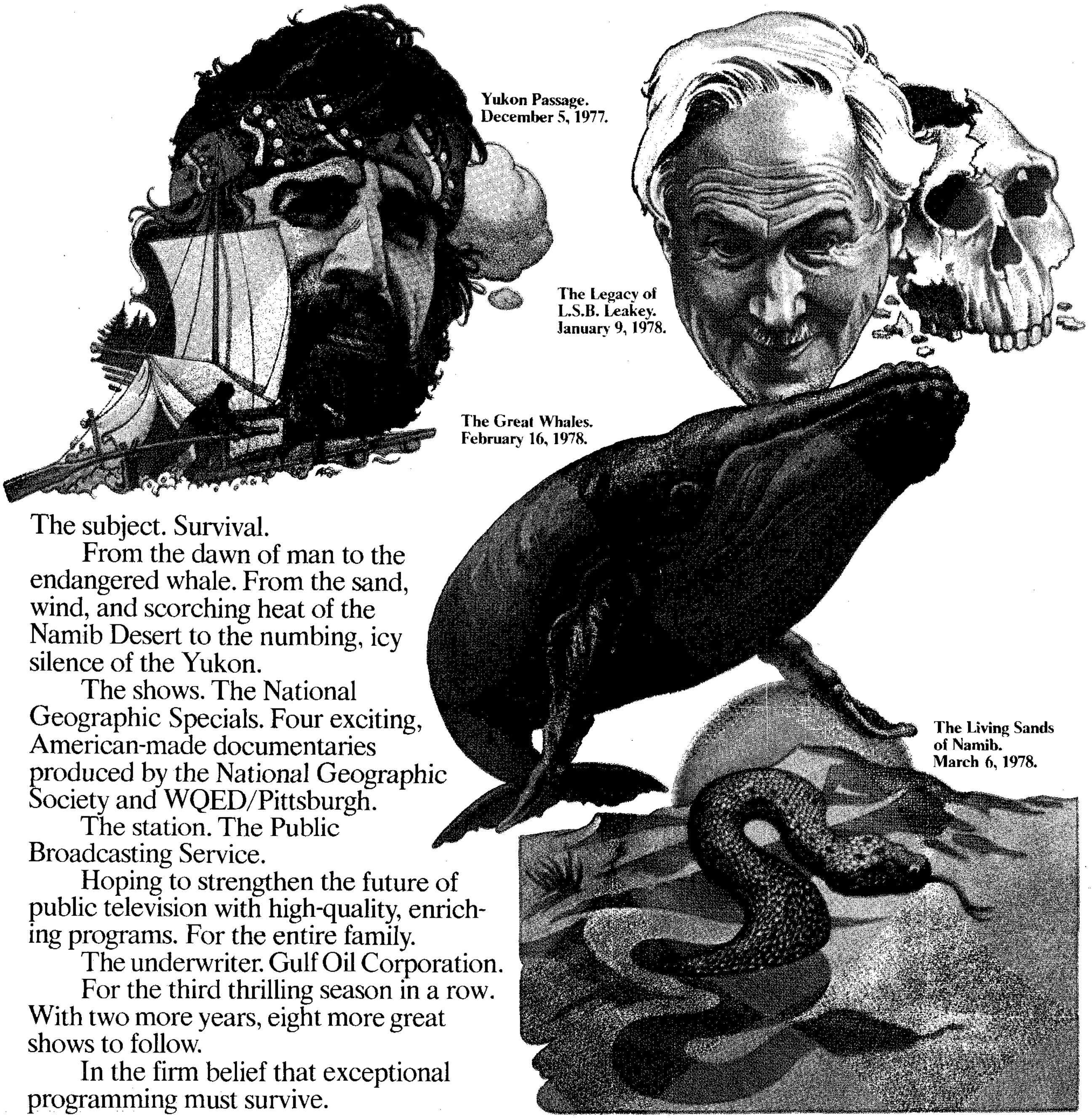

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cronyism. Dick Van Patten, who plays the round-cheeked simp Dr. Wentworth, a psychiatrist who's murdered in his car (in the ugliest, most misconceived sequence), overacts flaccidly—a type of overacting that produces a visceral rejection. (It's like seeing something and suddenly remembering that you have an upset stomach.) The film is full of the kind of performers who need to have a director say no to them, but Brooks likes them too much to restrain them. He doesn't seem to understand that they make us feel queasy. Most of the bad acting here isn't amateurish or unintentional, it's willfully overscaled. Brooks trusts his own excess completely and thinks that all kinds of excess are to be encouraged. That's his notion of stretching. He has cast his three writing associates—Rudy DeLuca, Ron Clark, and Barry Levinson (the team that also collaborated with him on "Silent Movie")—in acting parts, and Levinson's shrill, clamorous performance as a bellboy wrecks the tone of the best-prepared gag in the movie, a twist on the shower scene in "Psycho."

"High Anxiety" is dedicated to Hitchcock as "the master of suspense," and it doesn't have a whisper of suspense. It doesn't operate on any level except that of bumbling slapstick farce, where most of the custard pies miss their targets. The plot—a generous term for it—involves Madeline Kahn as Victoria Brisbane, whose father, an industrialist, has been imprisoned in the institute and is threatened with death. The villains are a masochistic doctor (Harvey Korman) and his sadistic paramour, the heel-clicking Nurse Diesel (Cloris Leachman), who's built like a menacing Nazi Barbie doll. Her breasts point up in a "*Sieg heil!*" salute, and she talks tough, through twisted lips, growling like Lionel Barrymore in "Duel in the Sun." (It sounds as if she were rinsing her clenched teeth.) Nurse Diesel might be great in a blackout sketch, but she's too much like Leachman's Frau Blücher from "Young Frankenstein," and once again the joke wears down. As the heroine, Madeline Kahn doesn't exist as a character; we never for a minute believe that Thorndyke and this girl in the long blond wig are meeting for the first time. Kahn seems to be in the movie because she's a friend of the family; she's taken for granted, like a regular in a TV series. How can "High Anxiety" be a parody of Hitchcock when nothing is at stake? The plot has no momentum, and we don't even see the endangered industrialist until the end. (He is called Arthur Brisbane, which was the name of Hearst's most famous columnist—an inside un-joke.)

Trying to stay within Hitchcock's frame of reference, Brooks loses his own anarchic way of thinking, and his imagination dries up. He drags in the phrase "north by northwest" and brings in a Mr. MacGuffin—as if just mentioning them were funny. He shoots a scene on the exact spot where part of "Vertigo" was filmed and assumes that our recognition of the spot constitutes a victory for him. He wants a laurel wreath for giving us a movie quiz. We sit there and tot up the score. This bit is from "Rebecca." Oh, now he's going outside Hitchcock—this is "The Cobweb," this is "Blow-Up." The point of a satire of movies would be for the satirist to take something we've seen and show us that he had seen something more in it. All Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. The most buoyant sequence in the picture has no connection with Hitchcock. Brooks is in a crowded piano bar with Madeline Kahn when the guests are invited to sing. He takes the microphone and delivers the title song; in a parody of Frank Sinatra's hyper-nonchalant tête-à-tête manner, he breaks up words into sizzling syllables, and moves about, tossing the mike cord from side to side and snapping it like a whip. This natty, sophisticated parodist Brooks steals his own movie, and afterward the gags about Hitchcock seem even worse.

If someone else sounded like Mel Brooks, you might think that rotgut liquor was what did it, or that his vocal cords had survived a rock slide; with Mel Brooks, you assume it's because he has been conducting a vocal reign of terror. Reading interviews with him is a prime comic experience, because you can hear the ecstatic hoarseness, the strangled shouts, the headiness of our greatest self-entertainer. Most people who enjoy their own jokes are a pain, but Brooks is so over-the-border effusive he's disarming. Off the screen, that is—on talk shows or in print. How can one resist his compulsive shamelessness—that demonic peppy kid in him who can't shut up? That kid would break up the Sermon on the Mount. In the movies, it's different. Brooks was half asleep in "Silent Movie"—"endearing" rather than funny. He wanted the public to take him onto its collective lap. In "High Anxiety," the H. in Richard H. Thorndyke turns out to stand for Harpo, and when Brooks forgets about suavity and does openmouthed double takes he's so Harpo-lovable he

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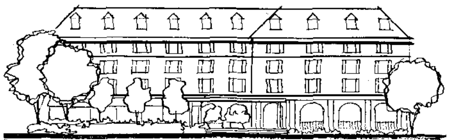

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seems ready to drag in a harp and favor us with a semiclassical interlude.

In a *Playboy* interview in February of 1975, Mel Brooks described the anxiety that sent him to an analyst when he was still in his twenties. He called it "fear of heights," but from his description it wasn't the kind of vertigo that Thorndyke suffers from; it was the fear in a boy who had grown up poor suddenly finding himself making $5,000 a week as a gagwriter on "Your Show of Shows" and terrified that his success was "unreal" and wouldn't last, that he would come down. Now that Brooks makes as much as $5,000,000 on a picture, is the fear even greater?

The timing in Mel Brooks' pictures has always been hit-'em-over-the-head obvious, and the cutting from one character to another is jabbing-at-the-audience cutting. His movies have a crude, mistimed, infantile feeling because they have no visual fluency; he doesn't edit for visual flow—he edits only to give emphasis to the words and gags. With this technique, he has never got subtle, off-center effects; for a joke to work, he really has to bowl us over. That rarely happens in "High Anxiety," and so one may be very conscious of actors making faces and of a desperate pushiness in the editing. Some people, of course, having been television-trained, respond to the jabbing itself—to the technique that is a director's equivalent of lapel clutching. If something is tagged funny, there's a pretty fair chance they'll laugh. Maybe in advance: there's a built-in familiarity that makes it possible for the fans of a successful TV series to laugh before the gag happens—and in order to keep a series going the writers, producers, and directors learn how to feed this familiarity. That's what Brooks does. Movie audiences have begun to think that Mel Brooks is funny because he's Mel Brooks, and they can laugh at "High Anxiety" because if it weren't funny Mel Brooks wouldn't be in it. Brooks' directing manner says "I dare you not to laugh." And he does have a special knack (it may be unconscious): he manages to space the few good jokes so that some people get the idea that they've been laughing continuously.

The trained laughers are now Brooks' audience—the people in Des Moines who will, he claimed in a recent interview in the *Village Voice*, respond mightily to the bondage scene, with Harvey Korman in chains pleading with Cloris Leachman to spank him. When movie directors and performers start comparing the reactions of the audiences in what Brooks called "the smart houses on the East Side" with those of the real people out there in Des Moines who will love their picture, they've had it. Actually, the "smart" audiences watch TV, too, and are getting closer to "Des Moines" all the time. What "Des Moines" really stands for is people whose expectations have been scaled downward, and is making us one nation indivisible in the worst way. (How else explain the widespread success of "Blazing Saddles," which is just dirty TV?) Brooks may be right about "High Anxiety"—it may well snowball at box offices. (Jerry Lewis snowballed for a while, too.) What it comes down to is that the snob audience exists now only in the minds of anxious directors who know they're not doing their best work—who are consciously aiming at the TV-conditioned audience.

Is Brooks actually much interested in Hitchcock? There's neither love nor malice in the imitations here. (If you're not going to get away with using someone else's material, you dedicate the movie to your source.) There was nostalgic affection for burlesque houses and B movies and early radio in Brooks' "The Twelve Chairs," and there was an original, Brooksian finesse—a wild man's finesse—in the zest of the musical numbers in "The Producers" ("Springtime for Hitler") and "Blazing Saddles" ("I get no kick from champagne") and "Young Frankenstein" ("Puttin' on the Ritz"). The best scene in "Silent Movie"—Burt Reynolds narcissistically soaping his prime-cut body and turning into the god Siva—was also the most controlled scene. Brooks' high points are always rhythmed, stylized routines. When he jumps up in the piano bar here, you can feel that he's momentarily liberated from the master of suspense. He's entering his own frame of reference. When he and Madeline Kahn start to talk in vaudeville patter in a scene at the San Francisco airport and he does a ziggy little walk, he's in his element. The joyousness in his feeling for show business bursts forth in his "acts" and his musical numbers; his lyrics are genuine parodies, and the stylized routines have a grace that's missing from most of his work. Couldn't Brooks do something that would stand on its own feet—a modern satirical musical comedy? He might even manage to make it a *light* farce. If he needs a theme, there are dozens of possible variations on success and celebrity. How about a rich, unimaginably successful comic who's so afraid he'll lose the public if he tries something new that he loses it by doing the same thing over and over?

—PAULINE KAEL

THE RACE TRACK

Season's End

THE New York Racing Association's year came to an end at the Big A on Friday, December 23rd, with the Roamer Handicap, which was won by the favorite, Soldier's Lark. A crowd of 14,151 watched him pull ahead as he moved into the stretch to win by a length and a quarter. In the course of the year, four million customers passed through the New York turnstiles, and bet $711,918,538 in the tote. This is a sharp drop of about a million and a half in attendance and some eighty million dollars in the handle from the previous season, and the N.Y.R.A. will petition Albany to reduce the state's take from seventeen to fourteen per cent for next season, thereby, it is hoped, making both attendance and handle healthier.

SANTA ANITA opened, as usual, the day after Christmas, and Steve Cauthen, the seventeen-year-old wonder jockey from Kentucky, rode four winners. Sandy Hawley, the young Canadian who has been something of a hero with Los Angeles horseplayers, won the Palos Verdes Handicap, the feature of the afternoon, on Impressive Luck, but Cauthen, whose mount had been scratched from the race, was nevertheless the hero that day to the crowd of 42,711 in attendance.

QUITE the most talked-about performance at Laurel the week before last was that of Raymond Guest's Sacrebleu, a dappled blue-roan colt by Secretariat, who covered the seven furlongs of a maiden race over a soggy turf course to win by six lengths, in 1:28. It was the first victory on an American race track by an offspring of the Meadow Stable's champion. For many years, Mr. Guest has been one of this country's leading sportsmen—he hunts big game in Africa and plays polo in addition to managing his Powhatan Plantation in Virginia, where he breeds horses to carry his chocolate-and-light-blue colors. In 1968, while Mr. Guest was Ambassador to Ireland, he won the English Derby with Sir Ivor. Three years ago, he bought Color Me Blue, then in foal to Secretariat, for

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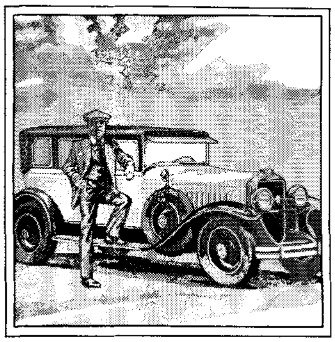

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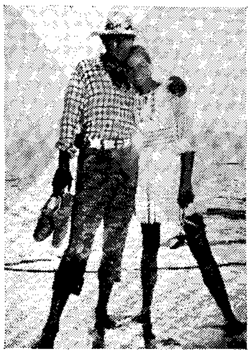

$220,000 at the Keeneland fall sales. (Color Me Blue is a stakes-winning daughter of The Axe II.) Offspring of Secretariat also had successes abroad during 1977. Feuille d'Érable, a filly, won at Woodbine in Canada; while Dactylographer, a colt, won at Ascot and recently took the William Hill Futurity Stakes, England's richest race for two-year-olds, at Doncaster. If all goes well, Sacrebleu will spend the winter getting some racing experience in Florida, after which Mr. Guest, who has a sense of humor, will no doubt race him in France. The colt may also be named for the Kentucky Derby, the first Saturday in May.

EASILY the most attractive holiday horse book out this season is "Thoroughbreds of 1977." Like last year's edition, it is a collection of short pieces about the leading racers by Edward L. Bowen, and it is illustrated with first-class photographs. Its price is $25 exactly, and you can get it from *The Blood-Horse*, P.O. Box 4038, Lexington, Kentucky 40504. If you got a nice horse for Christmas, "Grooming to Win," by Susan E. Harris (Scribners; $12.50), will tell you, with the help of many line drawings, all you need to know about bringing him from the pasture to the show ring; it even provides information on how to put on cotton and bandages. Simon & Schuster has brought out "The Whole Horse Catalog," which contains everything that a trainer has not forgotten and everything that you need to learn about the kit. It is well illustrated, and costs $12.95 in hardcover or $6.95 in paperback. "Grooming to Win" and "The Whole Horse Catalog" can be found in most bookstores.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

All schools in Pleasant Plains will be closed today because of the weather.

Two tornadoes touched down in Logan County, one near Lincoln and the other in New Holland.

There were no reported injuries but the Harold Devore farm on Ill. 10 about four miles west of Lincoln was lifted into the air.—*Springfield (Ill.) State Journal-Register.*

And they close the schools for *that*?

•

If you have to brake hard for an emergency, the driver behind you may not be able to stop as fast. So leave plenty of space between your car and the one following you.—*Julie Candler in Woman's Day.*

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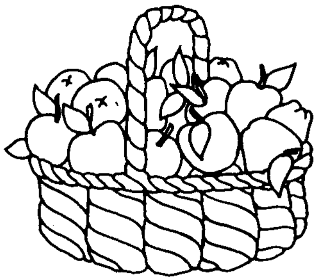

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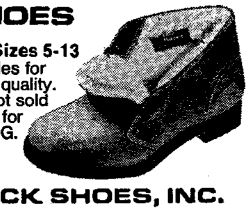

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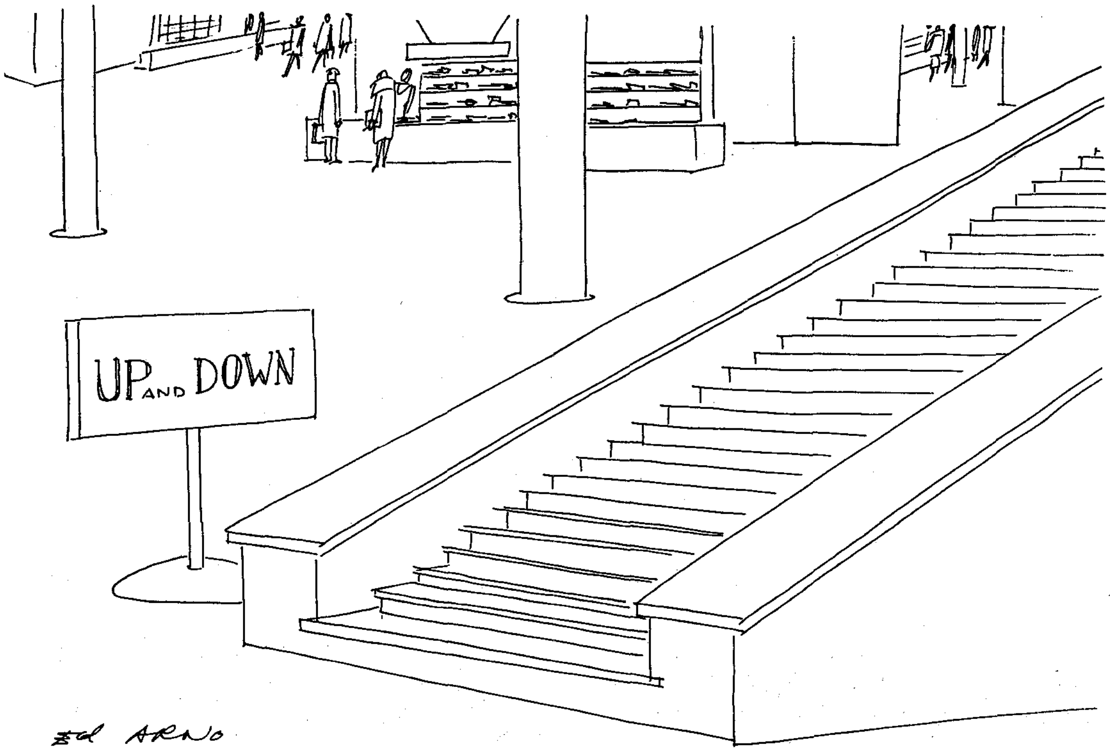
MUSICAL EVENTS

Illusion Regained

THE Metropolitan Opera's successful new production of "Tannhäuser," directed by Otto Schenk, designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, and conducted by James Levine, is a twentieth-century landmark in the history of Wagner staging. As far as I know, it represents the first attempt any major company has made in more than a quarter of a century—since Wieland Wagner reopened Bayreuth with his drastic and disastrously influential new versions of his grandfather's works—to do a Wagner opera in the way Wagner asked for it to be done. Wieland was a genius and his work was noble; I count all his Bayreuth productions—those admired with but small reservations and those where the losses seemed larger than what was won by his adventurous approach—among the high operatic events of my life. He seldom worked against the sense of the music, and when he did, it was usually in ways to make understanding of that music more vivid. But he opened paths both to weak imitators and to strong, willful, unmusical men who gave scenic form to their own ideas about Wagner's works rather than to the works themselves. The composer's famous remark "Kinder! macht *Neues! Neues!* und abermals *Neues!*" ("Good people, do something *new*, *new*, and once more *new*," in Francis Hueffer's translation) became a parrot cry raised in defense of silly innovations: Rhinemaidens in button boots beside a rusting hydroelectric dam, and a caged Woodbird (Bayreuth, 1976); a Hunding hut whose wall was made of hundreds of dinner jackets on metal hangers, and a Valkyrie rock provided with a kitchen chair and Christmas trees half-hooded in plastic, beneath a light snowfall (Paris, 1976); a Hagen who eavesdrops on the meeting between Waltraute and Brünnhilde (London, 1976). The excesses and absurdities of those three centennial "Ring" productions, evidently very different in temper but at one in their disdain for the composer's own scenic requirements, prompted a public cry of "Hold, enough!" and a general wish to see once again things that the music as well as the stage directions tell of: the beauty and grandeur of nature; human feelings revealed in a glance, a gesture; scenic transformations composed with eye and ear in such close accord that curtain-rise at the wrong moment can destroy the intended effect of a shift in harmony or timbre.



In context, Wagner's "Kinder! macht *Neues!*" provides no warrant for revamping a work of the past. Quite the reverse. It occurs in a letter to Liszt, of September 8, 1852, and is a reproach to Berlioz and Joachim Raff for attempting to "galvanize and resuscitate" works that had failed at first, a condemnation of "artificial remodelling." In the very same letter, Wagner tells Liszt that he has drawn up "tolerably comprehensive instructions for the performance of 'Tannhäuser,'" had them printed as a pamphlet, and sent them to theatres that have bought the score. "Über die Aufführung des 'Tannhäuser,'" the text of the pamphlet, appears in Volume V of the "Gesammelte Schriften" and in Volume III of the W. Ashton Ellis translation. Mr. Schenk and Mr. Schneider-Siemssen have conceived and executed their Metropolitan production in the spirit, and sometimes according to the letter, of this important essay. About the Act II processional entry, Wagner wrote:

> If the entry of the guests into the Hall of Song be so effected that the choir and supers march upon the stage in double file, draw the favorite serpentine curve around it, and take possession of the wings like two regiments of well-drilled troops, in wait for further operatic business, then I beg the band merely to play some march from "Norma" or "Belisario" and not my music. If, on the contrary, one thinks it as well to retain my music, the entry of the guests must be so ordered as to imitate real life fully, in its noblest, freest forms. Away with that painful regularity of the traditional marching order!

In Wieland Wagner's 1954 production, the guests entered in lockstep, marching, marking time, and sidestepping in a strange forward-then-sideways pattern that suggested an attempt to execute massed knight's moves on the checkerboard pavement of the hall. (The whole production was as formal in action as a game of chess, but the traditional rules were broken when the White Queen rushed forward to protect the threatened Black Knight.) At Covent Garden in 1973, Josef Svoboda had filled the stage with a permanent set based on two narrow, intersecting walkways that spanned the scene like a St. Andrew's cross, and so the guests' moves were limited to diagonal traverses or, by dint of a smart turn at the intersection, V-tracked maneuvers. But at the Metropolitan all proceeds in accord with Wagner's directions: "The more varied and unconstrained are the groups of oncomers, divided into separate knots of friends or relations, the

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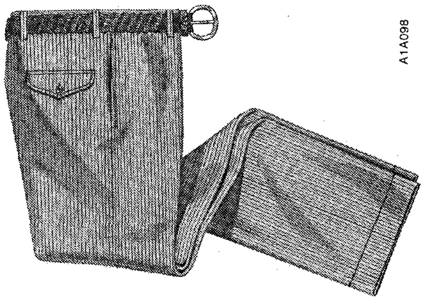

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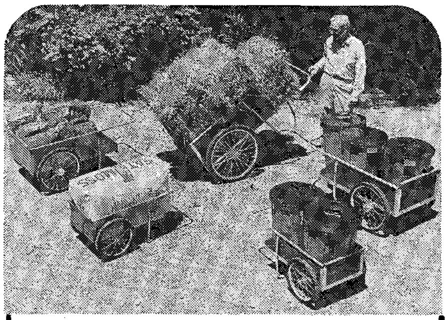

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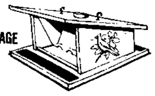

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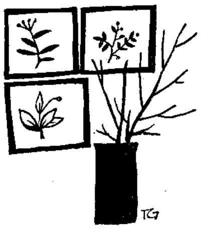
more attractive will be the effect of the whole entry. Each knight and dame must be greeted with friendly dignity, on arrival, by the Landgrave and Elisabeth." Mr. Schenk did "tax the full resources of his art" to achieve during the ensuant song tourney "the easy grouping of its audience and especially the portrayal of their changing and waxing interest in the main action." Many other instances could be given of his intelligent attention to Wagner's production book. The result was not old-fashioned, quaint, or smacking of a musty museum. It was fresh, lively, and faithful to the music; it was dramatic; and it was in itself an answer to those who claim that, while Wagner's music need not be rescored, reharmonized, or otherwise adjusted to modern sensibilities, his stage actions are in sore need of updating. The "Tannhäuser" pamphlet is less dogmatic than the detailed one issued for Verdi's "Otello," which says:



> It is absolutely necessary that the artists should take full cognition of the staging and conform to it. Likewise, directors and impresarios should allow no alterations of any kind in the costumes; these were accurately studied and copied from pictures of the period, and there is no reason why they should be altered according to the whim of some artist or other.

As if to reassure performers who fear that their individuality may be compromised by strict adherence to the moves, gestures, and "motivations" laid down in this "Otello" production book, Boito, in a preface, quotes Hamlet in words that might be back-translated "Repeat the speech as I said it, but in your own natural voice." Imaginative directors and singers should find it inspiring to perform "Otello"—or "Simon Boccanegra," "Don Carlos," "Aida"—in their own natural accents yet in accordance with the words, the moves, and even the stage plans that carry the composer's authority. Wagner, like Verdi, sometimes prescribed a move-for-move, measure-by-measure staging. He did so for the Flying Dutchman's opening monologue. His "Tannhäuser" essay contains some straight technical advice to the stage designer, but on the whole it is an appeal to the imagination and understanding of the executants. It is also practical. Wagner describes an ideal representation of his intentions and then discusses the compromises, even cuts, that may have to be made according to the circumstances of particular theatres. Mr. Schenk and Mr. Schneider-Siemssen have shown great sensitivity in using modern stage resources to achieve not anachronistic modern effects but the very effects that Wagner required. Their Venusberg in its gradual disappearance presents just such a picture as the composer asks for, created not by his gradual lowering of "numerous vaporous sheets of painted gauze" and then "a massive, rose-tinted canvas backcloth" but by lanterns and projections more delicate and powerful than were any at his disposal. Gil Wechsler's masterly lighting plays an important part in the production. At the Metropolitan, Venus's grotto is indeed an enchanted and magical place, the scene that the stage directions and the music conjure up in the mind's eye but that Wagnerians had begun to despair of ever seeing in a theatre. At Bayreuth in 1972, in a production by Götz Friedrich, dancers with streamers ran out onto a bare stage and anchored them as if to enclose Tannhäuser within the strings of a giant harp. (Thus did Mr. Friedrich demonstrate his thesis that the Venusberg exists only in the hero's imagination.) At Covent Garden in 1973, Tannhäuser and Venus made love on harsh beds of knapped flints, bathed in candy-stripe projections. At the Metropolitan, a tableau that can easily become ridiculous is taken seriously and is beautiful. Of Norbert Vesak's choreography I could catch only glimpses between the bodies of the latecomers, who were allowed to pour into the house the moment the curtain rose, but those glimpses suggested that he has successfully satisfied the composer's wish for "a wild and yet seductive chaos of movements and groupings, of soft delight, of yearning and burning, carried to the most delirious pitch of frenzied riot."

The transformation from amorous grotto to verdant springtime vale was the best I have ever seen. At Bayreuth, Mr. Friedrich and his designer, Jürgen Rose, turned the vale into an arrangement of duckboards against a gloomy sky, and the gay hunting party into a display of sombre brute force. (Thus did the director demonstrate his curious theses that the pilgrims set out for Rome not valiantly, with hopes high, but already crippled in mind, and suffering, and that the aristocrats are oppressors, who naturally reach for their swords when they later hear what Tannhäuser considers culture.) At the Metropolitan, the thrilling, poetic contrast between the artificial rosy glow and the fair spring landscape beneath a blue sky—with the poet, his position unaltered, central to each—makes its full effect and imposes no single, limiting interpretation. Mr. Schneider-Siemssen's intentions for the second scene are right, but the execution is not quite happy. The foreground trees are built in a mannered, not a realistic style. The background trees, painted and projected, seem much too tall. The wayside shrine of the Madonna bears an unfortunate resemblance to those emergency telephones from which police or fire brigade can be summoned. More leaves are needed: "May is here," sings the shepherd, but spring is evidently late in Thuringia. The sun seems to shine from two places at once. Nevertheless, it is a pleasing scene and one that houses the action well. The set for Act II, based on the real Wartburg, with its rectangular shape modified to suit the actions and help the sound, is splendid. Its basically brown coloring becomes richer and richer as the guests, dressed in quietly glowing costumes by Patricia Zipprodt, assemble. In Act III, the difficulty of superimposing the Venusberg on the valley is very successfully managed. Wagner's essay relates what was wrong at the Dresden première and suggests ways of achieving the tricky visual and sonic perspectives he had in mind. At the Metropolitan, by technical means at once simpler and subtler than those he proposes, his requirements are perfectly fulfilled.

THE cast is strong. Leonie Rysanek has sung Elisabeth for many years, in many different kinds of production. Her direct, spontaneous, warm, womanly interpretation, one in which instinctive rightness of expression and profound musicianship are united, is well suited by this uneccentric staging. A little, but only a little, of the old glory has gone from her upper range. There is still power enough to fill the enormous house. The sound of her voice and the use she makes of it are beautiful. Modern singers of Elisabeth have been called upon to do some surprising things. At Bayreuth in 1967, Anja Silja made the long, slow exit after the Prayer backward, holding a complicated pose. At Bayreuth in 1972, Gwyneth Jones caterpillared out on her stomach. In Vienna in Karajan's 1963 production, Gré Brouwenstijn was set far, far back—she seemed to be in the Hotel Sacher—and simply faded from sight. (In that production, the Prayer was accompanied only by the understage winds that Wagner specifies for

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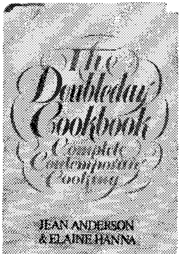

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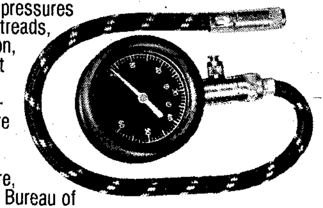

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the later Venusberg music; the effect was rather like that of a phonograph record being played in the distance.) What a pleasure to see Miss Rysanek make the gentle, dignified, poignant exit called for in the score.

Grace Bumbry, the motionless Venus of Wieland's 1961 production (a staging based on the idea of two goddesses, dark Earth Mother and blue-robed Madonna high-enthroned against a golden panel), is by Mr. Schenk allowed to move; she gave a seductive and imposing performance. James McCracken sang his first Tannhäuser with passionate intensity of timbre and of word. He has described the part as "a killer," but he has the stamina for it, and both the intellectual and the vocal resources. On the first night, his Hymn to Venus needed rather more freedom, more bravura. There was lyricism as well as passion in his Rome Narration. Bernd Weikl made his Met début as Wolfram—also his début role at Bayreuth, in 1972. He is warmly forthright, lyrical, romantic and handsome of voice and in appearance, and presented an ideal Wolfram in every respect but one: he missed the smoothness that great Wolframs of the past—Clarence Whitehill and Gerhard Hüsch, to name but two represented in EMI's recorded anthology "Sänger auf dem Grünen Hügel"—brought to the phrasing. Like many modern singers, he seems to fear the expressive device of portamento. Even the first two notes of "O du mein holder Abendstern" were separate. John Macurdy was a sonorous Landgrave, but once or twice he seemed to be thinking more about the sound of his voice than the sense of his words. Kathleen Battle was a sweet, pure shepherd; the role was assigned to a soprano, not, as sometimes it is, to a treble. But eight trebles—including the admirable Yniold and Fyodor of the season—formed the corps of pages in Act II. The minor minnesingers were cast at strength, and the chorus was in excellent form.

All season, the Met orchestra has been playing supremely well, with uncommon richness and beauty of tone, and for Mr. Levine they gave of their best. At Cincinnati two years ago, he showed himself to be a remarkably impressive conductor of "Tannhäuser," and once again his combination of breadth and energy, of lyricism and grandeur proved irresistible. The musical preparation had clearly been thorough. "The surest sign of the conductor's having completely solved his task in this respect," Wagner said, "would

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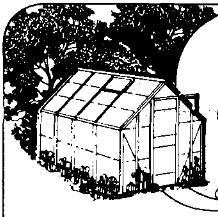

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be the ultimate experience, at the production, that his active lead is scarcely noticeable." Met sight lines seem to require the conductor to be jacked up high, and so, at any rate to the eye, Mr. Levine was hardly unnoticeable, but under his baton the music flowed, surged, sank, rose again naturally, convincingly, with unforced urgency. One small point: he must persuade his trombones to play the big tune in the overture more smoothly, to hold the notes for something like their full value.

The Paris version of the score was used, not the common collage of Dresden and Paris versions, and this was one more sign of well-justified confidence in the opera that Wagner composed in the form that he finally gave it. No need to tamper and tinker. Mr. Levine and Mr. Schenk allowed themselves just one small "improvement": they removed Wolfram from the stage during the joyful reunion of Tannhäuser and Elisabeth, and cut his single line of regretful comment ("Thus flees from my life every hopeful gleam") and Tannhäuser's hearty embrace of his friend. I think they did wrong. It is the easy solution to a difficult production point—Wolfram seems to be eavesdropping—but far more serious difficulties were faced and solved on Wagner's own lines. This "Tannhäuser" was never silly or stodgy or outdated. In modernized treatments, the work can seem to be no more than a creaking, long-winded, antiquated text for a dissertation upon varieties of human love, or an artist's social responsibility, or whatever. Here it could be enjoyed in all its richness as an exuberantly romantic grand opera in which a hundred different poetic, picturesque, and political ideas contribute to one lyrical and dramatic adventure. —ANDREW PORTER

•

Many of you hated "Looking for Mr. Goodbar," which this column liked. Well, that's what makes us all different. Fortunately, everyone is entitled to his/her opinion and some of the smartest, most talented people I know also felt that the movie was rotten. I think some of the reaction against the film is reaction to the content of the movie. It is about alienation, drugs, impersonal sex, violence and death. It's not a musical comedy. I still think it was brilliantly well done by Richard Brooks, brilliantly acted by Diane Keaton, and has a lot to tell us about the times in which and has a lot to tell us about the times in which and has a lot to tell us about the times in which and has a lot to tell us about the times in which will not be transmitted by wire but by RCA satellite.—*Liz Smith in the New Haven Register.*

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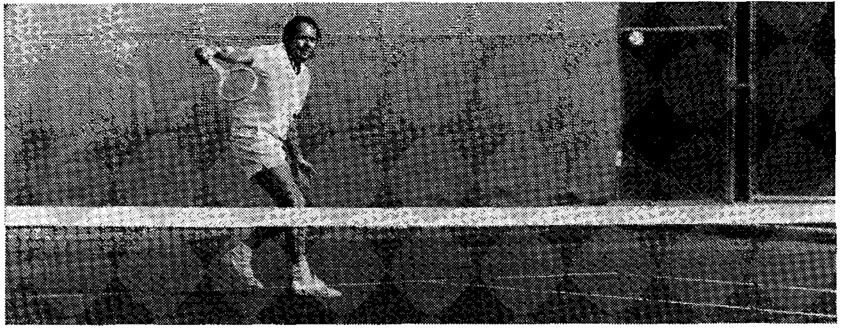

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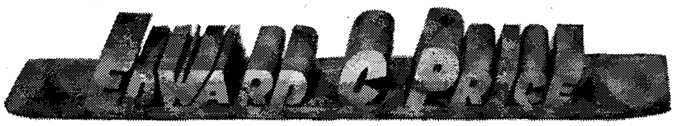

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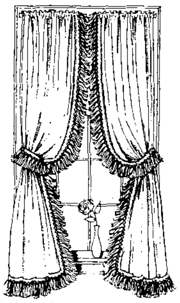

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BOOKS

A Royal Family

“Memoirs: 1773-1793,” by Louis-Philippe, recalls the early life of the last king to rule in France. It closes at the moment he escaped from the armies of the Revolution, in which he was a general, one step ahead of the Terror. His family, the Dukes of Orléans, were Princes of the Blood—they were a cadet branch of the royal family, descended from Louis XIV’s younger brother, and an Orléans would accede to the throne if the senior Bourbon line produced no sons—but they sided with the Revolution until the Revolution turned on them. Louis-Philippe began his autobiography in 1802, in exile in England; at the Restoration, in 1814, he returned to France as Duke of Orléans and First Prince of the Blood; in the Revolution of 1830, he replaced his cousin King Charles X, Louis XVI’s youngest brother, and reigned until 1848, when the revolution of that year established the short-lived Second Republic. Once more an exile in England, Louis-Philippe took up his memoirs, intending to finish them, but died, in 1850, before he could do so. His manuscript remained among the papers of the French royal family which were recently donated to the French National Archives by the Count of Paris, the present pretender to the throne; the Count thought that the manuscript should be published, and it appears in an excellent English translation by John Hardman (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

In the memoirs, the man we think of as the pear-shaped, immobilist old July Monarch reveals himself as an active, ardent youth and an amazingly good historian, who knows just what we want to know. We attend sessions of the Estates-General in 1789; we also go behind the scenes, into a room where the King sits (the princes stand) and grumbles over a list of the men the Third Estate has chosen as deputies. In the contrast between the army Louis-Philippe joined in 1791 (whose enlisted men wailed that they had been “abandoned” by their émigré officers) and the army he fled in 1793 (whose citizen soldiers sassed politicians and debated the reliability of their commanders) we see how the Revolution changed ordinary men. Louis-Philippe tells us what history felt like. He was present at the Battle of Valmy, on September 20, 1792—a French victory, over an alliance of Germans, Austrians, and émigrés, whose historic importance cannot be overstated. It was not a lively action, and he does not pretend it was. The excitement was the prologue: twenty-four days of marches and maneuvers whereby the French commanders, Kellermann and Dumouriez, linked their forces while not only France but all Europe waited to learn its future, which was decided when the invading armies of legitimacy retreated before the armies of revolution. Louis-Philippe conveys perfectly the mood of that time: the exhilaration of the “Marseillaise” laced with uncertainty that approached hysteria.

Louis-Philippe often includes details that persuade us about the past because we recognize their analogues in the present. For example, we know that public trust, once lost, is almost impossible to regain: action or inaction, speech or silence, appearance or withdrawal—everything tells against a leader who has forfeited public confidence. Along with big reasons that Louis XVI could not win back the trust of the mass (or mob) of Parisians after his flight to Varennes, Louis-Philippe mentions a telling small one, for which the King was in no way responsible:

> The courtyards of the Tuileries were not then, as they are today, enclosed by railings that make it possible to see everything that is going on; they were flanked by a line of low houses . . . and the public was denied access to them. The people of Paris regarded this walled-off area as the hotbed of the Counterrevolution . . .

Perhaps the author’s most striking gift is his ability to reproduce the way men talked. He gives specimens of right-wing chatter, telling us, at first, “The almost general opinion at the time among the enemies of the Revolution was, to use the favorite expression of the day, that *all that* could not last.” Later, he notes, “Among the émigrés, you were called *sound* if you professed all their opinions, and the more extreme you were, the *sounder*.” He is just as good at evoking the other side. The First Republic was proclaimed on September 21, 1792, and soon afterward Louis-Philippe visited Paris, where Danton, the Minister of Justice, warned him that he had been heard expressing his revulsion over the September Massacres: during the week of September 2nd, mobs had broken into the prisons of Paris and butchered such detainees as nonjuring priests and aristocrats, among them Louis-Philippe’s aunt the Princess of Lamballe. We hear Danton claim

TOM BAGLEY'S OUTER SHELL
JOSEPH FARRIS

credit for instigating the massacres, oozing pleasure in his own cynicism, and when Louis-Philippe insists upon "the cry of my conscience," Danton replies, "It is not a question of your conscience. We are not asking you to task your conscience with anything, but merely to refrain from judging that of others."

Louis-Philippe knows he is unique—an ex-king and an ex-Jacobin, a soldier who had fought beside heroes of the past (Rochambeau, who had commanded in America) and heroes of the future (Berthier, who became a marshal under Napoleon), a Prince of the Blood who had received an unprecedented Rousseauist education under the tutelage of his father's mistress the celebrated Mme. de Genlis—and he writes with that certainty, correcting historians who were not eyewitnesses. His strongest purpose is to redeem the memory of his dead father, who, no longer the Duke of Orléans but Citizen Philippe Égalité and a Jacobin member of the National Convention, voted the death penalty for his royal cousin Louis XVI in January, 1793, and, later that year, was himself guillotined.

Louis-Philippe has not succeeded in rehabilitating his father, but he has produced an unparalleled life study of a desperate man stricken by a frivolous apathy—a man who has lost not his mind but his will. The disconnection of a human personality has rarely appeared in literature so unrhetorically, or so painfully. In the fall and winter of 1792, Égalité remains enormously articulate (he can only talk, but how he talks!) as he explains to his soldier son why the former Duke of Orléans—among the first of the nobles to join the Third Estate in 1789 and transform the old Estates-General into a Constituent Assembly—has ceased to be an ornament of the Revolution and has become a mere target, the man in the center of a revolutionary coconut shy. "Nearly all of the Constituent Assembly," he says, was composed of "people who, in our old ways of thinking, we described as *well brought up*, who retained some respect for their former social superiors." But the Revolution changed the character of revolutionaries, and the Duke of Orléans, informed that d'Orléans was "a feudal name forbidden by the law," was ordered, as a "nameless citizen," to appear before the Council of the Commune in which he lived. Such councils alone had "the right to give a family name to citizens who do not possess one, such as bastards and foundlings." The Council named him Égalité. Citizen Égalité can scarcely believe how

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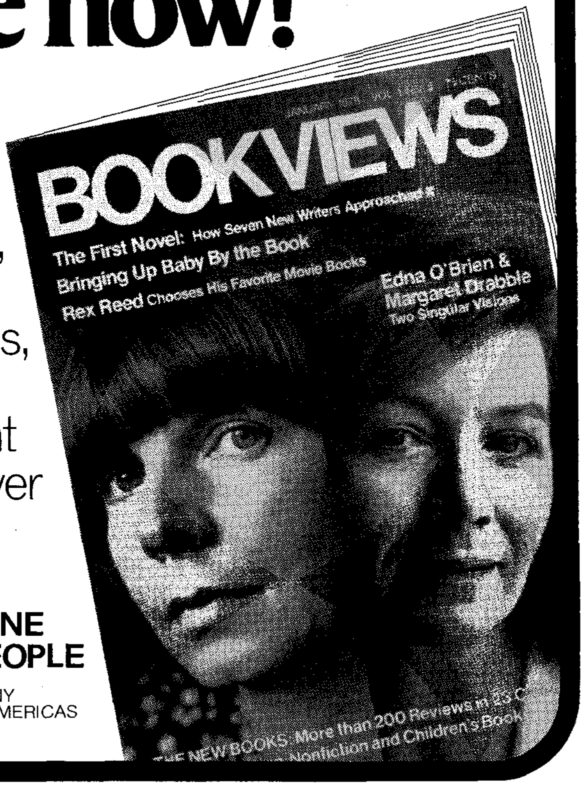
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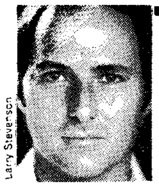

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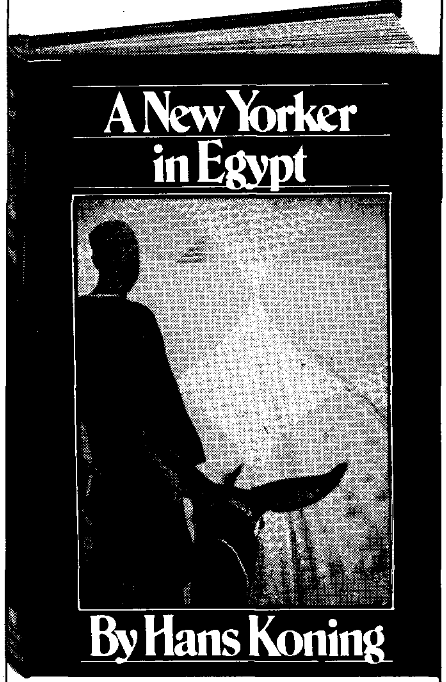

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"rapidly are memories effaced in the midst of political storms and in times of revolution." He says of the National Convention:

> As for respect or deference, there can no longer be any question of [it], and today they are not even satisfied with having brought us down to the common level; we must expiate our former exalted status by being placed below it and put behind everyone. It was with this in mind that when it was decided to have me as a deputy for Paris, I was carefully put at the bottom of the list as a clear demonstration of disdain for the former category of Prince.

The son cannot understand why his father accepts these humiliations, or why he expects the republic to hold the King "hostage" for the good behavior of the émigrés and foreign powers. Foreseeing that the monarch will be tried by the Convention, and assuming that his father will not want to judge his cousin, Louis-Philippe urges flight to America. But Égalité has lost the impulse to act bravely, or even to act at all. The son writes that his father would not flee, because a friend who had fought in the Revolutionary War told him that in America

> there were neither congenial households, nor society, nor theatres . . . that everything was sad and mournful and calculated to make him die of boredom and melancholy. I replied that it was just about the same in Paris, not to mention what was untenable about his position there . . . and he replied with a deep sigh: "That is only too true, but in the end there is always the Opéra, and let's go there straightaway to shake off the thought of all this."

Much of Louis-Philippe's defense of his father's earlier activities is biassed, as any child's account of a parent is likely to be—particularly when the parent is a *grand seigneur*, affable but remote, who is scarcely ever under the same roof as his young children. In describing his father's brief naval career—it lasted for one battle, after which Louis XVI removed him permanently from the Navy—Louis-Philippe tells us that the Duke was a hero. Other writers describe his behavior in action as incompetent or insubordinate or cowardly. The battle in question occurred in 1778, when the author was not yet five.

In his introduction, Mr. Hardman palliates the older man's lifelong pattern of colliding with the monarch, arguing that it was legitimate for the First Prince of the Blood to serve as "leader of the opposition," because all the Princes of the Blood held tickets in the succession lottery and were entitled to a say in the running of a country that they or their sons might rule. Mr. Hardman is too kind. The concept of a loyal public opposition was scarcely understood in eighteenth-century England, much less in France. But all the Bourbons had given thought to the misfortunes of their Stuart relatives in seventeenth-century England. I doubt whether Louis XVI imagined, until close to his end, that, like Charles I, he would be beheaded by revolutionaries acting in the name of the people. But James II had taken refuge in France after he was deposed by his nephew and son-in-law William of Orange, in 1688, and the once beloved Stuart pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie, had died, a drunkard in Rome, in 1788. What Louis saw in Orléans policy was not loyalty but opposition, and possibly worse: a desire to be a French William. Louis-Philippe, who in 1830 did exactly what his father was accused of wanting to do—dethrone the elder branch of the family—repeatedly insists that his father never dreamed of becoming king. But one of Louis-Philippe's omissions is extremely disingenuous: he does not mention that Choderlos de Laclos was his father's secretary from 1788 to 1792, at which time Égalité could no longer afford him, and that it was widely believed—it may be true—that the author of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" was attempting to form a left-wing party under the aegis, and possibly on behalf, of his patron. Louis-Philippe answers implausible right-wing accusations, such as the charge that his father bought and paid for the Revolution in order to make himself king, with the shrewd comment "I think one can hire a riot, but not a revolution." Yet he can never explain why everyone distrusted his father. The republicans who executed him were ridding themselves of a man they as well as the royalists suspected of wanting the throne.

My own impression is that Orléans-Égalité never knew what he wanted. The ancien régime was a welfare state run for the benefit of its wealthiest inhabitants, and this Duke of Orléans actually embodied the traits that embittered or bigoted taxpayers nowadays ascribe to welfare recipients: he was extravagant (he and his wife were the richest couple in France, and they were always broke); he was sexually lax; he had a never-failing sense of grievance and an infuriating sense of entitlement. While he accepted the benefits of the ancien régime, he did not really believe in the régime itself; he was a victim of the self-distrust or self-disesteem that pervaded the enlightened upper classes. At the height of his career as a style-setter (one French writer calls him a "supersnob"), he turned his children over to Mme. de Genlis—and a desire to experiment with the education of your own children is a sure sign of dissatisfaction with yourself. Think, for contrast, of England's self-satisfied Victorian élite, who would consider anything, or nothing, for the children of the poor, but whose own sons went to their fathers' old schools.

Louis-Philippe wrote his account of Philippe Égalité's career as a historical document, yet it reads like contemporary literature. Louis-Philippe remembers running around Paris in December, 1792, trying to save his father from having to judge the King, while Égalité merely waited—for Godot, one supposes, because the chill misery and repetitive palaver of these pages is much closer to the tone of Beckett than to the poetic despair of, say, "Richard II." After Louis-Philippe left to join his troops, his younger brother remained in Paris and took over the job of protecting their father. He had persuaded Égalité simply to stay home on the day of the vote. But early that morning, before the lad was up, two members of the National Convention unexpectedly arrived at the Orléans house—the Palais-Royal—to escort Égalité to the session. (No one had ever called for him before.) The men were quite real, but their appearance recalls the opening of Kafka's "The Trial," when those two men suddenly show up to arrest Joseph K. The inexplicable passivity of Égalité recalls the intended victim of Hemingway's "The Killers." None of these passages in Louis-Philippe's account resemble eighteenth- or nineteenth-century writing: they are not gothic, not romantic, but wholly in the style of our own era. No matter that this author's subjects are princes and deputies in 1792 and 1793; we read him as if he were writing about men today. He has gone beyond memoir into art.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Slave Girl, by Buchi Emecheta (Braziller; $7.95). The story of a poor, gently raised Ibo girl who is sold into slavery to a rich African marketwoman by a feckless brother at the turn of the century. Like Miss Emecheta's second and rather more successful novel, "The Bride Price," the present volume contains a wealth of information about Nigerian culture. In fact, the story of Ogbanje

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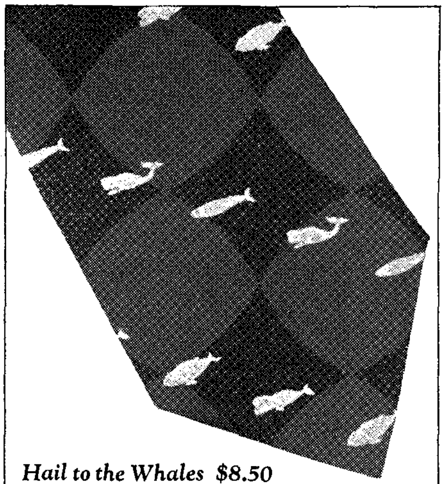

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Ojebeta's bondage, her quasi-Christianization, and the humiliations and rewards that she finds in her strange new life is really a kind of door through which the reader views the author's native country in the early nineteen-hundreds. Unlike her last book, however, this one too often abandons its central character to instruct the reader on some small aspect of native custom. The girl's first three years as a slave, for example, are brushed aside in a single uninformative sentence, and most of the important moments of her life—her ambiguous courtship by her master's son, the particulars of her daily life, her marriage to a stiff-necked but kind older man—are dealt with in a frustratingly similar manner.

GENERAL

FOUR ROSSETTIS, *by Stanley Weintraub* (Weybright & Talley; $15). The four children of Gabriele Rossetti, an Italian political refugee, all figured in the intellectual life of Victorian England, though to greatly varying degrees. Maria worked as a governess and wrote a careful book on Dante. Christina, unlucky in love, produced verses that are now studied for the light they throw on Victorian spinsterhood. William wrote criticism while holding down a job as a civil servant; by hiding sexual details, he made Walt Whitman, among others, acceptable to the public. Dante Gabriel, with his extravagances, his love affairs, his descent into drugs and paranoia, was the only Rossetti to lead a life stirring enough for a full-length biography: an artist of almost legendary influence in both painting and poetry, a magnetic figure whose reputation grew even as he withheld his works from public display. Mr. Weintraub shows how a single set of siblings can encompass a spectrum from the most conventional to the most avant-garde. What is striking is the pervasive hold of Victorian prudery, which, when it wasn't denying sex altogether, was forcing it into bizarre disguises (as with Christina's nursery rhymes) or clothing it in a diffuse sensuality (as with Dante Gabriel's canvases).

THE INNOCENCE OF JOAN LITTLE: A SOUTHERN MYSTERY, *by James Reston, Jr.* (Times; $12.50). Sometime during the night of August 26-27, 1974, Miss Little, who was in a small-town North Carolina jail, having been convicted of breaking, entering, and stealing—and who had confessed to that crime in court—escaped, leaving behind a white male jailer dead of stab wounds. The evidence suggested at least two possible explanations. One was that Miss Little had lured her jailer to her cell with the promise of sexual favors and deliberately murdered him in order to escape; the other was that she had exercised her right to defend herself from sexual molestation and had fled in panic. Miss Little was persuaded to surrender and stand trial by a black activist and a white lawyer, who brought her case to national attention and who raised a young fortune for her cause. Miss Little was acquitted. Mr. Reston's extensive, thoughtful reporting has found much new information, as well as some old information that was withheld from the jury, but he does not tell us what he thinks is the truth.

A CONFIDENTIAL MATTER: THE LETTERS OF RICHARD STRAUSS AND STEFAN ZWEIG, 1931-1935, *translated from the German by Max Knight, with a foreword by Edward E. Lowinsky* (California; $8.95). An absorbing study of artistic understanding and political misunderstanding. The Austrian poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who had provided the composer with his best librettos, died in 1929, and Strauss feared he would never again be able to compose for the stage. As his depression lifted, he thought of asking the Austrian writer Stefan Zweig for a libretto, and was delighted with the result. Their joint production was the opera "Die Schweigsame Frau" (based on Ben Jonson's "The Silent Woman"), and their letters about it and about the treatment of other possible opera subjects offer some fascinating lessons in stagecraft. Then the Nazis came to power in Germany. Zweig, a Jew, had immense respect for Strauss's talent and tried to find an Aryan writer to whom he could hand over the job. Strauss would have none of them; he wanted Zweig to go on writing for him, hoping that somehow things would work out—particularly since, as he assured Zweig, "Dr. Goebbels is very cordial with me." Zweig respectfully refused. Both men were headstrong. Strauss believed it the duty of artists to ignore temporary "political fashions," such as Nazism; Zweig felt it dishonorable to ask any favors of the Nazis. On the whole, Strauss, in his concern for his own future as a composer, seems to have been insensitive to the emotional wounds that Nazism was causing his librettist.

Persona Non Grata: An Envoy in Castro's Cuba, by Jorge Edwards, translated from the Spanish by Colin Harding (Pomerica; $8.95). The author, a Chilean writer and career diplomat, was sent by Salvador Allende in 1970 as chargé d'affaires to Havana to establish diplomatic relations between Allende's Chile and Castro's Cuba. He endured an increasingly painful three months, for his friendship with Cuban writers led to his incurring the peculiar and touchy displeasure of the Cuban leaders. Although it is a record of growing frustration on the part of a very sincere man of the left—well disposed to both revolutions, and bent on doing his job well—the book remains wonderfully levelheaded and keen-eyed. His is a lucid bafflement, and his accounts of day-to-day encounters with the Cuban authorities, and with Fidel Castro, make very tangible the revolutionary paranoia of the Cubans. Mr. Edwards remains diplomatic and courteous until his own startled feelings break through—he is a writer first and a diplomat second. For good measure, he adds a long epilogue on the circumstances building up to the fall of Allende—as sage a backward look as anyone has taken so far, alongside a chronicle that is striking in its clarity.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Case of the One-Penny Orange, by E. V. Cunningham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95). Detective Sergeant Masao Masuto, of the Beverly Hills homicide bureau, is a happily married Nisei, a devout Zen Buddhist, a rose fancier, and, as this adventure lavishly demonstrates, a policeman of piercing intuition, insight, and imagination. He here not only solves the separate murders of a Los Angeles stamp dealer and his mousy assistant (together with a couple of other, seemingly unrelated crimes) but also conjures up the existence of the One-Penny Orange 1847 Mauritius postage stamp that is the cause of all the trouble. If one can accept his awesome genius (and it can be done), he is highly entertaining company.

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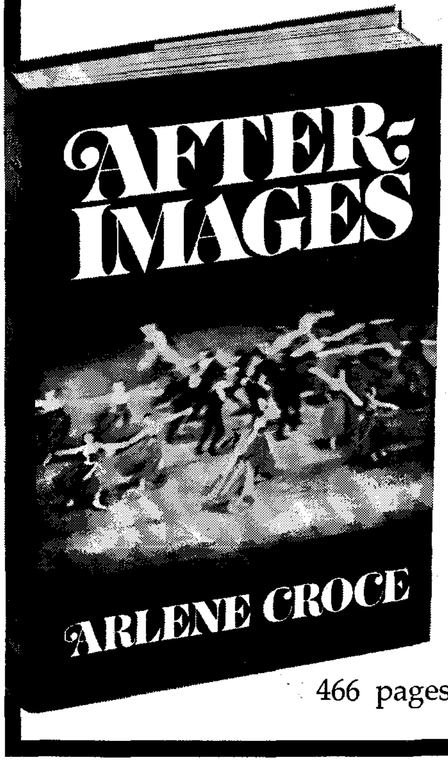

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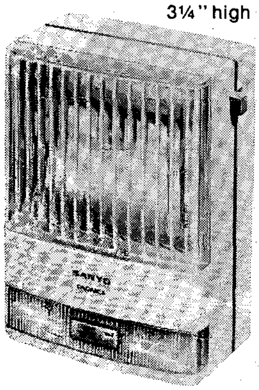

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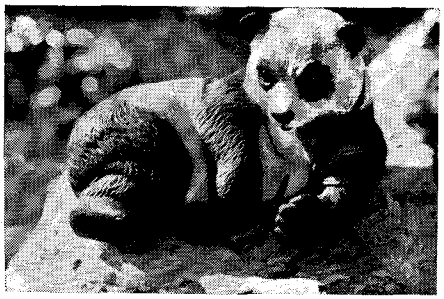

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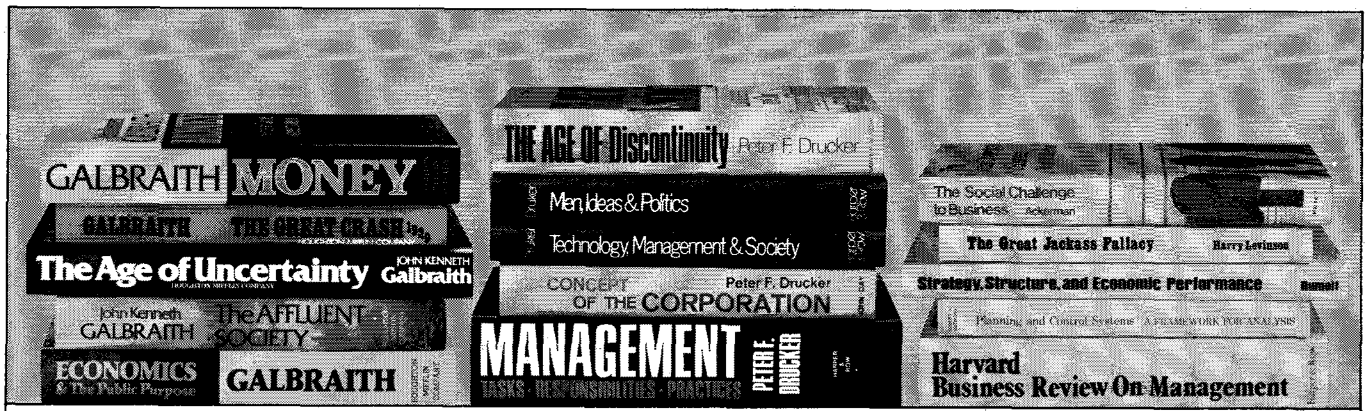
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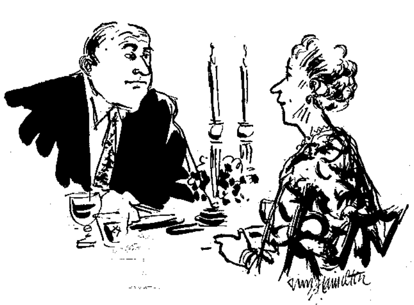
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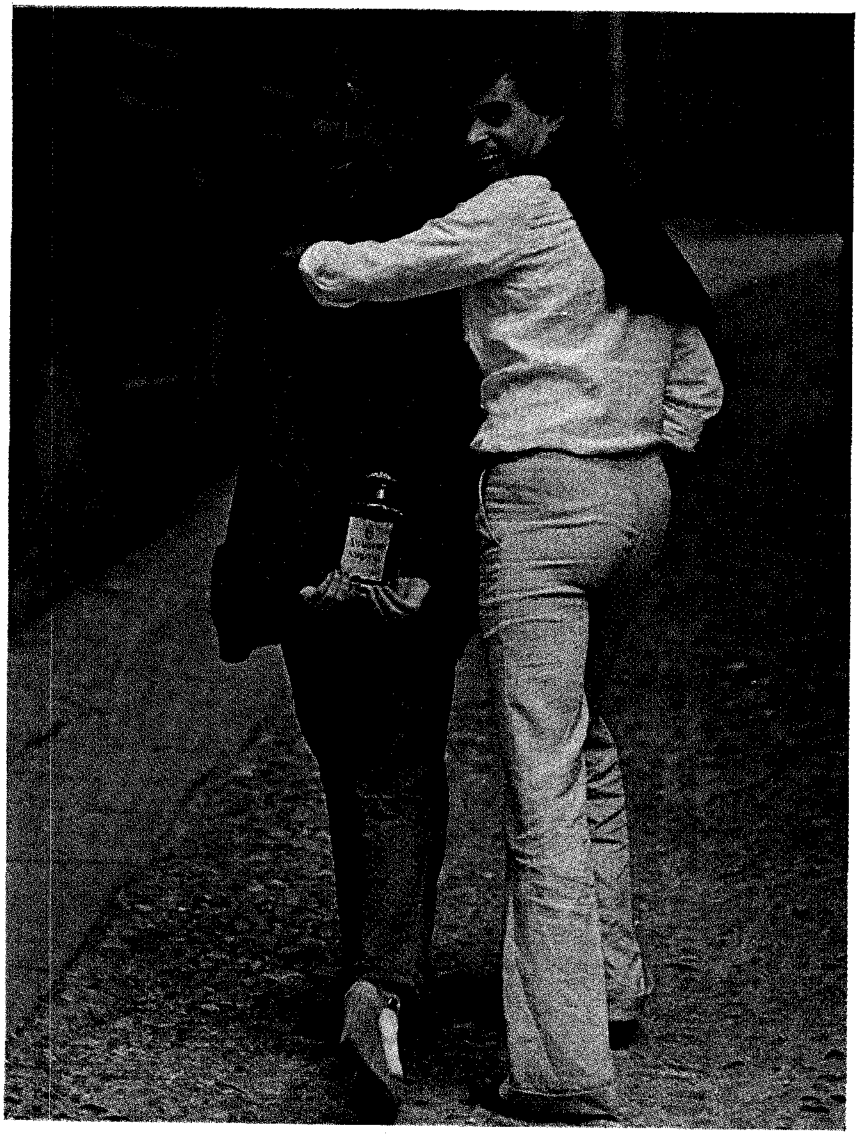

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